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COLLIER'S THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY CLUB MAGAZINE

April 3, 1937

5¢ A COPY
IDA, KANSAS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



**STRUTHERS
BURT**

**FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN**

**RICHARD
CONNELL**

COLLIER'S \$7500 HOUSE BY JOHN

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417 E MADISON
HARGROVE
IDA, KANSAS



GET THE BLUE RIBBONS READY— *here comes a champion!*

THE DAY these wobbly legs first trod the fresh clean straw of the dairy-barn calf pen, a new name was confidently inscribed in the book of future herd champions.

For this brown-eyed Jersey youngster is no ordinary calf. She was born of an illustrious line of dairy champions. In her are blended the virtues of many generations of blue-ribbon winners . . . *deliberately blended to achieve perfection.*

For the same reason, Four Roses, too, is a deliberate combination of virtues—a glorious combination of *several* fine American straight whiskies—and *nothing but whiskey!*

Each of the whiskies that go into Four Roses is outstanding

for some particular quality. Blended together with scrupulous care, these whiskies combine *all* their virtues to achieve *one* superlative whiskey—*Four Roses!*

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● For the new edition of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.



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—94 proof*

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A paste so delicate in texture that teeth brushed the equivalent of ten years show not the slightest damage to precious enamel...

A paste of such quality that only three places in the world can supply materials good enough to meet its

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Collier's for April 3, 1937

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Collier's

April 3, 1937

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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
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OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THE favors for the girls at James Leggett's party were small angels of solid gold. Perhaps there was irony in the gift; Leggett knew that one of his guests had betrayed him. He found out which one, but the information came too late; at the end of the meal Leggett was dead.

Leggett's nephew, David Ryder, was present, watching the guests and especially watching the six blond girls who received the "Six Golden Angels." One or more of them were implicated in his uncle's death, and the one he chiefly suspected was the girl he loved. Max Brand begins a dramatic new mystery serial.

WHEN the flood waters of the Ohio reached Cincinnati they produced loss and suffering, but they didn't demoralize the city. Cincinnati's government never faltered. With no lost motion, it switched its attention from everyday matters to the emergency and went on functioning with no loss of efficiency. It's a government of which Cincinnati is rightly proud. A city-manager government. Walter Davenport introduces the man who runs the show, Clarence Addison Dykstra.

NO GIRL likes to be sent an unexplained panther, but when the beast arrives just before the visit of a rich and fussy aunt it amounts to a nuisance. Suzan Vance called up her fiancé and invited him to cope with the situation. The story is by Hagar Wilde.

WHO'LL win the Davis Cup this year? Most of the experts say Australia or the United States. But Fred Perry thinks not. England will keep it, he says, and in a brilliant article called "There's Many a Slip" the former English and American champion gives his reasons.

IN THE years when the Apache smoke signals spiraled up from the stony summits of the mountains a journey by stagecoach through the Territory was a desperate venture. The trip described by Ernest Haycox would have had no more to mark it than the violence of the period if it had not been for Malpais Bill and the girl known as Henriette. Their love story, developing amid bloodshed and suspicion, makes "Stage to Lordsburg" a memorable experience.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN writes the Short Short Story. Jim Marshall describes "China's Girl Boss." Madame Chiang Kai-shek. And Katharine Roberts, Sidney Herschel Small, George Creel, Harold Lamb, Dwight Mitchell Wiley and Freling Foster complete the issue. With flags flying.

This Week

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COVER

BARBARA SCHWINN

Any Week

FOR several years now Mrs. B. Doris Lowenstein has been writing us frequent letters forecasting the impending "dissolution of the British Empire." They have been pretty lengthy letters. In each, Mrs. Lowenstein has told us just how the disintegration would happen and what incident would precipitate it. Long ago we made up our minds to withhold publication until after the dismal occurrence and then come out saying that we'd known it all the time, quoting Mrs. Lowenstein. But we are not holding out on you any longer. We've just had a seven-pager from Mrs. Lowenstein which we'll read sometime this summer. But she starts out optimistically. Says she: "Be not discouraged. The dissolution of the British Empire is due to occur almost any time now."

THAT will, we're sure, be news to a number of Englishmen. Some American Mrs. Lowenstein may come to the rescue of Mr. Ignaz Philip of Charleston, West Virginia. He merely wants to know who is going to take care of him now that "the government and the state says it ain't going to pay no more money to cobblers for relief." Mr. Philip's problem demands bigger brains than ours. "I am always a Republican for five years since I am a citizen," says he. "I am a Democrat because of what happened. Now who?"

YET these problems get solved. Mr. Wilson Robertson Cronenwett of Chicago, Illinois, was dining in a San Antonio, Texas, coffee shoppe and noticed "two timid old ladies eating in mousy silence. When the check arrived," says he, "they bent their honest gray heads together. Evidently the tipping situation was under discussion. The waitress got the shock of her life. When she cleared the table she found one nickel, four pennies and a stick of gum."



MISS CAROLINE YOUNG BRADY of Washington, D. C., says that she sat next to the youthful daughter of one of our new congressmen. While in the gallery they heard several vociferous statesmen deliver themselves of lengthy exhortations on a variety of matters. "Oh," cried the congressman's youthful daughter. "I do hope that they don't call on father for a speech. He'll get everybody mixed up, too."

IT MIGHT be a good thing to send the gentleman to Tennessee to do what he can for Mr. J. Freasis of Johnson City because a little more confusion would do Mr. Freasis no harm. "We had to elect Roosevelt to the chair to open the banks Hoover closed and we saw him start the AAA when the Supreme Court declared the farmer unconstitutional. So now we elect him again to pension off the old people and get some of the former members of the Supreme Court back where they belong and nothing your agents of Wall Street can do will do any good."

AND a friend of ours reports that he was traveling down the Mississippi in the wake of the flood. He and the captain were discussing a variety of interesting things. Suddenly the captain grabbed a rope and gave a sturdy tug. The enormous whistle of the ship let out a fearful roar. Our friend, having

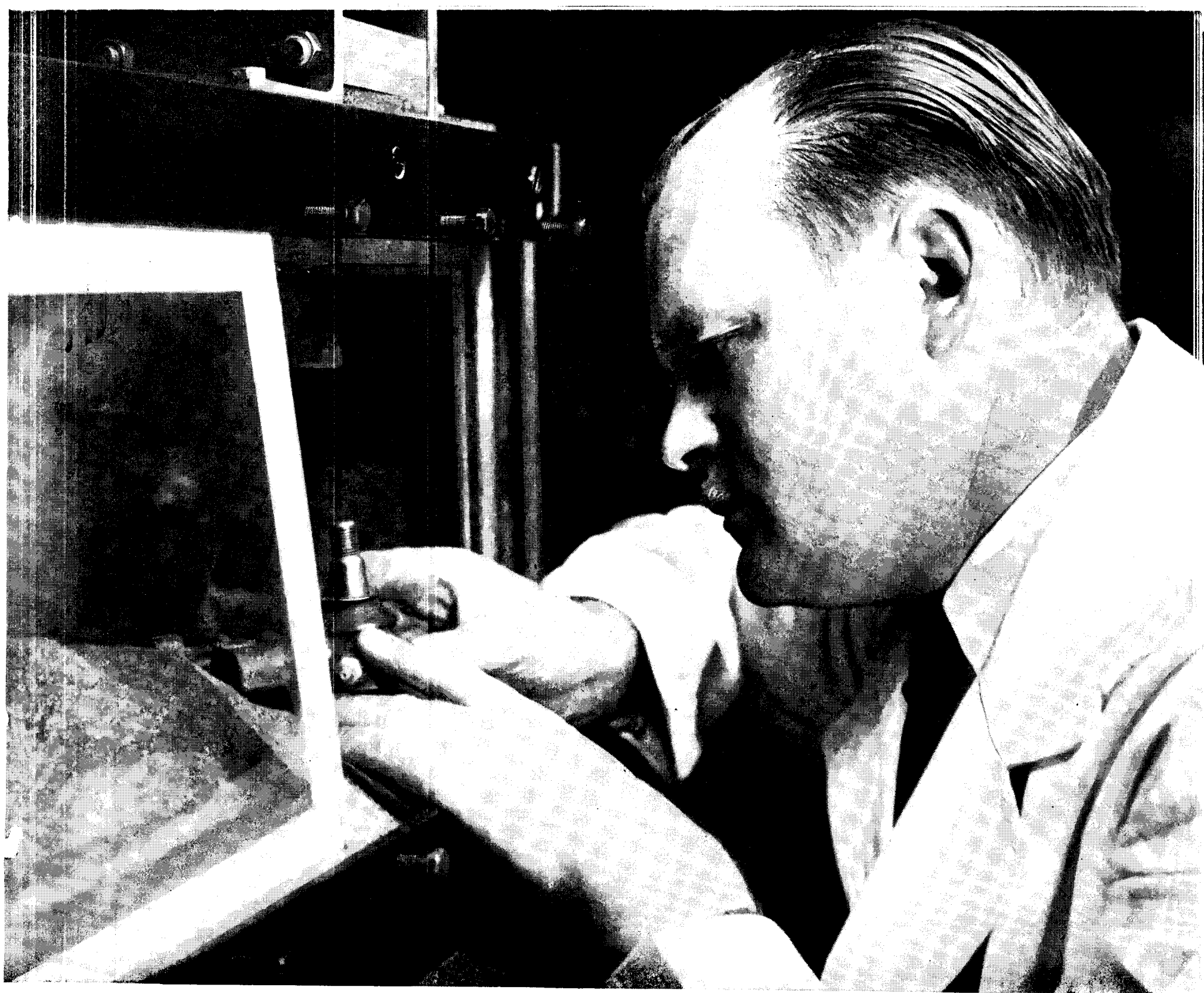


looked into the subject, now estimates that the shriek was heard in several states. Also the ship shuddered as if torpedoed. "Don't be skeered, mister," said the skipper. "I was just ringing for that black boy of mine to fetch me a cup of coffee." He reached for the rope again. "Have a cup?" he asked. But our friend, although very fond of coffee—even Mississippi River coffee—begged off.

"WE'VE just heard some of the details you're having about your Supreme Court," writes Mr. Leon Pare-Sanchez of Trujillo, Venezuela. "But tell me, please, is this a policy of the President or one of Mrs. Roosevelt's projects?"

EVEN here at home quite a number of us have sort of lost track of what's been going on. "Why not," asks Dr. Frederick G. MacNorris of Cleveland, Ohio, "have some one look back over the past four years and make a list of all the things the early brain trusters and the later career statesmen have proposed to do to restore prosperity to all. I think you will find that the list will read like a psychiatrist's wastebasket. But again maybe it would be a mistake to remind Washington of some of the measures they have providentially forgotten."

WHAT became of the Forgotten Man?



News! From a Sand-Storm

THIS PICTURE TELLS PART of the story . . . how Plymouth gives you steering that's not only easier but safer.

Inside this glass case there is a concentrated, miniature sand-storm. And *in* the sand-storm . . . a "tie-rod joint," important steering link, sealed in a new rawhide jacket.

Here . . . through worse conditions than any car will ever meet... the new jacket kept *sand out*... kept *lubrication in*. And so...from a "sand-storm"...came proof that Plymouth had found one more way to make parts *stand up*.

Plymouth's laboratory is full of such tests...all of them more severe than actual driving.

Flywheels, taken from stock production, are spun faster than any motor will ever spin them. The all-

steel Plymouth body is put into a giant hydraulic press...given strains no car will ever get in driving. Springs "ride" in machines worse than any road...engines run at 10° below zero.

These tests have one simple purpose: to make sure that Plymouth parts *stand up*...perform perfectly...far beyond the strain of ordinary use.

Driving this big, new Plymouth...enjoying the ease with which it steers...it's good to know that it will *keep right on* steering easily and safely.

That's the real news from this sand-storm...and from the whole long list of unceasing, painstaking Plymouth tests: a Plymouth car *keeps right on* giving you its extra measure of comfort...economy...and *safety!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and offers very convenient terms. You can buy a beautiful, big new Plymouth on remarkably low payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which you will find fit your budget...and make it exceptionally easy to purchase...and enjoy...a new Plymouth *today*.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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"She runs just like new since my Ramco job..."



Revolutionary

Ramco Spring Rings

Assure Results Often Copied, Never Equalled

STEP up those hills in high once more! Stop adding oil between drains! Now you can regain "new car" pep and power at a cost so amazingly low that thousands pay for their Ramco jobs out of just a few months' savings on oil and gas.

In fact, any time after your car "comes of age" (passes 21 thousand miles) it may pay you to get a Ramco Overhaul. If, for example, your pick-up goes sluggish, the exhaust shows smoke, or you shift for minor grades.

Time was when you'd overlook such symptoms. But today Ramco methods have made it possible to end all these expensive annoyances. And for so little that it actually pays to keep cars in tip-top shape *all the time!*

So if your car isn't quite up to par, get a Ramco estimate. You'll be amazed at its reasonableness. Be sure, however, to specify *Ramco Overhaul* and *Ramco Piston Rings!* Our years of savings for millions of motorists have brought imitations by the score. Therefore insist on the genuine, *patented* Ramco products.

If you'd like to learn more about the economical Ramco way of restoring "new car" performance, send for our FREE booklet. Mail the coupon—*now!*

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Please send me your free booklet which shows how Ramco Spring Piston Rings have restored new car pep, power, and oil economy in millions of cars.

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By
**Freling
Foster**

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

America's attitude toward all unescorted women has undergone a considerable change in the past fifty years. Up to about 1885 few respectable hotels would allow them to register and, as late as 1900, few first-class restaurants were open to them after six o'clock at night.

To prevent successful counterfeiting, many engravers of securities frequently insert ingenious "mistakes" that are virtually beyond detection. These marks, a different set for each engraving, are recorded and never disclosed, not even to the corporation owning the issue.—By Gordon B. Wheeler, Chicago, Illinois.

Claquers,* or professional applauders, not only clap for encores but also to interrupt singers so they can catch their breath. *Claquers* also loudly comment on the merits of the play, create laughter and even weep during sad scenes. This work of stimulating audience reaction is so valued that some artists take their own *claque* leaders on the road and put them through weekly rehearsals.—By William Warren, Paris, France.

The native clothing of Japanese women, even to this day, is fastened without a single button, pin, snap or hook. Kimono, undergarments, stockings and shoes are held firmly with cords, bands and sashes.—By Tokuo Doi, Kyoto, Japan.

The *Plattsburg Manual*, an American military handbook published in 1918, contained a section called "Some General Hints," which were words to the wise to be borne in mind on the battlefield. Among them was this bit of advice: "Don't get killed—unless necessary."—By Neil Curran, Bellaire, Ohio.

One of the outstanding egotists today is a Japanese millionaire whose self-admiration recently reached the point where he felt that he should no longer keep his wisdom from the world. So he established a society the sole purpose of which is to study and publish the facts about his life—his character, philosophy and the principles of his success.

Throughout more than half the world today a man loses the respect of all who know him if he continues to work after he has become financially independent.—By Simone Dohogue, Pepinster, Belgium.

Buckingham Palace in London contains so many pieces of furniture and objects of art that the cleaning staff frequently refers to a set of room photographs to be sure that everything has been put back in its proper place and position.—By P. A. Ward, Centreville, Nova Scotia.

As late as 1860, even the majority of scientists still believed that man's existence on this earth covered a span of less than 6,000 years.

America's newest hobby is making and flying model airplanes equipped with miniature gasoline engines. Some have wingspreads up to twelve feet and are powered by motors up to one-half horsepower. Some have flown for as long as two and a half hours, reached an altitude of 6,000 feet and traveled a distance of eighty miles.—By Elbert J. Weathers, San Diego, California.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers.



HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., once said: "The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun"? To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's new book which is already selling 25,000 copies a week!

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost \$25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—and their second, how to understand and get along with people; how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to give such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

The book they were looking for was recently published—and overnight became a best seller. 46,000 copies were sold in three days of last week alone. More than 250,000 copies have been sold to date! IT IS OUT-SELLING ANY OTHER BOOK IN AMERICA TODAY!

A New Book—the Man Behind It

This new book is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the man who is perhaps better qualified to write it than any one else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on the subject of getting along with people, dealing with them successfully, winning others to their own way of thinking. During the last 25 years he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on Public Speaking and How to Influence People, in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (the second largest hall in New York), the place is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as The New York Telephone Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie in their own offices for their members and executives.

This new book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, grew and developed out of that vast laboratory of experience. As you can judge from the panel at the top of this advertisement, it is as practical as 25 years of actual successful experience with the problems of thousands of people in all walks of life can make it.

Consider the Case of Michael O'Neil

Michael O'Neil lives in New York City. He first got a job as a mechanic, and then as a chauffeur.

When he got married he needed more money. So Mike tried to sell automobile trucks. But he was a terrible flop. He suffered from an inferiority complex that was eating his heart out.

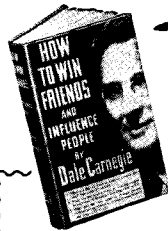
On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a sweat. Then, before he could get up enough courage to open the door, he often had to walk up and down in front of an office half a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never quite knowing why.



LOWELL THOMAS
Most Famous News Commentator
in the World
says about Dale Carnegie:

"I have known Dale Carnegie for some 20 years. He is the top-ranking man in the world in his line—a wizard at drawing men out, at showing them how to make the most of their abilities."



A recent issue of "The Reader's Digest" devoted 10 pages to this volume—because, in their words, "From Mr. Carnegie's extensive reservoir of experience has come the wealth of anecdote and common sense lessons in human relations in which HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE abounds."

THIS IS A BIG BOOK OF THIRTY-SEVEN CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:

- The Big Secret of Dealing with People
- Six Ways to Make People Like You Instantly
- An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist
- A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
- How to Interest People
- Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
- A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
- The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
- Do This and You'll Be Welcome Anywhere
- How to Get Cooperation
- A Formula That Will Work Wonders for You
- The Movies Do It. Radio Does It. Why Don't You Do It?
- Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
- How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It
- How to Spur Men On to Success
- Making People Glad to Do What You Want
- Letters That Produced Miraculous Results
- If You Don't Do This You Are Headed for Trouble
- Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

"It May Do You Some Good, Mike—God Knows You Need It"

He didn't want to go—he was afraid that he would be out of place—that there would be a lot of college men. But his despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Mike. God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting, and other meetings of the course. He lost his fear. He learned how to talk charmingly and convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Michael O'Neil is a star salesman for one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor trucks. His income has sky-rocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor he stood in front of 2500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equaled his confidence—or his reception.

Michael O'Neil is a salesman—but his problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields—the fundamental one of *getting along with people*. The way it was solved is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 17,000 people in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them, he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information Dale Carnegie's book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. Then decide whether or not you want to own it.

**ONLY
\$1.96**

IF you
decide to
keep it!



DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 25 years he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as:

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.	Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce
New York Telephone Co.	Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce
Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania	Philadelphia Electric Co.
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York	Philadelphia Gas Works Co.
McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, New York	Carrier Engineering Corporation
	Philadelphia Association of Life Underwriters

have had this training conducted in their own offices for their members and executives.

This new book is a direct result of Dale Carnegie's experience, the only working manual of its kind ever written to help people solve their daily problems in human relationships.

SEND NO MONEY

Try Dealing THIS WAY With People
—For Just FIVE Days!

This book has been published for only a short time. Yet it is now outselling *any other* book—fiction or non-fiction—in America! The presses are now running continuously to turn out 5,000 copies daily.

When you get your copy, simply read it; there are no "exercises" to be practiced. Then try for five days Dale Carnegie's simple method of dealing with people. Judge for yourself, in your daily social or business life, how easily whatever you do, say, or write can win the friendship and the hearty cooperation of others—instead of arousing resentment, friction, and either a negative response or no action at all.

It is not necessary to send any money now. You may pay for "*How to Win Friends and Influence People*" when it is delivered—with the definite understanding that its price of only \$1.96 will be refunded to you if you wish it. If this book does what we claim, it will mean more to you *than ANY book you have ever read*. If it doesn't, we do not want you to keep it. Mail the coupon below at once.

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Please send me *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. I will pay postman only \$1.96 plus few cents postage charges. It is understood that I may read it for 5 days and return it for refund if I then feel that it does not in every way live up to the claims made for it.

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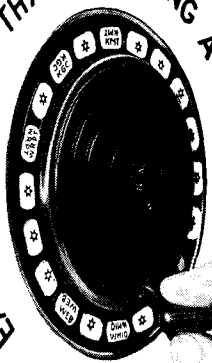
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Collier's for April 3, 1937

EASIER TO TUNE THAN DIALING A TELEPHONE



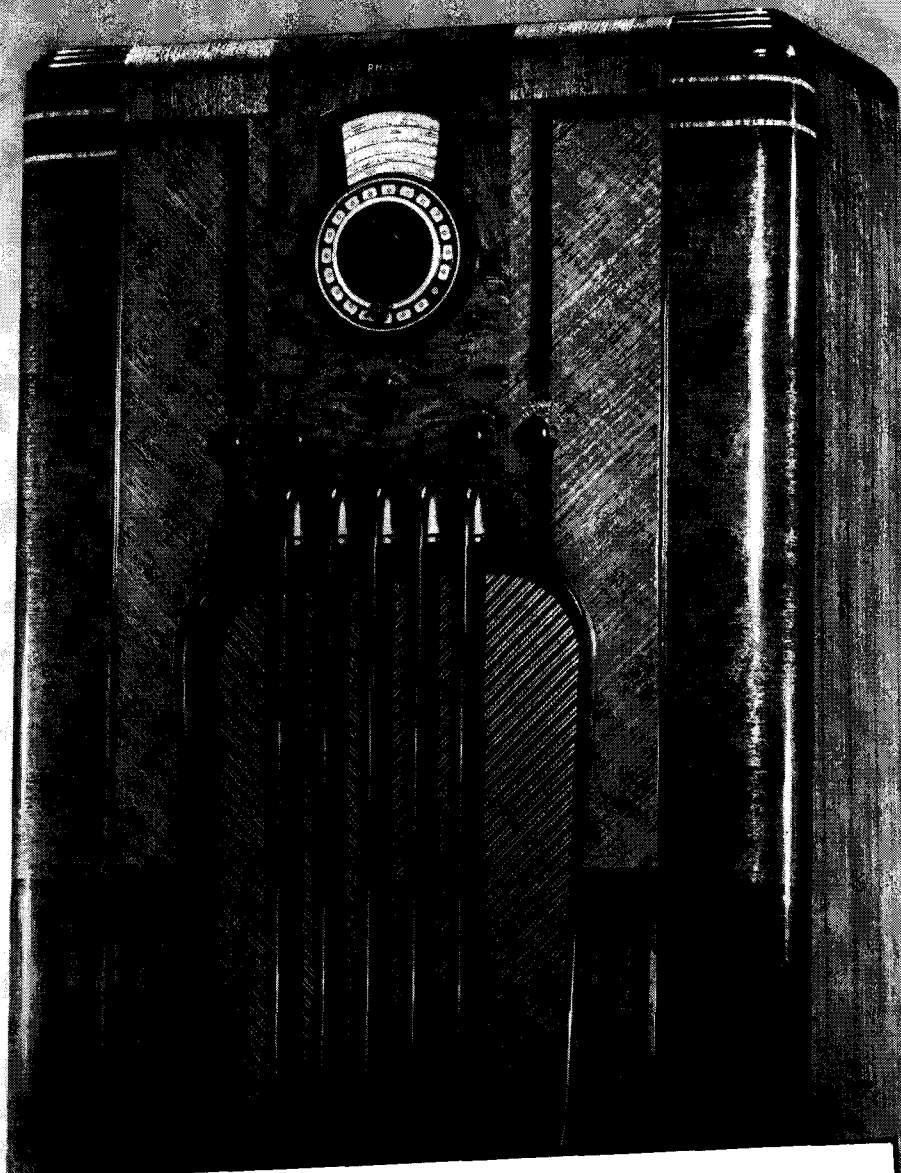
RIGHT on the front of every Automatic Tuning Philco, you see a dial very much like that on an automatic telephone. Spaced around it are the call letters of all your favorite stations.

But with Philco Automatic Tuning you dial only *once*! One glance shows the call letters of the station you want. A flick of your fingers . . . and *CLICK* . . . there it is! Tuned *instantly, silently, perfectly*!

One motion is all you need make. Back of the dial the invisible fingers of Philco Magnetic Tuning complete the job with infallible precision. The program comes in more perfectly tuned than eye or ear could do it . . . and stays perfectly tuned as long as you choose to listen!

You will use Philco Automatic Tuning practically all the time. But when you want American stations that you listen to less frequently . . . you simply tune the regular way. Foreign stations are tuned by name. Once you have the station . . . either at home or abroad . . . you simply turn on Philco Magnetic Tuning for the greatest possible accuracy, the finest possible tone!

PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING



\$10_{DOWN} brings you *any* Automatic Tuning PHILCO

Yes, you read it right! For only \$10 down you can now have *any* Automatic Tuning Philco installed and playing in your home!

Even the famous 116X DeLuxe (illustrated above) can be yours for a \$10 down payment. Immediately you can start enjoying the convenience of Philco Automatic Tuning combined with Philco High-Fidelity and the Philco Foreign Tuning System. Favorite American stations are tuned *automatically*!

Philco 116X DeLuxe brings you the thrilling realism of Philco High-Fidelity reception with all the tones and overtones that make voices and instruments so thrillingly

true to life. Acoustic Clarifiers eliminate "boom" from the low notes, while every note is brought up to ear level by the Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Five Spread-Band Tuning Ranges cover all that's interesting in the air . . . with all important overseas stations named, located, spread six times farther apart on the Spread-Band Dial!

See your classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer, who makes this easy payment offer by special arrangement with the Commercial Credit Company.

PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING MODELS . . . \$100 and up
PHILCO TABLE MODELS . . . \$20 and up
PHILCO CONSOLE MODELS . . . \$39.95 and up
PHILCO AUTO RADIOS . . . \$39.95 and up *All prices less Aerial*

Miss Breslin danced insinuatingly, but he realized that so far it was not personal but merely technique. The meager circle devoted to dancing was so crowded you could barely move



ILLUSTRATED BY
RALPH EDMUND ENTWISTLE

SHE was around twenty. Tall, slim, dark, with enormous eyes, inclined to be defiant. Her short hair, which had a tendency toward crispness, would have been pretty had she worn it properly. Her long, sensitive mouth in repose was defiant, too.

He had seen her several times before, walking by herself on deck, and once or twice with a tall, blond, pleasant-looking boy. Even her expensive, dull, tweed clothes, her expensive heavy brown shoes, Pender suspected, had been bought and were worn because of some secret, unconscious contempt for a world which accepted only surface values.

She seemed to say, "Why bother, since you are so stupid?"

"But one has to bother," said Pender to himself, glancing down at her from the rostrum at one end of the main saloon. She was sitting directly under him, on one of the first-row chairs.

"And so," he said aloud—it was difficult to keep your mind on the West Indies and at the same time

Groomed for Marriage

By Struthers Burt

A girl's emotions, and where they led, being the story of young Pender Marquette, doctor of psychology, and how he found an answer to life's most popular problem

try to dissect a strange girl—"by tomorrow morning we will have definitely left the North Atlantic, and will have entered that historic and bloody sea, the Caribbean. We will wake up to find ourselves in the harbor of St. Thomas, which we will leave at noon. At five, in this same room, I will lecture on the British islands, St. Kitts and Dominica, our next ports of call."

He smiled, bowed from his lean height and, gathering together his notes, stepped from the rostrum.

There was a faint scattering of applause from the meager audience. He started for one of the doors that led to the hall and the deck. The girl barred his way. "Thank you," she said, holding out her hand. When she smiled, she lifted her long, dark lashes and looked at you pleasantly and frankly.

"Golly!" said Pender to himself. "She's a beauty, if only she would take a little trouble with herself!" And then, quite without any basis but intuition, he added, "She's sweet!"

He bowed his head sardonically, smiling: "This is unexpected."

"Yes—I know. You were very patient." She hesitated. "Do you know a great deal about the West Indies? You seem to."

"I'm supposed to be an expert," said Pender. "I've written two books about them. That's why I was asked to be the official lecturer on this cruise. I get my trip for nothing. Also, I get my drinks at cost." He shrugged his shoulders. "It's as good a way to spend the Easter vacation as any, and besides, it's wonderful material."

"Material? Easter vacation?"

Pender laughed.

"Yes. You don't think I'm a professional lecturer, do you? I'm a professor of psychology."

"You look young for that."

"I'm thirty-three, and you have to start some time." He smiled. "Perhaps it will make me seem less solemn if I tell you I'm only a professor at a small, remote, ivy-clad New England college."

SHE put her head on one side, her eyes amused.

"You don't look especially solemn."

They had moved nearer to the door and she seemed on the point of ending the interview, and then changed her mind.

"Would it bore you," she asked, "to tell me something about the West Indies? I've never been here

before, and I'm honestly interested. Couldn't we walk about the deck a couple of times?"

"I'd like to."

They stepped out into the hall.

"At half past six I have to dress, and at half past seven I have to meet my father and mother, and some other people, for cocktails."

Pender opened one side of the double door that led to the deck. The soft, great smell of salt came in.

"It must make you very cruel," she said, as she crossed the brass-bound lintel—"being a professor of psychology."

She started up the deck toward the bow, walking with a long free stride, and Pender fell into step beside her.

"They're such liars and cheats and hypocrites—people," she went on. "Take this boatload—seven hundred of them, and interested in nothing but food and drink, and the chances of love-making. With your training you must see through them like gauze."

Pender looked down at her averted face and smiled, but his voice was sober. "No," he said. "The more you know, the more you hesitate. Besides, these people are on a holiday. You don't know what they're really like. You and I, for instance, aren't interested exclusively in food and drink and love-making."

"Curious," he was thinking, "circumstances being right, how soon you become intimate with certain people! This girl has something on her mind and no one

to talk to." And then he thought, "I'll bet she's a lovely hidden person if only you could straighten her out and get to know her."

She was striding along, her hands in the pockets of her tweed jacket, her eyes fixed on the bow, her long mouth grim, but her nose was short and eager, and her dark lashes, as she lowered them from time to time, touched the delicate color of her cheeks, and her mouth, despite its temporary grimace, curved down a little at its corners, soft and thoughtful.

"YOU know," thought Pender, "real beauty is never obvious, is it? Or flawless. That's why it takes some maturity to appreciate it. Real beauties often go unnoticed by their own generation when they're young." Abruptly he was surprised by the impulse that rose in him. "Tut, my man!" he said to himself. "You can't go about thinking of kissing strange girls, not even nowadays."

The girl was speaking startlingly.

"Aren't we?" she was saying. "Well, I am—at the moment, I am almost entirely preoccupied with love-making. What it means. And how you go about it. And how you conduct it properly." She colored. "Don't misunderstand me. I mean in a large, general way."

"I'm not in the habit of making that sort of mistake," said Pender dryly. "At least, I hope I'm not."

"Are you going to the fancy-dress party tonight?" she asked irrelevantly. "I hope so. I have to go. I always have to go. All over the world I've gone, on shipboard or elsewhere." Her voice was bitter. "I think my parents imagine that if I disguise myself I'll get on better. I carry with me a very expensive Chinese dress I got in Peiping—absurd, for a girl of my height." She laughed shortly and ruefully. "I'm not much satisfaction to them—my parents."

"Are you an only child?" asked Pender.

"Yes."

"I thought so. And you've traveled a lot?"

"Oh, yes!" For the first time she looked at him inquiringly. "And I'm wonderfully educated, if that interests you." She made a sound of contempt. "I'm wonderfully groomed for marriage; fed, watered, currycombed. In short, I've been brought up just as differently from my parents as possible. And now I'm supposed to be a fit bride for any impecunious aristocrat that asks me—French, English, or American."

"Hardly," said Pender. "Marriage, I mean. At present you're not fit for any kind of marriage, if you'll forgive me. You may be fed and watered, but you're not currycombed."

THEY had paused, and now they turned toward the rail, and stood, elbows on the rail, staring down at the flowing, mottled water.

"You're a curious man," she said, "and I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but I noticed you the first day out and wanted to meet you." She laughed shyly. "That's the reason I came to your lecture." She glanced at him sideways, studying him. "You've got kind gray eyes," she said, "and a rather cruel, thin, determined mouth, and that frequently makes for a good confidant."

Pender chuckled.

"I'm not sure," he said, "I make a good confidant for women—or girls. I—I get too interested, and then—"

"Then what?"

"Oh, nothing!" He stared at the sea. "Poor parents!" he sighed. "They lavish all their lives and energies and cockeyed plans trying to pour some child into a mold, and then the child won't fit. Your parents want you to make a brilliant marriage, of course, and all you want to do is to fall head over heels, without any misgivings, any suspicions, in love. Well, there must be some honest men somewhere."

He lit a cigarette and watched the match drop into the water. "When our parents were young," he said, "there was still in use, although largely as a toy, a curious and useful instrument. The father of the present camera. The same thing as the present periscope. A camera by means of which the reflection of an object could be thrown on a plane for the purpose of tracing it or examining it minutely. I wish all of us had cameras like that in our brains—psychological cameras obscure so that we could project the images of ourselves onto a screen and have a look at them, inside and out. I need one myself, badly."

"And what would be the first thing I would see?" she asked.

He turned his head, smiling at her, examining her critically.

"A very beautiful woman," he said, "who, because she has a childish fear of the world, presents to the

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She had taken his advice. She had parted her hair differently, and she had put some color, just enough, on her lips, and accented her lashes

Temper from Paris

BY KYLE CRICHTON



Simone Simon, in a less temperamental mood. With her at the far left is James Stewart, male lead in *Seventh Heaven*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S



The career of that temperamental French actress Miss Simone Simon, who has got ahead in Hollywood through the sensible policy of always getting in the first smack

AT a certain point in the development of Hollywood, the producers were screwing up their courage for the organization of a firing squad. The first victim was to be Simone Simon.

"Would you like to act in this part, Miss Simon?" they would ask.

"No," she would say.

"Does this dressing room suit you, Miss Simon?"

"No!"

"Would you prefer this pink gown or this blue gown, Miss Simon?"

"NO!"

At this juncture the producers would assemble in high conclave and emerge finally with a decision.

"Will you kindly follow us out on the back lot, Miss S. S.," they would say politely. "We wish to fill you full of daylight."

There would be the roll of a drum, a signal from Mr. Darryl Zanuck and another foreign invasion would be at an end.

This, however, was in the early days and things have changed since Simone made *Girl's Dormitory*, which was so full of drooping eyelids, noble characters and box-office sock that Mr. Zanuck would sooner suffer the removal of his arm at the elbow than have anything happen to the Parisian lady.

By the time shooting began on *Seventh Heaven*, it had generally begun to be believed that Simone wasn't a bad kid. A little temperamental, a little shrewd, but Hollywood loves both virtues when they are combined with drawing power. When Simone struck Hollywood, she knew very little English, was normally distrustful of the horrid place and conceived the sound idea that in the event of any difficulty the sensible policy was to get in the first smack.

Right now she is in solid with everybody on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, but there were moments during the period when she dropped out of the cast of *Under Two Flags* when the lynch spirit ran so high that only stern orders from above headed off danger.

"Hot stuff she thinks she is, eh?" said the interested bystanders.

The official explanation of the incident is that Mlle. Simon was ill, suffering with sundry bronchial ailments arising out of too-great trust in the California climate. Simone confirms that now.

"I was seeck," she says simply.

When it came to doing her second picture, *White Hunter*, everybody seems to have been sick. After a few days of shooting, it became plain to all that the only merit of *White Hunter* would be as a fumigant. Before Simone could get her mouth open to shriek, Mr. Zanuck yanked her out of the thing. Even so it was a great triumph for the French invention known as the tantrums. In 98 per cent of such cases the actress takes the part and hopes only that she will be able to get word to her intimate friends to stay away from the atrocity. Simone was unknown to the American public and no French star has ever meant anything to the Anglo-Saxon box offices until appearing in an American or English film; but she was prepared to holler anyhow. She knew that dozens of equally well-touted foreign stars had arrived previously in Hollywood and disappeared as completely as the famed gnu of Kurdistan and she was taking no chances. In Paris she started shaking her head in the negative as soon as the first American appeared with the first contract. At Beverly Hills she was still shaking it. For in Paris she had received advice from her friends.

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"Stop watching your watch and listen to me," he said. "I'm supposed to be making love to you"

The Plush String Bean

Richard Connell

The value of snob-appeal, or the undemocratic behavior of Miss Kay DeLane, perhaps the most beautiful girl in the United States

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

ANYONE who knew New York types did not need to ask Miss Kay DeLane where she lived; but, if that question was put to her, she replied, with just the right note of casualness, "Park Avenue."

Now Park Avenue is more than a street. It is a symbol, a goal and a story.

Like a good story it has a beginning, a middle and an end. It starts, as humbly as did some of its most gilded residents, where the Bowery stops, its cradle a welter of secondhand shops and dubious beaneries, and plods uptown through a commonplace commercial canyon. In these early, unpromising stages it is known, bluntly, as Fourth Avenue; but at 32d Street, again like

some of its denizens, it changes its name and its habits, dons a top hat, and becomes a social climber. It pushes onward through the faintly fashionable thirties. Finding its career blocked by the bulk of the Grand Central Terminal, it knifes its way through the abdomen of that massive pile, and swaggers on, sleek and opulent, through an enchanted realm of palaces and platinum penthouses, all with at least nine bathrooms and a copy of the Social Register.

To adorn the ladies who dwell in this new Eldorado, a million oysters have given their pearls, a million minks their pelts, and an unascertained number of men their souls.

Onward it promenades with that pride

which traditionally precedes a fall, until at 96th Street it stubs its toe and comes a cosmic cropper. With dramatic abruptness it goes downhill, physically only a few feet, socially an eon of light-years. Suddenly it becomes as unexclusive as germs, as democratic as death. It is here that railroad trains, like monster metal moles, dart from their burrow, and the lullaby of babes born on this part of Park Avenue is the steel song of the 9:39 express, off to Buffalo. Here fire escapes, hitherto as carefully concealed as family skeletons, zigzag unashamedly across the dingy faces of reeking tenements. In the street there is a snarl of smells and sounds. Gone is the glory and the glamor. The crushed

avenue slinks on its dark, furtive way, till at last it sticks its tired head into the Harlem River and, sans mink and money, dies alone and unwept like some faded, forgotten dandy.

Fashion artists have created a Park Avenue type of young woman. She is phenomenally long of limb and has no more hips than a pencil. There is about her a sinuous, feline grace. She slinks. Her features may vary in detail, but her expression is always the same: a touch of hauteur, a trace of boredom, a hint of amusement at the foibles of the pigmy world at her feet, and a strong suggestion that she would rather be smart than bright, kind or good, in the order named.

Nature, that old aper of Art, has produced some, though not many, copies of this ideal. One of them was Miss Kay DeLane.

AS SHE strolled through Waxwell's-on-Fifth that bright March morning, other feminine shoppers looked after her with interest and envy. Her mink coat, worn carelessly ajar, disclosed that beige velvet dress featured in the current style magazines. Her small pointed hat, with its pompon, gave her the air of a sophisticated brownie.

As she made her leisurely way through the jewelry section, she let her eyes linger on one of the new pieces, a midget watch, hedged with dwarf diamonds and set in a ring. So she did not see the dust-gray Bedlington terrier or the leash which tethered it to its owner, and, tripping over the leash, she would have sprawled on the floor had she not been caught neatly by a pair of muscular arms.

"I'm so sorry," said the young man who owned the dog. "A store is no place for a dog. I do hope you're not hurt."

"Not at all," murmured Miss DeLane. Then her eyes widened with recognition. "I should watch my step, Mr. Farwell."

He smiled.

"Now where have we met?" he asked.

"At the Capitol, the Rivoli, the Strand—"

"Ah, so you're one of my public," he said.

"I've seen some of your pictures."

She started to go.

"Wait," he cried. "Aren't you going to ask me for my autograph?"

"No," said Kay DeLane. "I have one."

"Really. I don't remember—"

"Oh, I sent to your studio for it. Picture, complete with autograph, ten cents."

"Now you're kidding a poor ham."

"DON'T you think you'd better go so that the customers can get waited on?" said Kay DeLane. "Those girls at the perfume counter are goggling their eyes out at you."

"So they are. Well, let's go."

"Us?"

"In brief, you and I. Now, don't look so snooty. It's lunchtime and I hate to eat alone."

"Sorry, Mr. Farwell," said Kay DeLane, "but I couldn't, really."

"Why? I don't bite. Neither does Minnie."

She looked at her watch and shook her head.

"Now, look," he said, urgently, "if it's a question of time, we can whisk across the street to Raoul's, have a drink, a fish and a talk and part friends, all in fifty minutes flat. Will you come?"

"Thank you, but—"

"I must talk to you."

"Must. Why must you?"

He took her arm.

"Tell you at lunch," he said.

Not angrily, but firmly, she drew her arm away.

"Really, Mr. Farwell, this is not a movie, you know," she said. "On the



The thunder of a passing train filled the hallway. "I couldn't hear a word you said," Katie told him

screen you may be the great lover and the darling of the drawing rooms, but to me you're just a tall young man whose dog I accidentally fell over."

"Please don't be sore at me," he said, humbly. "And it wasn't an accident."

"So you go round with a trained dog tripping up people for fun."

"Not for fun," he said. "And not people. Just you. I had to do it."

"Who said you had to do it?"

"If you'll come to lunch, I'll tell you," he said.

She looked back at him with steady eyes.

"Very well," she said. "I'll meet you at Raoul's at one."

"Why not come now?"

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Oh, some shopping I must do."

"Let me do it with you!"

"No," she said, and she said it very positively. "You wait for me at Raoul's."

"You'll surely come?"

"Yes."

"That's a promise," he said. He raised his hat and went out of the store through a gantlet of worshipping eyes.

AT RAOUL'S the décor is modernistic and the prices are fantastic. They had one sazerac, and were having *truite bleue* and chiffonade salad.

Eric Farwell was saying, "Can I help it if I was born with this face? We all get faces handed to us, and it's up to us to make the most—or the best—of them. Me, I never wanted to be an actor. I wanted to be an engineer—"

"What stopped you?" asked Kay DeLane.

"Fate," he said. "I'm walking down Park Avenue, minding my own business, when a beady-eyed little chap stops me and says, 'You're a perfect society type.' I said, 'What does that make you?' He said, 'A talent scout for Hollywood.' Well, if they want you they get you. When I came to I was a Balkan prince in a monkey-jacket, making love to a blonde I hated in a prop gondola in a phony Venice. That was three years ago. Since then I've worn out a dozen dress suits lolling around on sofas making love to blondes—and I hate blondes, all of 'em. I'm glad you're a chestnut."

"Thank you," Kay said. "Now do tell me about yourself, Mr. Farwell."

He grinned.

"I have been blowing the old trumpet, haven't I?" he said. "But I want you to know about me. Do your people like actors?"

"We don't know any."

"I was afraid of that," said Eric, gloomily. "Are you a snob?"

"Yes."

"Does it make any difference that I earn twice as much as the President of the United States?"

"I don't suppose he minds, but do you?"

"Probably not. And I don't care. I haven't fallen in love with him."

"You really shouldn't give any of that away, Mr. Farwell. Save it for your next picture."

"I'm being serious."

"You're being silly."

"I guess I don't make love very well without a script to go by," he said. "It's a cinch to be a Great Lover on the screen. You always say just the right things and the girl always gives you just the right answers. But it isn't so easy when you find yourself up against the real thing. Look here, will you please stop watching your watch and listen to me. I'm supposed to be making love to you."

"I'm listening," said Kay. "But I must keep an eye on the time. I've an appointment at two sharp."

(Continued on page 28)



A stout, bald-headed man, who had a blonde with him, kept watching O'Malley's girl

Red Jewelry

By William MacHarg

Detective O'Malley puts on another show—and an unsuspecting suspect takes the spotlight

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

WHAT we got now," O'Malley said, "is a jewel-robbery killing. It's a lady named Miss Carren. She called herself that but she had been married one time. She had some beauty shops that made her plenty money, and she had a lot of jewelry and she liked to put it on and be taken around to places. This time she went out and stepped around with her jewelry on, and she got found shot in her car and somebody else had her jewelry. It's a satisfaction that there ain't no mystery about this case; they got the guy that done it."

"Why is there anything more to be done about it, then?" I inquired.

"They ain't got the jewelry yet."

They had the man at the station house. His name was Burlit. I couldn't tell much by looking at him. His clothes had been good but now were distinctly shabby. He said he was twenty-eight years old.

"This guy got a record?" O'Malley asked one of the officers.

"We haven't found any. He's going to have one now."

"Well, so you knocked her off," O'Malley said to Burlit.

"I never laid a hand on her. I've told these cops."

"Yeah? What did you do with her jewelry?"

"I didn't touch her jewelry. You fellows have got this all wrong," Burlit informed us anxiously. "I've only been in New York since yesterday. I came here from Cleveland to try to get a job and I walked right into this business. I'd known Miss Carren long ago in Cleveland but I hadn't seen her since. Well, so I called her up. She said she'd see me and I went to her apartment last evening. I asked her if she knew

of any job, but she didn't. We talked a while and then she wanted to go out. I told her I hadn't any money but she said that didn't matter. So then we got her car and went several places."

"Where?"

"I'm not sure about the names of them; I just drove where she said. I guess they all were night clubs. I might be able to point the places out."

"What did you use for money?"

"I told you she paid the checks."

"Then what?"

"She said she was tired, so I took her home. We put up the car and I walked to her door with her and said good night."

"What time?"

"I think it was about one o'clock."

"Well, fellow," O'Malley said, "you can't claim this looks very good for you. It's pretty sure you done it. There wasn't nobody seen you put up the car or seen you take her home. Your hotel says you got back there after three. The medical office says she got knocked off between one and three."

"I know. I was worried and I walked around."

"Yeah, and you can't tell where you went. You'd probably got away with this if Miss Carren hadn't told one of her girls she had a date with you."

We went and looked at the woman. She didn't look dead. Her cheeks were pink with rouge and her lips were carmined. She had been wearing evening dress. She had been shot twice. The police had the car, and there was blood on the right-hand seat. She had been shot by whoever was driving. Some laboratory cops were studying the car.

(Continued on page 40)



Collier's \$7500 House

By John T. Flynn

Small houses are the great need today, and small houses are being built. But frequently their smallness is all too conspicuous. They are boxlike, characterless and inflexible. Collier's has planned and now presents this truly modern, yet economical, small house

HERE is a new house, designed especially for Collier's. It is a modern house, planned to be built for \$7,500. Because practicality is paramount in a house of this price, architects have made every effort to spend this money wisely; and to keep within their budget and take the guesswork out of cost they have worked closely with an estimator whose system of estimating has been found successful over a period of ten years.

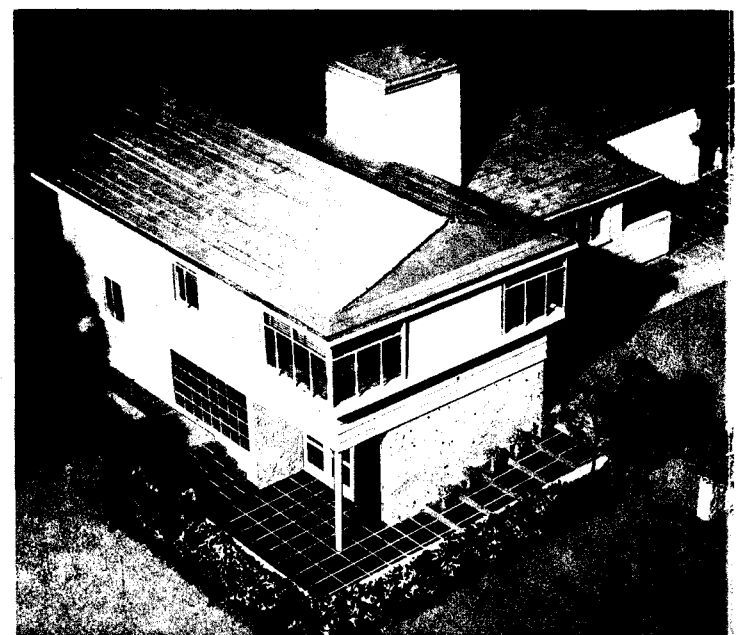
In addition to practicality, the architects have tried to put into this house the means for a new kind of living. When you have \$7,500 to spend for a house, you are going to get a small house. But if you are one of a growing number of people who have refused to be cramped in their living by a modest income, who have figured out how to spread that income so as to include all sorts of things formerly reserved for the wealthier, like golf, crafts for the children, trips here and there, good parties for the whole family—then you won't be satisfied with just a small house. You'll want a feeling of space around you. You'll want privacy for yourself and for the other members of the family. You'll want, in other words, the comfort and dignity of living in a large house, with the convenience and the cost of a small one.

Before we begin to nose about the rooms of this new house, and see how the architects have solved this paradox, I would like to make the point that this is a small house, and not only because of the cost. There is another reason for its size.

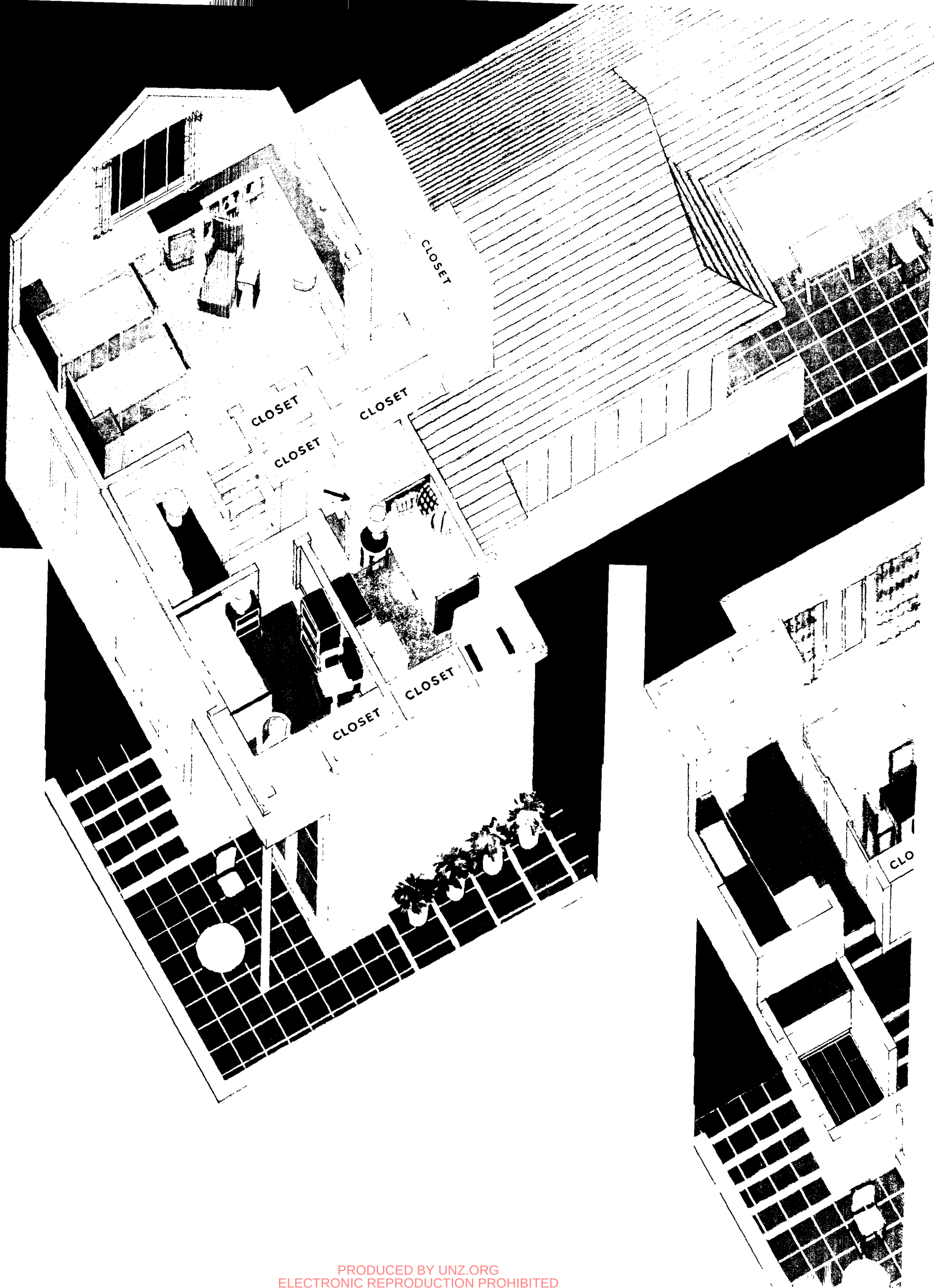
One of these days take a walk along what was the main residence street of your town thirty or forty years ago. Have a look at those huge, fortresslike old crumbling brownstone or graystone or brick or

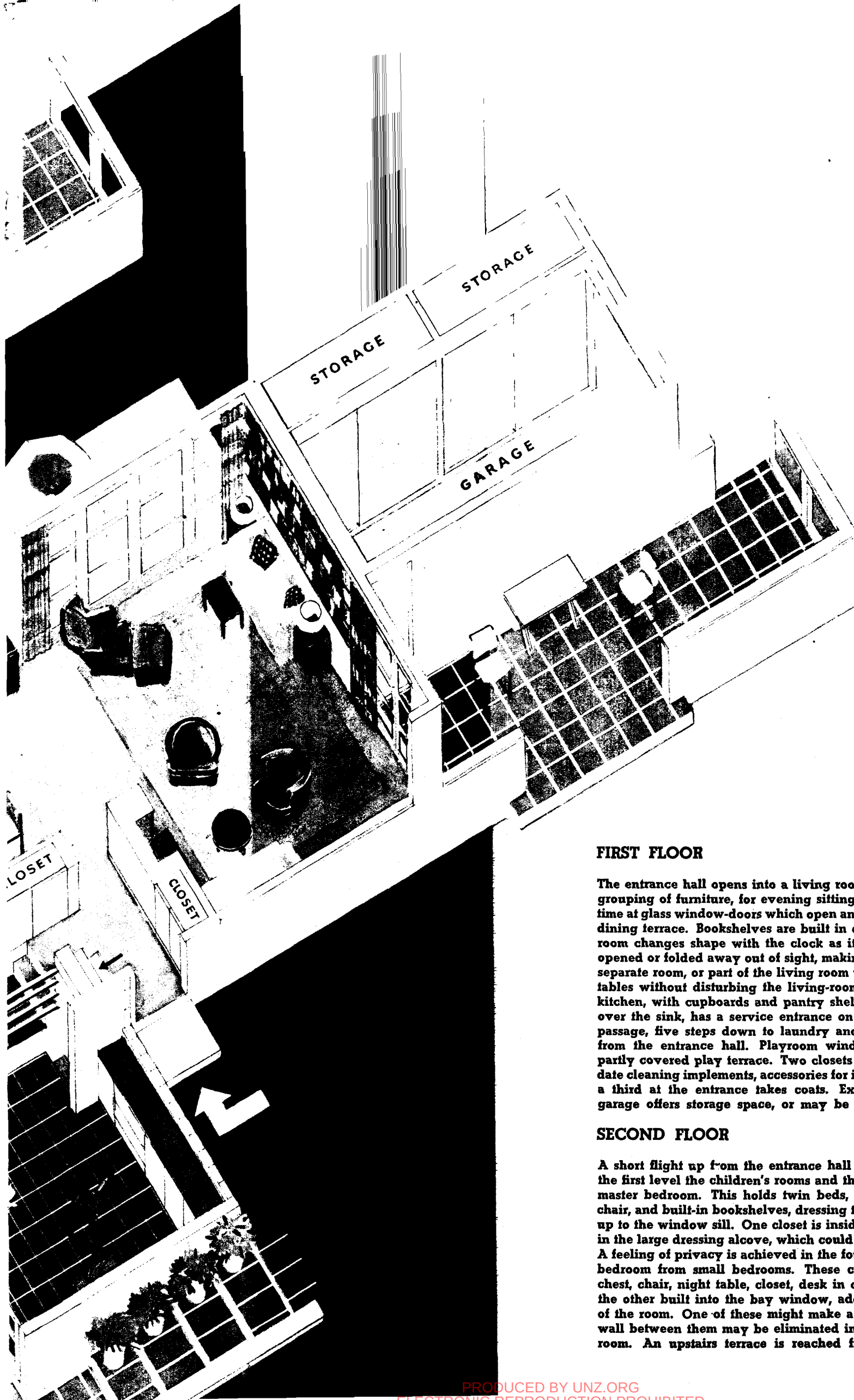
even frame residences of the well-to-do men of your town—the wholesaler, the banker, the president of the streetcar company and their departed cronies. The first thing that will strike you about those old mansions is their bulk. Bulk—sheer size, pretentiousness—that was one of the indispensable qualities of the house of that period. And so architects and builders learned how to run enormous verandas and piazzas and to pile on bay windows and humpy roofs to give this appearance of cumbersome grandeur to the structure. Hence the sign and symbol of prosperity and position was bulk. And so the people in the subordinate brackets—the cashiers and superintendents and deputy third assistant vice-presidents, when they came to put up their less costly abodes, sought to put as much bulk into them as possible. This is one explanation of the amazing and awe-inspiring miracles that were wrought with the piazza in that period of architectural monstrosities. It explains another fantastic phenomenon, now happily departed—the house with the two-story front and one-story rear.

But today, for a number of excellent reasons, the trend is entirely in the other direction—to small houses. You can find twenty- or fifty-thousand-dollar houses now that would be classed as small houses. The explanation of that lies in the fact that the value and expenditure is put on the inside rather than on the outside. The old house was merely a collection of rooms. The finer homes had more elaborate and expensive ceilings and woodwork. The less expensive ones were a collection of empty boxes. The modern house is a collection of utilities. These utilities add their share to the inside cost of the house, of course,



Here we see COLLIER'S modern small house from the street, showing the driveway, the service entrance, right, and, left, the main gate to the front door, which is really at the side so that the living quarters face the privacy of the garden. In the smaller view, the sunken play terrace opening off the playroom which lifts playroom and laundry into the light. The glass brick which lets daylight into the laundry is to the left. Above are the bay windows of the children's bedrooms. A corner of the terrace off the living room shows at right





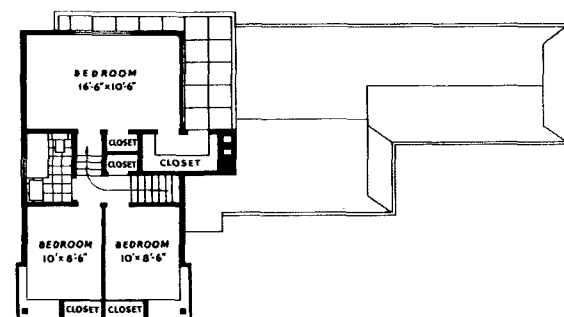
FIRST FLOOR

The entrance hall opens into a living room designed for a twofold grouping of furniture, for evening sitting at the fireplace, for daytime at glass window-doors which open an entire wall to the outdoor dining terrace. Bookshelves are built in over the sofa. The dining room changes shape with the clock as its two movable walls are opened or folded away out of sight, making it part of the kitchen, a separate room, or part of the living room with space for two bridge tables without disturbing the living-room furniture. The compact kitchen, with cupboards and pantry shelves flanking the window over the sink, has a service entrance on one side, on the other a passage, five steps down to laundry and playroom, also reached from the entrance hall. Playroom windows open on a sunken, partly covered play terrace. Two closets in the passage accommodate cleaning implements, accessories for indoor and outdoor sports, a third at the entrance takes coats. Extra space in the one-car garage offers storage space, or may be arranged as a workroom.

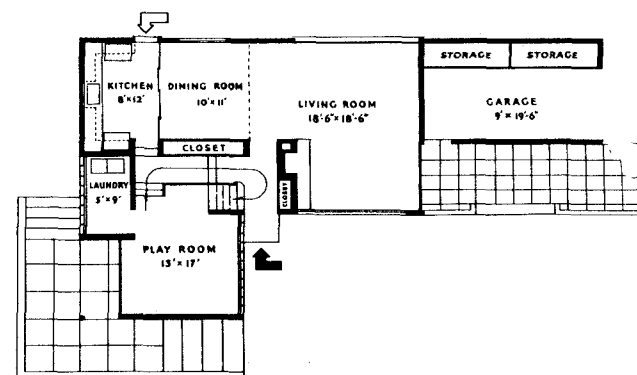
SECOND FLOOR

A short flight up from the entrance hall are the bedchambers, on the first level the children's rooms and the bath, on the second the master bedroom. This holds twin beds, chaise longue and table, chair, and built-in bookshelves, dressing table and chest of drawers up to the window sill. One closet is inside the room; two more are in the large dressing alcove, which could be converted into a bath. A feeling of privacy is achieved in the four steps separating master bedroom from small bedrooms. These comfortably contain beds, chest, chair, night table, closet, desk in one and dressing table in the other built into the bay window, adding to the apparent size of the room. One of these might make a guest-room study, or the wall between them may be eliminated in order to make one large room. An upstairs terrace is reached from the master bedroom.

Right: the path from the street runs up to the main entrance. Living-room windows at right, at left the glass brick which daylight the playroom. Below: the living room opens an entire wall of glass to the dining terrace screened by the hedge. Also shown are dining-room windows, service entrance and, above, master-bedroom windows and the upstairs terrace



SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

but they also multiply its living values enormously.

The other reason, of course, is the obvious one of caring for the house. In the not-so-good old days the family with a very small income could have a servant when servants worked for very little. Today the three-servant family gets along with two; the two-servant family manages with one and the one-servant family has come down to the part-time helper. And what is more, not only madame but the servants themselves imagine they have some other reasons for living than to give their lives to keeping a big house in order. Hence the small house. So this \$7,500 house is a small house. . . . It shoots at utility, usability, convenience and beauty—not bulk.

We are now ready to start planning. To do this job Collier's selected Mr. Allmon Fordyce and Mr. William I. Hamby, architects who have made a reputation for themselves in the modern way of house planning.

If you go out shopping for a house to cost \$7,500 you will quickly learn that there is a small group of stock models. Some are good and, of course, some are bad. We have looked them over. You will find that they have two central aims—to look as big as possible and to put as little into the house as possible; economy inside and extravagance outside.

Where House Planning Should Really Start

One such house, perhaps the best of the type, we find has a good plan. It provides good ventilation, circulation and an amazing economy of space. Not a cubic inch is thrown away. But it has a brace of defects. There's not enough storage space—the plan doesn't permit it. Its very compactness defeats privacy. It is a box, has no character. It is a three-story house with one story under the ground—the basement. And it is a little house with everything about it little—there's nothing spacious in it save its imposing two-story front. And, above all, it is hopelessly inflexible in its potential uses.

Since we are going to build our own house we do not have to submit to any of these ailments. To be sure of this we reverse the order of planning. Instead of planning an exterior, then fitting rooms in it as best we can and then wrinkling our brows over how we will furnish them, we will begin with the furniture. In fact the architects actually started by making a drawing of all the essential pieces which would go into the proposed house. If a house is a plant for living, the furniture is the machinery.

After all, a room alone is just a marked-off space.

The walls are important to us only for privacy and keeping out the elements—important indeed, but that is all. When we are using the room, we do not use the walls, we use the things that are in the room. In the dining room we use a table, chairs, a sideboard or serving table. Simple and obvious as this fact is, the majority of rooms are planned without much reference to the things that will be put in them. In this house then, the architects set down the furniture, arranged it in the most usable way, and then proceeded to provide walls for the room which would make the use of that furniture simple and convenient. When they were through they had a space in which a convenient place had been found for every essential article on their furniture list.

The next job was to put the spaces together—find an arrangement so that the rooms would be in the proper relation to each other, so that communication between the various parts of the house would be easy, so that there would be no interruption of ventilation or circulation; so there would be comfortable and inviting spaciousness and flexibility—enabling the family to use certain rooms for different purposes on different occasions.

How the architects have attacked these problems is immensely interesting. Take, for instance, the problem of communication. When Mr. Andy Volstead started out to reform our morals with prohibition, he planned many changes in our national scene. He little dreamed what he would do to the home basement. He turned that first into a whoopee parlor and then, by a process of obvious evolution, into a playroom. But it is still a basement.

It is still damp, in some houses wet, with no proper daylight and, being underground, it is hopelessly doomed to very few uses. Furthermore to get to it from the first floor you have to climb down a full flight of steps and to get to it from the second floor you have to descend two. A lady of my acquaintance, with two children and a basement playroom, who does her own housework, estimated that she lifted her 132 pounds up and down individual steps 375 times a day.

So to kill several birds with one stone, the architects lifted the basement out of the cellar; that is they took it from where it lay buried underground and brought it upstairs a bit.

You have to have a foundation for a house. To build it you must go down three feet—more in very cold regions—to get below the frost line. Then a part of the house is usually built on those foundations. The ordinary builder goes down seven or eight

feet and excavates the earth between those foundations, making an underground room or basement. But since three feet underground is all we need in most parts of this country, our architects have gone underground only that far.

By building up another five feet above ground on that, they have made a full-fledged room—which goes down only three feet instead of seven or eight; which has full-sized windows opening onto a sunken terrace, with full ventilation and light, and with one whole side and half of another actually above ground. In other words you now have not a basement, but a room mostly above ground, which can be used for a playroom, an extra living room, or a workroom. It differs in no respect from any other room save in its adaptability to many uses. There is no heating plant in it—that is put in a small compartment of its own. And so is the laundry. But to get to this room from the kitchen you need go down only half a flight of steps, five steps.

The house is then arranged so that there are three levels as in a three-story house. But each level is only half a flight of stairs from the next. You go down half a flight from kitchen to playroom or laundry (farther down to the heating plant). You go up half a flight to upstairs bedrooms. It is, in fact, a three-story house with a single set of stairs, halved, instead of the usual two full-length flights.

(Continued on page 54)

DUST STORM

The dramatic story of a man who took time out from a battle with nature to put to rights the differences between two friends

By Max Brand

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE

FOR seven days the wind came out of the northeast over the Powder Mountains and blew the skirts of a dust storm between Digger Hill and Bender Hill into the hollow where Lindsay was living in his shack. During that week Lindsay waked and slept with a piece of black coat-lining worn across his mouth and nostrils, but the dust penetrated like cosmic rays through the chinks in the walls of the cabin, through the mask and to the bottom of his lungs, so that every night he roused from sleep gasping for breath with a nightmare of being buried alive. Even lamplight could not drive that bad dream farther away than the misty corners of the room.

The blow began on a Tuesday morning and by twilight of that day he knew what he was in for, so he went out through the whistling murk and led Jenny and Lind, his two mules, and Mustard, his old cream-colored mustang, from the pasture into the barn. There he had in the mow a good heap of the volunteer hay which he had cut last May on the southeast forty, but the thin silt of the storm soon whitened the hay to such a degree that he had to shake it thoroughly before he fed the stock. Every two hours during that week he roused himself by an alarm-clock instinct and went out to wash the nostrils and mouths of the stock, prying their teeth open and reaching right in to swab the black off their tongues. On Wednesday, Jenny, like the fool and villain that

she was, closed on his right forearm and raked off eight inches of skin.

Monotony of diet was more terrible to Lindsay than the storm. He had been on the point of riding to town and borrowing money from the bank on his growing crop so as to lay in a stock of provisions, but now he was confined with a bushel of potatoes and the heel of a side of bacon.

ONLY labor like that of the harvest field could make such food palatable and, in confinement as he was, never thoroughly stretching his muscles once a day, Lindsay began to revolt in belly and then in spirit. He even lacked coffee to give savor to the menu; he could not force himself to eat more than once a day potatoes boiled, or fried in bacon fat with the dust gritting continually between his teeth. He had no comfort whatever except Caesar, his mongrel dog, and half a bottle of whisky, from which he gave himself a nip once a day. Then in the night of the seventh day there came to Lindsay a dream of a country where rolling waves of grass washed from horizon to horizon and all the winds of the earth could not blow a single breath of dust into the blue of the sky. He awakened with the dawn visible through the cracks in the shanty walls and a strange expectancy in his mind.

That singular expectation remained in him when he threw the door open and

looked across the black of the hills toward the green light that was opening like a fan in the east; then he realized that it was the silence after the storm that seemed more enormous than all the stretch of landscape between him and the Powder Mountains. Caesar ran out past his legs to leap and bark and sneeze until something overawed him, in turn, and sent him skulking here and there with his nose to the ground as though he were following invisible bird trails. It was true that the face of the land was changed.

As the light grew, Lindsay saw that the water hole in the hollow was a black wallow of mud and against the woodshed leaned a sloping mass of dust like a drift of snow. The sight of this started him on the run for his eighty acres of winter-sown summer fallow. From a distance he saw the disaster but could not believe it until his feet were wading deep in the dust. Except for a few marginal strips, the whole swale of the plowed land was covered with wind-filtered soil, a yard thick in the deepest places.

Two thirds of his farm was wiped out; two thirds of it was erased like a mysterious formula for life; and the work of nearly ten years was entombed. He glanced down at the palms of his hands, for he was thinking of the burning, pulpy blisters that had covered them day after day when he was digging holes with the blunt post auger.

He looked up, then, at the distant ridges of the Powder Mountains. Ten years before in the morning light he had been able almost to count the great pines which walked up the slopes and stood on the mountains' crests, but the whole range had been cut over in the interim and the thick coat of forest which bound with its roots the accumulated soil of a million years had been mowed down. That was why the teeth of the wind had found substance they could eat into. The entire burden of precious loam that dressed the mountains had been blown adrift in recent years and now the worthless underclay, (Continued on page 56)

They were holding hands like little children and peering down at him anxiously



Woman Proof

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SEA fog had come blustering into San Francisco to steal the town right from under the noses of its fond citizens. A sea wind moaned dolorously with overtones of shrieks and screeches as if the Golden Gate were creaking on its hinges.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, each with a fair lady on his arm, emerged from the Sutro Baths at Ocean Beach to face crisis and probable disaster.

"Listen, Juney," said Seaman Linn, "I understand there's a very high-class art museum so on and so forth in Golden Gate Park—"

"I been there. So has Maureen."

Maureen bit vigorously on a wad of chewing gum.

"I thought you guys said you had a lotta dough?" she said.

Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn exchanged weak grins. By grace of Seaman Linn's artistic lying and Fireman Dunnevan's honest, manly strength, they had walked off with these maidens, the pick of San Francisco's Home Base Force. But frantic boasting and foolish words no longer held Maureen and Juney under the spell. They were beginning to suspect.

Juney said: "We come out here to look at the wrecked freighter, an' we've looked. We don't wanta see no more ocean or sand or seals."

"And that goes for the zoo and the aquarium and Fleishhacker's swimming pool," added Maureen flatly.

SHUFFLING his feet, Fireman Dunnevan ducked his head and was silent. The harsh truth that Linn & Dunnevan, Force and Brains, Inc., possessed exactly one dollar and sixty-eight cents was, one might say, the impasse insurmountable to Fireman Dunnevan's imaginative powers. But Seaman Linn hunched his shoulders with a gallant nonchalance.

"God loves U. S. sailors if their hearts is pure," he said, "'n I and Tim wanta be loved by all good little gals, as well. You name it!"

Maureen and Juney looked at each other with a feline rapport, for they had hunted long together. They wore the same shade of brown near-fur coats, identical purple-bruise manicures and, it must be noted, very similar expressions of skeptical wariness.

"Look, Benny," said Maureen, "we was thinking it'd be nice to go to Bernstein's and have a lobster dinner perhaps; then maybe go to see Robert Taylor in 'Camille'; an' then jest possibly go to Rosa's Place in Little Italy and dance aw'ile—"

Seaman Linn spread out his hands in lordly consent. "Oke. Let's go!"

"Yerse, but Benny—"

"You got a suggestion to make, Tim?"

"N-ner—only—"

Fireman Dunnevan's was not the face for artful deception; his agonized flush told Maureen enough.

"You guys are broke!" she said. Then, removing her hand from Fireman Dunnevan's peajacket sleeve, "C'mon, Juney. I told you we hadn't better take a chance on sailors!"

Juney hesitated. Seaman Linn's gift of gab had fascinated her; and she felt a little sorry for the suffering Fireman Dunnevan.

"We ain't doubting your word, Benny—only we can't afford to get in a swell place like Bernstein's and have a fight over the checks—"

The forthright Maureen sniffed.

"Show us a little of that big money you been talking about, sailors!" she said.

A great bitterness assailed Seaman Linn.

"There you go!" he said. "If I and Tim was civilians you wouldn't insult us by asting to see our money. Oh, no. But jest because we wear the uniform of the U. S. Navy—"

Maureen tittered.

"You sailors all talk jest alike! C'mon, Juney, there's still time to find some good dates—"

But God, as Mr. Linn and Mr. Dunnevan well knew, loves U. S. sailors. Just as Maureen started to drag Juney away, a taxicab swept up to the curb and out stepped Chief Bosun's Mate Daniel Parnell Mulcahy of the U. S. S. Trimble.

"Linn! Dunnevan!"

"Y-yes, sir?"

"Yerse, Chief!"

Chief Mulcahy, a man of iron and steel, whose sea tan looked like salt spray rust on either cheek, was in a sweat of fear and trembling. Stunned,

Fireman Dunnevan said: "Is the ship on fire, Chief?"

"No, no—nothing of the sorrtr," said Chief Mulcahy, hasty and ill at ease. "'Tis a perrsonal matter, lads. Yes, yes—a perrrrsonal matter."

Seaman Linn saluted.

"Anything we can do, sir?"

Furtively, Chief Mulcahy eyed Maureen and Juney, who had decided to await developments in the background. Then, he plucked at Seaman Linn's stomach with shaking fingers.

"A privut worrd with you, Linn!"

"Stay where you're at, Tim!"

THE chief led Seaman Linn behind the taxicab for better privacy. He blew his nose, wiped wind tears from his eyes with a bandanna.

"You're a clever lad at fixing a thing, Linn. Well—just f'rinstance, suppose, now, that a man was hoping to wed a lady? F'rinstance, now! And we'll say the lady is willing but her dommed thick-headed brothers take to themselves the shanty Irish notion the man's not true—being a sailor! Whut would you say to that, now?"

Seaman Linn frowned portentously; his prominent Adam's apple rose and fell with a dignified gulp.

"I'd say it was jest like dumb civil-

ians, sir," he said. "Who's the lady? Maybe I and Tim—"

Spitting tobacco juice in nervous spurts, Chief Mulcahy became wary, arch, oblique.

"Well, now, the name might be Norah. Miss Norah Hanrahan, it might."

"Don't know her. Who's the guy?"

The chief's iron-rust coloring glowed a molten red.

"Well, now, Linn—it might be me-self!"

Seaman Linn blinked.

"You? Ju-das Priest!"

"I said f'rinstance!"

"Hully gee, sir—"

The news staggered Seaman Linn, as well it might. Iron Man Mulcahy in love! Mulcahy, the roaring terror of recruits, the scourge of the fo'c'sle and the hardest-boiled C. P. O. in the dungaree navy. A thought came to Seaman Linn's numbed brain and indignation spurred it into utterance.

"Her brothers are screwy!" he blurted. "You're one of the highest moral guys in the service!"

Chief Mulcahy grimaced modestly, beetling his thick red eyebrows.

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't. I've had me temptations, lad. Yes, temptations—"

Seaman Linn's anger mounted.

Juney and Maureen, their hair awry, fled from the room as from the wrath of heaven. In the doorway stood a tall Irish colleen. "Begone, you hussies!" she cried, "or I'll teach you to waylay a poor sailor!"



Love among the Irish. A prime example of what Linn and Dunnevan can do for a scuffled shipmate—when he's got money

"They got a crust!" he raged. "Sayin' you ain't to be trusted with their sister! Where they at, Chief? I and Tim will make 'em apologize—"

A snort from Chief Mulcahy stopped him.

"If 'twas an apology I'm wanting, I'd have it, lad. With me own fists." Then, simply, "But 'tis Norah Hanrahan I'm wanting!"

Sobered and steadied, Seaman Linn's bright blue eyes flashed with the intelligence which had always supplied the brains of Force & Brains, Inc.

"I get it, Chief! You want me to dope out a way to convince her brothers what high ideals you got so on and so forth—"

"That's it, now, that's it!"

Seaman Linn nodded. "Fi-ness-say, that's what it's gonna take. Delicate negotiations, see? Well, sir, I and Tim ain't had a case like this sincet we fixed up Yeoman Webster in Shanghai!"

The distracted lover gasped: "Think ut can be done, now, hey?" "Jest give us her address and leave the rest to I and Tim, sir!"

Chief Mulcahy scowled. "Dunnevan? Agh—that fireman!"

"No brains, but he's Irish. He's got inturition about how to handle the Irish, see?"

Sighing as one glad to shift a galling burden, Chief Mulcahy supplied specific information. Miss Norah Hanrahan had five brothers. All of them were connected with the firm of Patrick Hanrahan's Sons, Grocers. The family lived in a district described simply and significantly as "Father McConnell's Parish."

"We'll watch the church angle," said Seaman Linn, wisely.

"'Tis obliged I'll be to ye!" cried Chief Mulcahy, tucking a fistful of banknotes into Seaman Linn's hand. "For the expinses, laddie, and more where ut come from!"

Seaman Linn demurred politely. "Orders!" growled Chief Mulcahy. "An' if ut's good news you have, I'll be waitin' on the ship!"

Whereupon, Chief Mulcahy bestowed his two hundred and twenty pounds in the taxicab and rolled away toward the business district.

SEAMAN LINN returned to Fireman Dunnevan, Juney and Maureen. As he walked, he ostentatiously counted the banknotes and shoved them into his pocket.

"Benny! Did the chief give you—" "Pipe down, Tim!" Then, to Juney and Maureen, "I and Tim have a spe-

cial, important mission to attend to. So unless you gals wanta wait around for us at Bernstein's. I don't guess—"

Juney and Maureen exchanged glances.

"Sure, Benny!"

"We ain't got a thing to do, hon!" Hailing two taxicabs, Seaman Linn handed the ladies into the first and peeled off a ten-spot for the fare. Juney and Maureen were emphatic in their promises to wait at Bernstein's.

Bound for the Hanrahan residence in Father McConnell's Parish, Seaman Linn told the marveling Fireman Dunnevan the nature of their job.

"Agh, Benny! Them folks don't *know* Chief Mulcahy! That guy is sure woman-proof. Yerse! Remember that time in Coco Solo when Carlotta got unlady-like with um? Why, Benny, he spanked her acrost his knee—"

"Yeah. An' that Russky gal that tried to make him on a bet at Chefoo—Judas Priest—he gave her a black eye, ten bucks and a prayer book—"

These reminiscences were lengthy and robust, for the upright character of Iron Man Mulcahy had been tested in ports from Brest to Sydney. But Fireman Dunnevan broke off to inquire:

"You got an idea, Benny?" "Not yet. But I got brains, and with

brains you can always get an idea."

"Yerse, Benny." Thus the two sailors arrived at the residence of Patrick Hanrahan's sons and daughter in the heart of Father McConnell's Parish. The Hanrahan house stood on the side of a hill overlooking Little Italy; it was a gray stone, four-storied house and of age and dignity.

Fog wet on their peajackets, Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn mounted the front stoop.

"I'll do the talking, Tim!"

THE jangling gong within was answered by a white-haired Irish biddy, in black bombazine and lace apron.

"H'mph!" she said. "Sailors!" And started to close the door.

"We come to see Miss Norah Hanrahan—"

The Hanrahan retainer glared at them. "Ye'll not be troubling the sweet angel—"

Hurrying footsteps sounded on the front stairs. A tall brunette with handsome sooty Irish eyes started toward the door. She was about forty years old and her early autumn bloom had its own fine poignancy.

"Who is it, Katey?" Katey held up her apron as if to (Continued on page 35)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

I Love You Again

By Octavus Roy Cohen

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE in possession of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar pay roll, George Carey of Warwick, Ohio, becomes a victim of amnesia. Eight years later—eight years of which he can remember nothing—he recovers, to find that, known as "Larry Wilson" and married, he is living in the small Southern city of Habersham.

Acting on the advice of Jason Rountree, a loyal friend, he tells no one, not even "Kay," his wife, of his lapse of memory. Instead, feigning illness, he plays for time while a clever detective, Mickey Hogan, investigates his past.

But a serious problem confronts him. Accused of the murder of Ted Courtney, Duncan Campbell, Jr. (with whose wife, Rita, Courtney had been having an affair), stoutly asserts that at the time of the murder he was with his close friend, Larry Wilson. He confidently expects Larry to furnish the much-needed alibi. To his amazement, however, Larry declines to make a statement, says he is too ill to discuss the matter; and presently Duncan is brought to trial.

Mystified by his curious conduct, his attitude toward her, and his failure to clear Duncan Campbell, Kay wonders if he is in love with Rita. She questions him. Larry assures her that he has never given a thought to the woman. Whereupon, Rita, a witness at the trial, testifies that one other man in addition to Courtney had played a part in her love life: *Larry Wilson!*

Rountree feels sure that she is not telling the truth. Informed that she is fond of horses, does much riding, he calls on Warner Blane, business agent for the stables of Duncan Campbell, Sr., hoping that Blane will tell him the name of the man who has been her most frequent riding companion. But Blane will tell him nothing.

Then comes the inevitable moment when Larry is forced to take the stand at the trial. While he is being sworn in, Mickey Hogan and a tall, slim stranger—a man of serious mien—enter the courtroom. To many of the questions put to him, Larry answers: "I do not know." Then, facing Graham Vale, attorney for the defense, he says calmly: "*For eight years I have been a victim of amnesia.*" And even the veteran newspapermen gasp in astonishment.

Conclusion

ANY further questions, Mr. Vale?" asked the court.

"None, Your Honor." Graham Vale approached the bench. "I would, however, like to move for a recess until tomorrow morning. It is obvious that Mr. Wilson's testimony completely upsets a defense which I have carefully prepared. I crave the indulgence of the court at least for this afternoon."

"You will be prepared to continue tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Recess granted." The gavel sounded. "Court is adjourned until nine in the morning."

Larry walked down from the witness stand. Not until he moved was he fully

conscious of the strain under which he had been laboring. His muscles were stiff and sore, as though from too-violent exercise. He walked past the lawyer's table to the place where Kay was sitting. She rose and smiled—brightly—for the benefit of the gaping spectators who crowded against the rail. He said, "Ready, Kay?"

"Surely."

Jason asked, "Shall I come along?"

"Please. . . ."

Mickey Hogan shouldered his way through the crowd. He touched Larry's arm. "I gotta see you," he said.

"And I want to see you. Can you come out to my house right away?"

"Okay. I'll be there in half an hour."

Larry took Kay's arm and piloted her through the crowd. Everybody was staring at them. Larry knew what they were thinking: they might as well have been thinking aloud. He smiled down at Kay.

SPECIAL policemen cleared a way for them. Newspaper photographers barred their path and said, "Aw, please. . . . Just a couple of shots."

They did not pose for pictures. Neither did they avoid them. Larry felt a sensation of infinite relief. Nothing seemed to matter now. Nothing except that Kay knew the truth and that he could talk freely with her.

Thus far he had received no hint of

her reaction. She had been playing a part. They passed down the human lane toward the sedan, at the wheel of which sat Cashus. As they approached the car they heard Cashus say to an ebony friend:

"On yo' way, cullud feller. They ain't no sech sickness as that."

They rolled homeward. It was Larry who broke a strained silence. He said, "You'd rather wait until we're alone?"

"Yes."

"Good. But there's one thing I want to say. Now I can do something. I don't have to sit back and wait for things to happen."

Larry and Kay were silent for the

(Continued on page 47)

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL



"Blane started packing a suitcase and ten minutes later he drove away—fast!"



.... HE WANTED

"I want a car that is long on mechanical ruggedness—and I mean *long*! These days *all* automobiles are first-rate performers the first few thousand miles. But I want to drive *our* car much longer than that. So I want to be sure it's a car that'll serve us nobly throughout a mighty long life!"



SHE WANTED....

"I want our car to be a *beauty*—furthermore, one that *stays* a beauty! Mechanical long life is just dandy, of course. But how much fun is it if each year drastic changes in the style lines make your car look more and more like an antique? Please, oh *please*, let's get a car that's smart...and will *stay* smart!"

....SO THEY BOUGHT A PACKARD AND GOT BOTH!



The car illustrated is the Packard Six Touring Sedan

Collier's, The National Weekly

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All Triple-Thrift Refrigerators have the G-E Thrift Unit—with five years of performance protection. This sealed-in-steel mechanism is permanently safeguarded against the destructive effects of air, dust and moisture. Forced-feed lubrication and oil cooling are exclusive G-E features that assure longer life, lower current consumption and quieter operation.

Every Proved Convenience

G-E's new beautifully styled, all-steel refrigerator cabinets have interior lighting. Full-width sliding shelves with rounded fronts increase usable storage space. *Even the top shelf slides!* There is every proved conven-

ience: easy-out ice-cube trays, built-in thermometer, deep-dish vegetable drawer, matched food containers!

General Electric pioneered the sealed mechanism more than 10 years ago and set a new standard of refrigerator performance. G-E has had more experience with sealed mechanisms than any other manufacturer. The flawless G-E Thrift Unit has *proved* its superiority under all conditions in more than 2,000,000 homes. Its record for economy, dependability and durability is unequalled. General Electric was ahead 10 years ago. *Today's G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerator is still ahead.* Research keeps General Electric years ahead!

Backed by 10 Years of Proof

Remember: The G-E Refrigerator is the style sensation of 1937. The only refrigerator with 10 years of proof behind its sealed-in-steel mechanism. The refrigerator that more people want, according to unbiased surveys. The greatest dollar-for-dollar refrigerator value ever offered. And it will save and save and *save* for you throughout the years!

Don't be satisfied with anything less than a General Electric. You don't have to take second choice *now* for G-E's sensationally low prices fit everyone's pocketbook! General Electric Company, Refrigeration Division, Section C-41, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

There's a General Electric Triple-Thrift Refrigerator—in either Flatop or Monitor Top models—to fit your needs exactly. Both types offer more usable storage space, every proved convenience and the famous time-tested, sealed-in-steel G-E mechanism.

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New!

... Thrift-ometer tells at a glance that storage temperature is correct and economical!

New!

... Faster freezing speeds!

New!

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New!

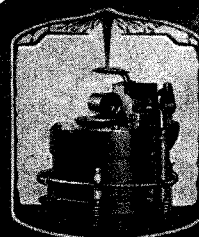
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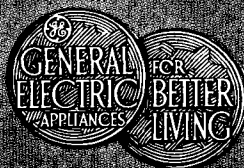
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... Matched food containers, fruit basket, egg rack, water carafe, and many other convenience features!



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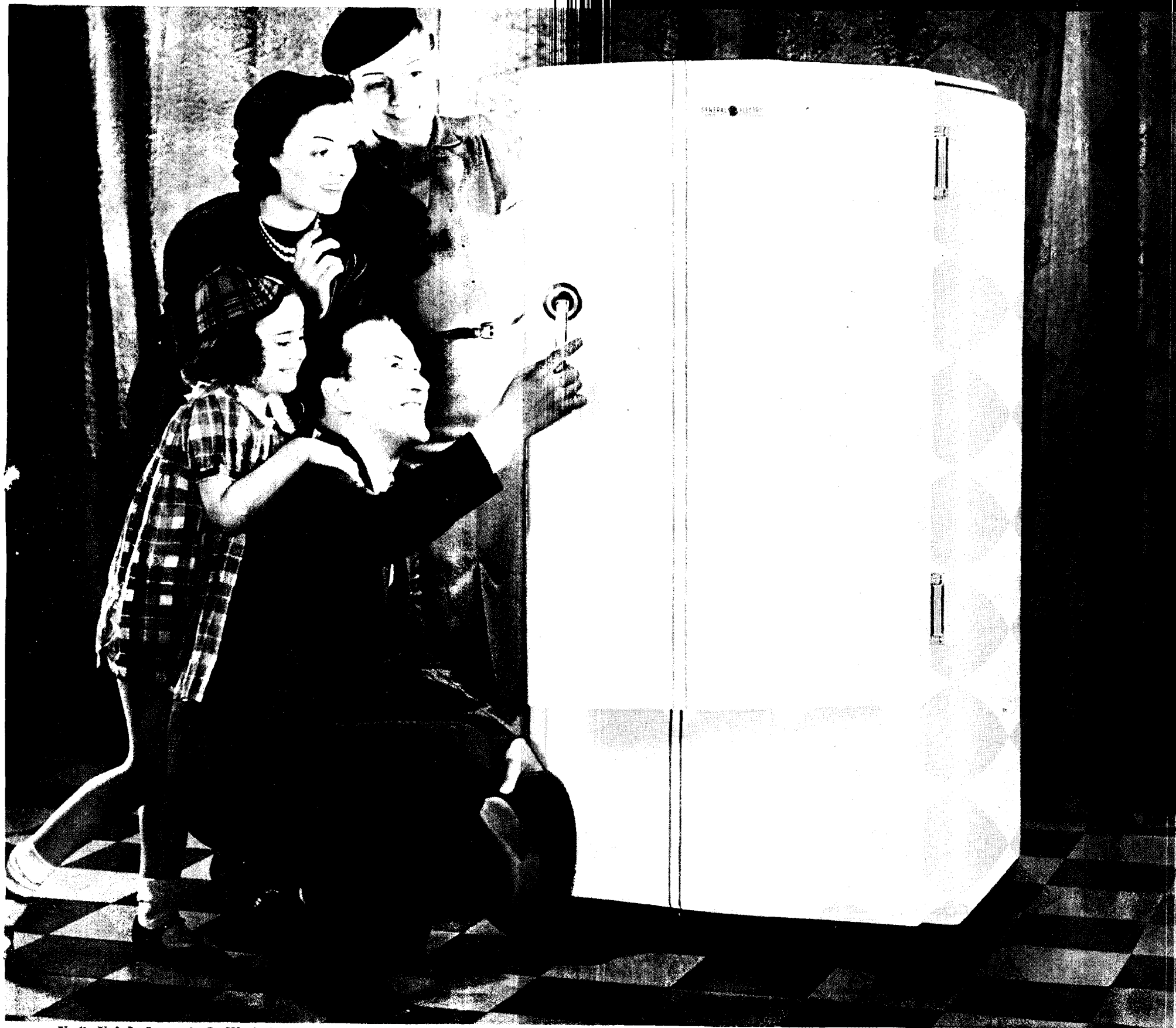
● Both Flatop and Monitor Top models are powered with the famous G-E automatic Thrift Unit. This simple, flawless, sealed-in-steel mechanism has an unparalleled 10-year record of proved performance. Forced-feed lubrication and oil cooling are exclusive features that assure quieter operation, less current consumption and longer life!



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Cooling off: Vic Ghezzi, Jimmy Thompson, Horton Smith and Wiffy Cox, all worth watching in the Augusta National

The Masters are Ready

April 1st to 4th will find the headliners of the world of golf—not excepting Mr. Bobby Jones—gathered together in Augusta for a little close competition. Here's how they line up for golf's Number One show

By Quentin Reynolds

CRAIG WOOD walked into the locker room after canning a twenty-footer at the finishing hole and he grinned as he looked up at the 282 which an official was posting. That was six strokes better than par for the four rounds and they slapped Craig on the back and the photographers clustered around him and said, "Come on, Craig, let's have that victory smile."

"But it isn't over yet," Wood protested. "Sarazen still has a chance."

"Listen, he's at the 14th tee now," they told him. "Even if he matches par for the last five holes, he can't even tie you. You're in. How about a picture of you handing him the winner's check, Mr. Roberts?"

Clifford Roberts, chairman of the annual Augusta National Invitation Tournament, more popularly known as the Masters' Tournament, got out the check-book. He sat down to write one out to the order of Craig Wood.

Meanwhile, chunky, black-haired Gene Sarazen was getting ready to hit one from the 14th. He was paired with his old golfing partner of many years, Walter Hagen. Someone came up to tell them both what Wood had done.

Sir Walter turned to the little bulldog who is named Sarazen, and he said, "Well, Gene, that's about it."

Sarazen sort of grinned and he said, "Oh, I don't know. They may go in from anywhere."

Then he teed off and he got his par on the 14th and he and Walter walked to the 15th. This one is a par five of 485 yards and from the tee it looks easy, because it's hard to see the treacherous stream which guards the green, a stream which was being reached regularly by the second shots of the masters.

Sarazen's drive left him just 220 yards from the flag and he picked up a spoon. Until now Gene had been playing those par five holes safely. But what good was par when he was three strokes behind?

Gene hesitated only a moment and then—he was never one to hang over a shot—he let fly. But tremendously. The ball soared happily a bit to the right, then it pulled around to clear the stream. It dropped a yard from the green, hopped once, again—and then, as though destiny had made an appointment for it and the hole, it rolled straight and true to trickle in. It was a deuce—a double eagle on a par five hole—and the gallery let out a shriek. It was paying tribute to a man who had taken a big chance and had—for the moment—gotten away with it. They'll be talking about that spoon fifty years from now.

Sarazen winked at Hagen and Sarazen said, grinning, "I told you they may go in from anywhere."

Walter threw his arm around Gene's shoulders and told him, "Go after the money now, kid."

Gene went after it.

There was still a lot of work ahead of him. He had to match par for the remaining three holes. The 16th, a short 145-yard hole, patterned after the 7th at Stoke Poges in England, was easy. He got his par three there, and now the news had flashed to the locker rooms and the lads at typewriters who had begun their stories: "Flash—Craig Wood wins Masters' Tournament," were yelling to telegraph operators. "Hold that flash." Then they hustled out to the 17th to see what was going on.

The 17th is similar to the famous 14th at St. Andrews, a par four. It's a tricky hole with big penalties following any deviation from the straight and narrow of the fairway. But chunky little Gene was hot now. He was the only collected man in that crowd, which was now tense and breathless. The gallery sensed that golfing history was being made. Gene chatted easily with Hagen, and then Walter said, "Slap one, kid."

Gene did. Par was just a breeze for him and now he was at the final hole. You have to drive over a valley from the 18th tee and you have to drive to the right to be in position for your second shot. The

(Continued on page 43)

Long Distance Rate Reductions bring far-away friends NEARER and NEARER

A SERIES of rate reductions from 1926 to 1937 has substantially cut the cost of Long Distance telephoning. These reductions have been made in accordance with Bell System policy to reduce Long Distance rates whenever improvements in telephony and the volume of business permit.

Today's low Long Distance rates make it easy to keep in touch with out-of-town friends and relatives . . . frequently, pleasantly. They make it easy to do business across the miles with branches, customers and prospects . . . quickly, personally.

Below are rates for 3-minute daytime calls between representative cities. . . . Call some one far away today, and find how much genuine pleasure Long Distance can bring you . . . at low cost.

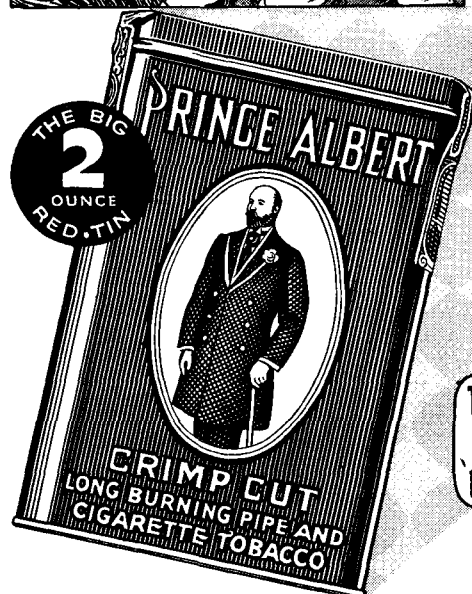
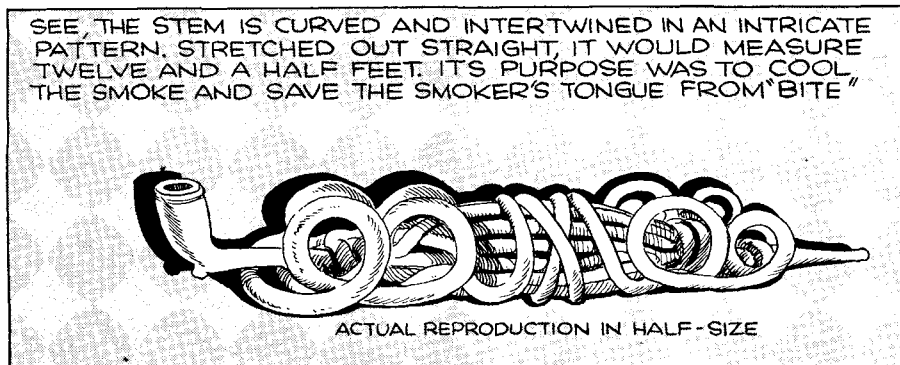
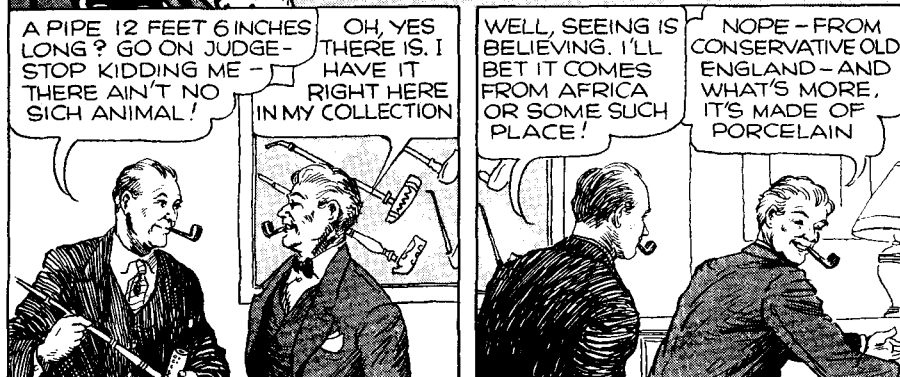
HOW LONG DISTANCE RATES HAVE BEEN CUT AS THE RESULT OF 8 REDUCTIONS IN RECENT YEARS:					
RATES FOR 3-MINUTE DAYTIME CALLS *		Station-to-Station		Person-to-Person	
From	To	January 15, 1926	January 15, 1937	January 15, 1926	January 15, 1937
Baltimore	Philadelphia	\$.65	\$.50	\$.80	\$.70
Cincinnati	Detroit	1.55	.90	1.90	1.25
Buffalo	Toledo	1.70	.95	2.10	1.30
Boston	Washington	2.40	1.25	3.00	1.65
Chicago	Little Rock	3.40	1.65	4.25	2.20
Atlanta	Kansas City	4.30	2.00	5.35	2.65
Denver	Seattle	6.60	3.00	8.25	4.00
Dallas	New York	8.80	4.00	11.00	5.25
Chicago	San Francisco	11.90	5.00	14.85	6.75
New York	Los Angeles	15.65	6.25	19.55	8.50

* Night and all-day Sunday rates are still lower.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

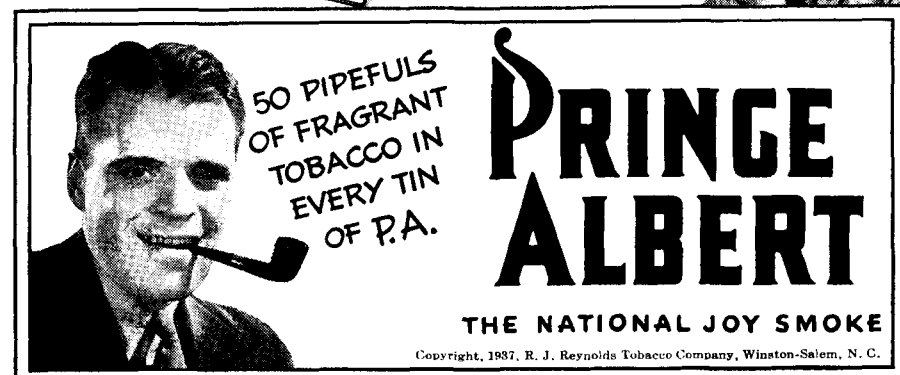
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PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL MAKIN'S TOO!



The Plush String Bean

Continued from page 13

"I'll go with you," declared Eric. "It's for a massage."

"I'll wait outside."

"No. You mustn't. I mean it."

"What will you be doing for dinner?"

"Eating."

"With me?"

"No. I'm dining at home," said Kay. "Must you?"

"Yes. It's Father's birthday."

"Well, while you're nibbling squab with Papa on Park Avenue, I'll be eating my heart out at the Lambs' Club," stated Eric. "How about tomorrow night, the night after, the night after that, or—"

"I have engagements."

"Would you rather break an engagement or a heart?" he inquired.

"You'll excuse me for asking, Mr. Farwell," Kay said, "but have you a slight case of squirrels in the pent-house?"

"Oh, I'm crazy," he said. "About you."

"What do you know about me?"

"That you're beautiful and—"

"Perhaps a gangster's moll or the queen of the gypsies," she finished. "We met"—Kay consulted her watch—"exactly forty-six minutes and thirty-two seconds ago."

"I've known you for forty-six centuries and thirty-two years," said Eric.

Kay clapped her hands as one applauding.

"Now the next line," she said. He regarded her blankly.

"Oh, come now, you must know it."

Kay said. "You've said it often enough—in 'One Night at Newport'; in 'Love on a Limer'; in all your pictures."

"What did I say?"

"I'll prompt you," Kay said. "It's either 'You're the girl of my dreams' or 'You remind me of my mother.'"

"LAUGH at me if you like," said Eric, soberly, "but the fact is I was going to say that you do remind me of somebody. No, not my mother. She died when I was two and I was brought up by my aunt Julia—"

"So I remind you of an aunt," said Kay. "That's not very romantic."

"You're not the least bit like Aunt Julia," said Eric. "It's somebody else."

"Who?"

"I don't know. I just plain don't know," he replied. "I'm all confused and baffled about it. The instant I saw you I had a sense I'd known you sometime, somewhere. And I'd loved you then, too. Maybe it was in a dream. Or maybe I'm cuckoo."

"That's perfectly possible," said Kay. "I had a feeling I'd met you; but of course it came from seeing you on the screen. But you couldn't have seen me on the screen, or anywhere else. You're mixing me up with somebody else."

He shook his head.

"I couldn't do that," he said.

"You stars must meet so many girls," said Kay. "You really should install a filing system."

"I do meet a lot of girls," he admitted. "It's all part of the game. But I never fell for any of them. I never even tottered a little. I was waiting for you."

"My masseuse is waiting, too."

"You're cruel."

"I'm sensible."

"I'm not. I'm a streamlined, twelve-cylinder sap," said Eric. "Only saps wish for the moon."

"So now I'm a moon."

"You are as far away," he said. "Well, anyway, you'll have a lot of fun at cocktail time telling your society friends how you snubbed Eric Farwell. I can

hear you saying, 'Such an amusing adventure, my dear. I let the poor fish pick me up just for a laugh. He's good-looking, but incredibly naive. Seems to think he's as irresistible off the screen as on. He actually tried the line about having met me in his dreams, and he proposed and rather clumsily—'

Kay DeLane stood up suddenly.

"Stop!" she cried. Her face had gone pale and her voice was trembling.

"Why, what's the matter?" queried Eric.

"I'm going. Thank you for lunch. Goodby."

"When am I going to see you again?"

"Not ever."

"I must."

"You mustn't."

Quickly she turned and ran from the restaurant.

KAY went into that marble and chromium temple which houses the Waxwell store, through the employees' entrance, pausing to punch the time clock. She hurried to the top floor and entered the models' dressing room. Other girls, tall, slender, pretty like herself, were there, undressing, dressing. Mrs. Kohler, manager of the models, flitted about like a plump, black carrier pigeon that has lost its message. She flew at Kay.

"You're late, DeLane," she snapped. "Sorry."

"Did you go to lunch in that coat and dress?" demanded Mrs. Kohler, suspiciously.

"As if I would," replied Kay. "I know the rules."

She took off the fur coat and began to take off the dress.

"You're due on the third floor to model negligees," Mrs. Kohler told her. "Get a wiggle on."

"I'm hurrying," said Kay.

"Wear this blue one first," said Mrs. Kohler. "At three change to the red trimmed with marabou. At four, the black velvet with stars. Can you remember that?"

"Do you think I'm a dummy?" tossed back Kay as she wriggled into the blue negligee.

"It wouldn't surprise me," said Mrs. Kohler, tartly. "For pity's sake, DeLane, fix your face. It's all streaked like you'd been crying."

"I guess I can cry on my own time," said Kay.

"It's me that should do the crying around here," declared Mrs. Kohler. "It's enough to give a person the blubbery pip, keeping track of you twenty shopworn debutantes. Debutantes! Huh! It's getting so nowadays you don't know whether you're in a department store or at a tea of the Junior League. Here. Put on these silver mules."

Kay put on the silver mules.

"Debutantes, indeed!" snorted Mrs. Kohler. "When I started to work twenty-five years ago we didn't have a flock of society giraffes as floating models, roaming all over the store and looking like customers. Believe me, a bargain basement was no country club in those days. Society girls lived on their folks and liked it. Why you want to break down your arches for twenty-five bucks a week beats me."

"We need the money to buy ear muffs for our goldfish," said Kay.

"Oh, fix your hair. You look like a sleepwalker."

"What do you think I'm doing with this comb—writing a letter?" retorted Kay.

"Less lip, miss," said the manager, sharply. "You're not the only plush

string bean that wants a job modeling at Waxwell's."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Kohler," apologized Kay. "I'm upset."

"Boy trouble, of course."

"Maybe."

"Well, go down to the third floor, De-Lane, and walk it off."

AT HIS window on Park Avenue an old man sat watching the trains go by. He lived on that part of Park they don't write stories about. His tenement window was not many feet from the tracks. Once he had been a giant, but now he was shrunken and bent, and the gnarled hand which had once pulled the throttle of the crack Chicago express could pull nothing now. He glanced at the watch on a peg beside his wheel chair, the thick, old-fashioned watch so prized by veteran railroad men.

"Twenty-two past six," he muttered. "No. 32 is late again."

A minute later No. 32 roared past, and the blue-denimed engineer waved his cap at old Martin Delaney, who sat all day by his window, watching the trains go by.

A sound at the door made his face brighten. His daughter came into the little flat, a big bag of groceries in her arms.

"Hello, Katie, darlin'," he called out.

"Hello, Dad. How are you feeling tonight?"

"I can't complain."

She came over and kissed him.

"You mean you don't complain," she said.

"Sure, a daughter like you makes rheumatism a pleasure," he said.

"I brought you a little birthday present," she said. She handed him an emerald-green necktie.

"It's beautiful," he said. "But, Katie, you shouldn't spend money on me. It's you that needs things to wear."

"Why, I have a whole storeful of the most expensive clothes to wear," she said.

"And hardly a rag you can call your own," said her father.

She went into her bedroom, a narrow room on a court. She took off her worn blue suit, cheap copy of a more costly garment, and donned a faded bungalow apron and shapeless old felt slippers.

They ate in the neat kitchen. Few dining rooms are found in those dreary reaches of Park, north of 96.

"They have a new engineer on No. 6," Martin Delaney said. "It's Ben Detzer that was a cub fireman in my time. Old 17 was hauling a new Pullman car, called the 'Galsworthy.' Now where do they get those names, I wonder? I saw a robin this morning and—why, Katie dear, you're not eating. Is it sick you are?"

"I'm not hungry," she answered, listlessly.

"When a Delaney can't eat, that's news," observed her father. "Tell me, now, has that fat cat of a Kohler woman been faulting you?"

"No more than usual."

She heaped more cabbage on his plate and as she did so she sighed.

"I hope he's a railroad man," said her father.

"What? Who?"

"That robin told me that spring is here," said Martin Delaney. "It's the right and proper season for a girl to fall in love."

"Who said I was in love?"

"I know the signs," he replied. "It's a day I've been dreading—and hoping for, Katie."

He set down his coffee cup.

"He'll be a decent young fella, I know," Martin Delaney said, "for you're no fool about people, having worked so long in a hard world to take care of me. Would you know, now, is he making enough to get married on?"

"Three thousand a week."

Her father laughed.

"It's moonshine you're talking," he said. "Why, the president of the road himself doesn't make that much."

"Eric Farwell does."

"Oho, so it's him, is it?" chuckled Martin Delaney. "Well, there's no kind of harm in that, I guess. When I was a young extra fireman I was stuck on Lillian Russell myself. I kept her picture on the wall of the cab. All Delaneys are romantic. 'Tis their nature. But the day I met your mother I tore that picture into bits, and you'll be doing the same, I'm thinking, when the right man comes along."

"SUPPOSE Eric is the right man?"

"It takes more supposing than I can do on a full stomach," her father replied. "Why should it be him any more than one of those other picture lads? They're all tall and handsome, with a quick tongue in their heads and a hefty right hook when needed. To me they're as alike as so many bananas."

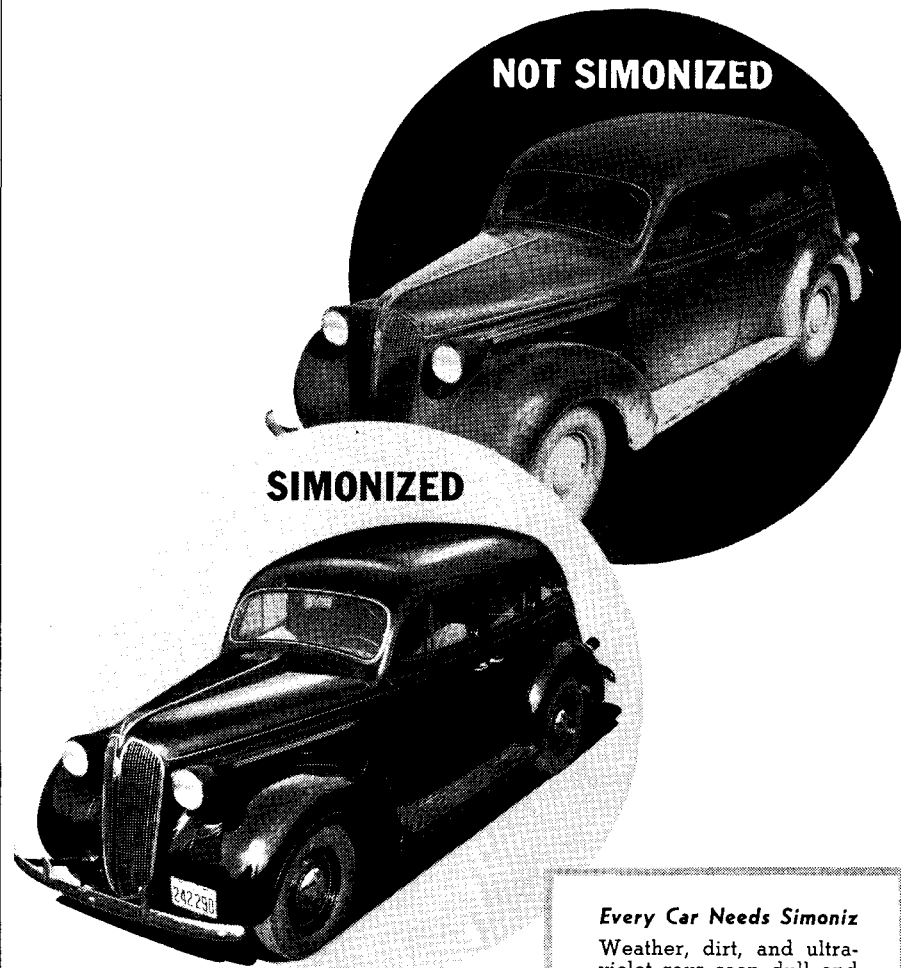
"Not to me," Katie said. "Eric is the one—and I don't know why. The very first time I saw him in a picture, I seemed to know he was the one. Do I sound silly?"

"You do so," said her father. "And it's not like you to talk nonsense. It's the spring in the air that makes you so. Now, eat your cabbage like a good girl. That's real. He's nothing but a spook on a sheet."

"I guess you're right," Katie said slowly. "It's a waste of time to wish for the moon."

"Moon is it? Moon, my foot," snorted Martin Delaney. "A pretty dressed-up society snipe that makes faces for a

"take your choice"



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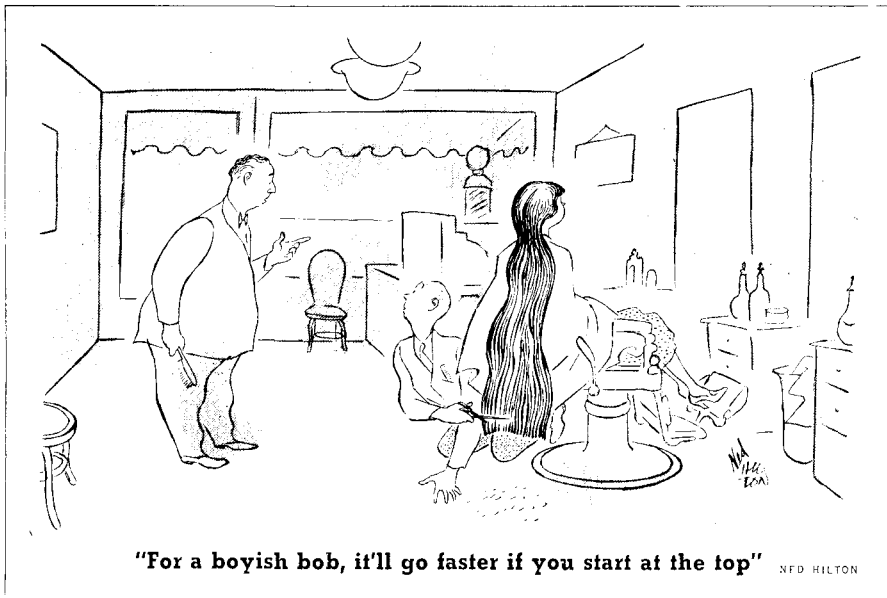
Simoniz preserves chromium—keeps it from rusting.

MOTORISTS WISE

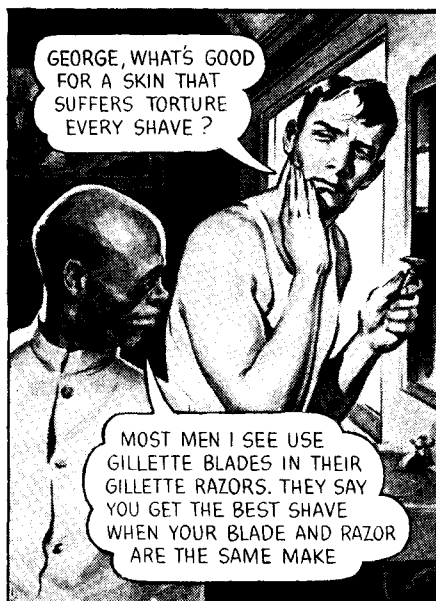
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"For a boyish bob, it'll go faster if you start at the top" NFD HILTON



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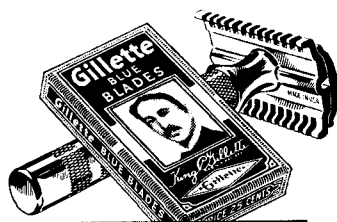
HERE'S a suggestion for men who find shaving a task to be dreaded. Switch back to using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. Then notice how smoothly your razor removes every trace of stubble.

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Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

living! Sure, a good railroad man is worth a dozen such. Save your sighs for a better man, darlin'. What's happened to your pride? You've always had plenty."

"Too much," said Katie. "Far too much pride for a girl who lives too far uptown."

When they had finished their supper, Martin Delaney propelled his wheel chair back to his Park Avenue window and watched the night trains go by. Katie washed the dishes, and then did the family laundry in the bathtub. She let the water run extra hard so her father would not hear that she was indulging in a short, private cry.

SHE had five-o'clock feet. She needed no clock to tell her that she must walk for thirty more purgatorial minutes about the sportswear department in her tight riding boots and extremely smart tan riding habit.

"Come to life, DeLane," Mrs. Kohler called out to her. "You've been moping all week. If you want to sit down, sit on the horse."

Kay climbed into the saddle of the wooden steed which stood in the corner of the sports shop, and was used to demonstrate the perfect fit of Waxwell riding breeches.

"Hello, Godiva," said a voice. It startled her almost as much as if the wooden horse had neighed. She looked down and saw Eric Farwell patting the horse's pine flank.

"Please go away," she said in a low voice.

"I will not," he said. "I've been looking for you all week. Spent a fortune in telephone calls. Tramped Park Avenue for hours. No luck—till now."

"Why did you look for me here?" Kay asked.

"I wasn't looking for you here," he replied. "I came here to buy a raincoat for Minnie."

He indicated the Bedlington which was contentedly nibbling the horse's painted hoof.

"I'd buy that habit you have on, if I were you," he said. "It fits you well, and you look lovely in it. Where do you ride?"

"England," said Kay. "I'm going there tomorrow."

"I'm going back to California tomorrow myself," he said. "There's grand riding there, too."

"So I've heard."

"Why don't you come to California?"

"Why don't you let me alone?"

"Oh, come off your high horse, literally and figuratively," he said. "Please let me talk to you."

"What do you want to say?"

"Lots of things," he answered. "But I can't shout 'em to a lady on horseback. So suppose you decide to buy that habit you have on, get dressed and meet me in the cocktail lounge at Raoul's. How does that appeal to you?"

"A splendid idea."

"I'll be waiting," he said, and turned away.

AT CLOSING time Kay took off the tan habit, escaped from the boots, and put on her old street suit. But she did not go to Raoul's. With tight lips and a set face she hurried past it, and swung aboard an uptown bus.

"And how's my Katie?" her father greeted her when she came into their flat.

"Never better," she replied.

"It's too bad you weren't here a minute ago when No. 431 went by," Martin Delaney said. "In the diner was the fattest man I ever saw, eating spaghetti. It got caught in his chins—"

"Now what on earth is the matter with me?" broke in Katie. "I was going to get spaghetti for supper tonight and I forgot all about it."

"Ah, well," observed her father, "when the air is full of spring, young folks don't think of spaghetti."

"I'll go right out and do the marketing," she said. "You must be terribly hungry."

"Only hungry enough to eat a mess of fried coupling pins."

"I'll hurry."

KATIE DELANEY was hurrying out of the tenement when she bumped into a man who was hurrying in. For a moment they stood staring at each other. Then he said, excitedly:

"It's you! It really is you!"

"Yes, it's me. How did you know I lived here?"

"I didn't," said Eric Farwell. "Do you?"

"I do. And, what's more, I've lived here all my life."

"Then I was right," he cried, triumphantly. "It came to me while I was waiting for you. It was only a vague hunch but I had to follow it up—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Katie.

"You're Piggy," he said. "Little Piggy Delaney."

She was startled.

"Why, yes," she said, "they did call me Piggy when I was a kid. But how did you know?"

"Because," he said, "I gave you the name myself. You wore pigtails and I used to pull them. Look at me."

In the hall's dim light she studied his face.

"Look hard," he said, "and you'll know me."

In a faint voice she said:

"You can't be Skinny Farrell."

"Oh, yes I can be," he said. "I am, or at least I was the gangling, dirty-faced kid that lived next door to you, and hero-worshipped your father and wanted to be a railroad man like him. I played in the streets with you, and we danced together to the hurdy-gurdy, and I was in love with you and I carved our initials on the door of Tony Pizzelli's coal cellar—"

"I remember."

"I cried the day I moved away," he went on. "So did you. Well, lots of things have happened to me since then, but I've never forgotten you—in my heart. That's why I knew you—and yet didn't know you—when I saw you in the store that day. My mind could not place you but my heart remembered."

"I—I guess I have changed some since I was six," she got out.

"A little," he laughed. Then he asked, suddenly anxious, "Why is your name changed? Are you married?"

"I'm not a wife," she said. "I'm a fraud. I was out of a job, and needed one. They advertised for models at Waxwell's—only society girls need apply—and, well, somehow Kay DeLane sounded farther down Park Avenue than Katie Delaney—"

"Just as Eric Farwell suggests a society type a bit better than Eddie Farrell," he said. "At least my studio seemed to think so. I'm afraid, Katie, we're a couple of frauds, you and I."

"Snobs, too."

"'Snobs' is the word for us," he said cheerfully.

"You're not a perfect snob."

"Why?"

"If you were," she said, "you'd never have come back to the old neighborhood."

"I'd go anywhere to find you again," he said.

"I didn't see you following me," she said.

"I didn't follow you," he said, "I followed my heart. I was sitting there in Raoul's, sipping my sidecar, and waiting for you, and thinking, 'That lovely creature can't be my Piggy, and yet she looks just the way I always dreamed Piggy would look when she grew up.' Then a voice said, 'It's Piggy you've always loved—'"

"Whose voice?"

"My own. And it also said, 'Find Piggy.' So there was only one thing to do, and that was to look for her, starting at the last place I saw her, right here in this very hall. We said goodbye here. Do you remember?"

SHE looked away from him. "A girl never forgets her first kiss," she said.

"Neither does a boy," he said.

He took her in his arms.

"Katie," he whispered, "I love—"

The thunder of a passing train filled the hallway.

"I couldn't hear a word you said," said Katie.

"But you got the general idea, didn't you?"

"Perfectly."

"What do you think of it?"

"I think I'm in love with you," she began.

Another train smothered her words; but there are times when words do not matter much, anyhow.



The Rose Petal *on the* Cup



Remember the old legend of the gracious host who offered his guest a cup filled to the brim? And then on the top he dropped a rose petal — the final token of consideration.

WITHIN the reach of many a man is a "cup" brimful of future security for his wife and children, should anything happen to him. And in addition to that full measure of protection for them, the "rose petal" on top pledges future comforts for himself at retirement age.

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A Metropolitan Field-Man will be glad to show you how you can arrange this security for your family and yourself. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office and ask him to call—or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

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Collier's for April 3, 1937

31

The Ready-Made Pilot

By George Creel

Collier's Washington staff writer, no genius with machines, becomes an aviator on the spur of the moment and tells about it



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BACK in 1933, when Secretary Roper's bright young men took over the job of running the Bureau of Air Commerce, they beamed happily on the world at large, and in the course of confiding various hopes and ambitions, mentioned that they meant to work for the development of "flying automobiles," cheap enough to sell at \$700, and so safe and simple that the very dumbest could fly them.

The announcement caused the heartiest laugh since Henry Ford's peace ship, and along with derision there was a note of stern rebuke from editors and airplane builders. Certainly it was bad enough for irresponsible crackpots to fill silly heads with wild imaginings that could never know reality, but high officials of government ought to know better. Their faces a bright red, the Bright Young Men drew back into the shadows and the silence, but being as stubborn as enthusiastic, made no surrender of purpose. As a consequence, they are able today to do a little laughing of their own. In these last few weeks the Bureau's Development Section, headed by John H. Geisse, has put the seal of approval on a virtually foolproof plane, a tailless airplane, a "roadable" autogiro, designed both for land and air use, and is now considering acceptance of a sport model using an automobile engine. Also two private companies are selling planes at about \$1,200, this without quantity production, and "twenty miles to the gallon" is a goal that has been attained.

If anyone doubts that the "foolproof" plane is close to being just *that*, it need only be stated that this writer took off from Bolling Field all by himself, flew

over Washington and its environs, and landed without mishap. Not once but twice. And if there is anyone dumber than myself when it comes to things mechanical, painstaking research has not revealed him. Not only have I never been able to drive a car with any degree of success, invariably bringing on a battle between the gas and the emergency brake, but the least trouble with a simple doorkey stirs a sense of absolute bafflement. As we drove out to Bolling Field for the Great Test, I made these admissions to Mr. Geisse and Eugene Vidal, who was then the Bureau's director, but both only shrugged indifferently.

"We've been working on this plane more than two years," said the latter, "and it's supposed to be as safe as science can make it. If it isn't, we might as well know the worst."

"Yes," I demurred, "but I'd rather not."

A Tricycle on Wings

Seen first as it stood forlornly in the rain-soaked field, the "foolproof" was not impressive. The glassed-in cab was about the size of a washstand, and the propeller, tucked obscurely away in the back, did not look as if it had the stamina for a day's work. The wings, however, seemed substantial, and the two solid outriggers that helped form the tail were distinctly reassuring. By way of additional comfort, instead of teetering at an angle like the ordinary plane, the Hammond's three wheels rested level on the ground.

"A sort of tricycle arrangement," I ventured.

"Exactly," assented Mr. Vidal. "This three-wheeled landing gear was used by the Wrights back in 1914, and we've just returned to it. When we put out our specifications and asked for bids, we stressed *safety* and ease of control. Visibility and low maintenance and operating costs were other considerations, but safety and simple operation were the main things. That tricycle design does away with ground loops and subsequent crashes. If you come down too steeply, you can't nose over, for the plane simply settles back on its rear wheels. If you land with the nose high in the air, hitting on the hind wheels, the center of gravity corrects it."

"Don't forget the shock absorbers," urged Mr. Geisse. "They'll stand any bump. No matter how hard you hit you can't turn over or roll over. Come down in any position, even sidewise, and at any speed, and the three-wheeled undercarriage and shock absorbers will make up for lack of technique. And the brakes," he added, pointing them out. "We can slam them on the minute we hit the ground, just like an automobile."

"When you stop to think," said Mr. Vidal, "that the schooling of a pilot gives weeks to the study and practice of landing, you can see how far we've gone. No worry about loss of flying speed, no jockeying with the motor, no 'feeling' for the ground, no insistence on a three-point landing, and no fear of stalls, spins and ground loops. Well," he finished briskly, "let's get going. There's only room for two, so John will act as your guide, philosopher and friend."

"Now," explained Mr. Geisse as we

cuddled down in the tiny cab, "there's your stick." So far so good. Not only was it just in front of my knees but it *looked* like a stick. "It's a simple control, so you don't have to bother with any problem of co-ordinating rudder and ailerons. Just four simple motions. Pull back to go up, push forward to go down, and right and left for the turns. And there's the throttle," indicating a pistonlike arrangement in the dashboard. "Push it in to give her the gas. And there's your speed dial. When the needle hits sixty, send her up."

Off for the First Flight

I took a firm grasp on the stick and pushed in the throttle. Followed instantly a most satisfying roar and off we went down the concrete runway. Watching the indicator with an intentness that fairly scorched it, I pulled back on the stick the instant the needle reached sixty, and we took to the air like a bird.

At two thousand feet it seemed sensible to quit climbing, and so, quite cautiously, I pushed forward on the stick, leveling out in what seemed to me to be a superb style. Visibility was perfect, what with the motor back of the cab, and clear glass at front and sides. Being lord of the landscape, as it were, I decided to swing over the Capitol a couple of miles away. Even more cautiously, I moved the stick to the right, and the plane, swerving sharply, went into a sweeping bank. Mr. Geisse must have seen my face, for he grinned broadly.

"Don't worry," he soothed. "You won't stall and you won't spin." And I didn't. Breath returned, and eventually



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What, then, can be said for streamlining?

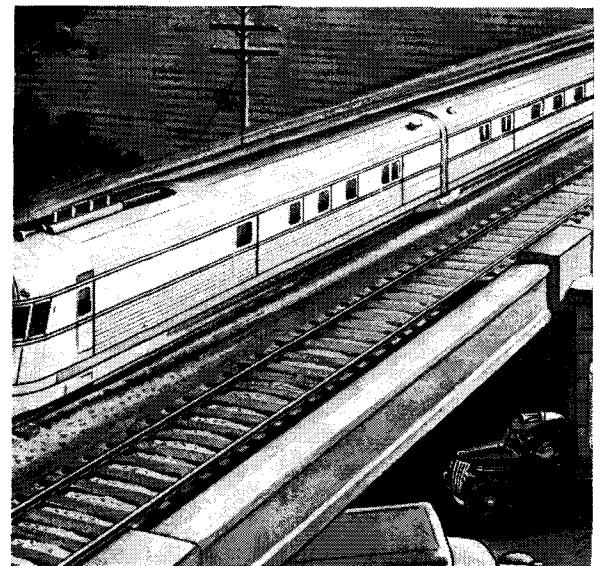
Perhaps too much emphasis has been given the streamlining of locomotives and of trains. Symbolic of modern progress, it has many merits which have captured popular imagination. Unfortunately, it has distracted attention from the most vital factor in railroad progress.

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Collier's for April 3, 1937

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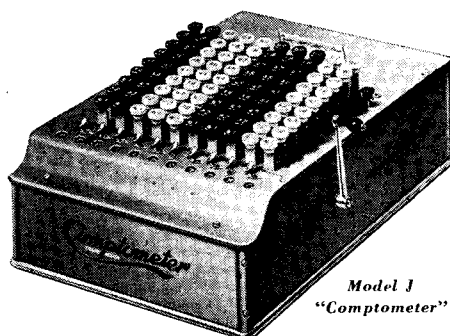
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judging that the banking business had gone on long enough, I pulled the stick to the left and straightened out. A series of majestic banks carried me around the Capitol, but the sight of so many buildings below us suddenly inspired longing for sight of Bolling Field. The dial showed one hundred miles an hour, and the plane might have been a rocking chair.

"How about a second lesson?" I ventured as we came in sight of the hangars. "I don't seem to remember hearing much about landing."

"Well," said Mr. Geisse, "it's every bit as simple as taking off. Shoot her down a little lower, and point her nose at the spot you want to hit. Then pull out the throttle and glide. Make the runway if you can."

In order to have time to absorb these instructions fully, I made a full circuit of the field, brooding heavily, and then pushed forward on the stick. At five hundred feet I yanked out the throttle and aimed at what I hoped was a soft spot in the runway. What with jerking the stick to the right and then to the left in a desperate effort to hit the target, I wobbled from side to side with a churning motion, but a last despairing tug did the work, and we landed squarely on the concrete. Squarely and *solidly*! And did we bump! I felt my teeth loosen and involuntarily ducked my head to avoid flying glass and splinters. Instead of that we came to a gentle stop.

A Tailless Plane

"What did I tell you?" Mr. Geisse demanded. "A foolproof landing if ever there was one! Of course, there were several things I didn't tell you."

"I should say there were." This was Mr. Vidal, who came racing across the field. "The air flaps, for instance. Open them up as you come down, and they decrease speed and increase the steepness of the gliding path. And you ought to have helped him measure his glide. And lift the nose a bit just as you are about to land. Look right down through the windshield and you can see the ground."

"But I wanted to make it a 100 per cent test," protested Mr. Geisse.

"You did." My agreement was hearty. "And now that I know everything, and am sure that nothing is being held back, how about giving me another whirl at it?"

Down the runway we went again and up we zoomed. Incredible as it may seem, even twenty minutes had given me a certain sense of touch, and I banked to right and left without any of the violences that had marked the first flight.

I went down to six hundred feet, and after a squinting measurement of distance, pulled out the throttle and went into my glide. This time a surer, steadier hand avoided all my former wobbles, and with my face against the windshield I watched the ground come up to me. At exactly the right moment I pulled back on the stick with just enough pressure to elevate the nose of the plane a trifle, and down we came on three wheels as light as a feather. Nor was that the only wonder. On the instant, and with a presence of mind that amazed me, I slammed on the brakes and we came to a jarring stop. I lowered my eyes modestly, and shyly waited for Mr. Geisse to burst into praise, but hearing no word I looked up to find him climbing out of the cab as unconcerned as though he had not witnessed a miracle.

Mr. Vidal himself seemed equally unimpressed, plunging at once into a discussion of improvements planned by the Bureau. For example, a wheel is going to be put on the stick so that the plane can be handled just as an automobile is handled.

Leaving the Hammond, the three of us walked over to a curious contraption that Mr. Geisse identified as the Waterman Tailless Airplane. The idea, as he explained it, was to cut down price and likewise hangar space. The lack of the tail naturally makes for fewer materials and simplicity of assembly, and as for housing, if slipped in sidewise the plane fits into a building of 22-feet span.

Another exhibit was a so-called Sport Model, a conventional low-wing, open-cockpit monoplane, the distinctive feature of which is its use of an automobile engine. Both Mr. Vidal and Mr. Geisse were enthusiastic over its possibilities for reducing power cost, but part of the savings, they admitted, were lost through increase in weight. Not only must this disadvantage be cured, but its 90-mile-an-hour maximum speed has got to be raised.

The conversation then turned on the "roadable" autogiro, a combination airplane and automobile built in accordance with specifications drawn up by the Development Section. Unfortunately, this hybrid was away from Bolling Field at the time, and so I arranged for a later visit. No less a person than James G. Ray, veteran autogiro pilot and vice president of the manufacturing company, was chosen to initiate me into the mysteries and wonders of the Bureau's prize experiment.

With Mr. Ray at the stick, for as yet the autogiro is not foolproof, I watched the take-off and judged that we taxied about 100 feet. Autogiros can, however, make straight-up jumps, and when blessed by favorable wind, an almost vertical rise of 1,000 feet is possible. Time after time in our flight over the field Mr. Ray brought the machine to a dead stop, and on landing we did not move more than five feet.

On the ground again, Mr. Ray folded the rotor blades back over the fuselage and then pulled out a clutch that disconnected the propeller from the engine, after which he put on a power drive from the engine to the tail wheel, thus converting the autogiro into an automobile.

In Time of Emergency

"Back in 1933," commented Mr. Vidal, "we found that the government had spent \$50,000,000 for the promotion of aviation as a whole, but not one thin dime had been devoted to the improvement of planes with respect to safety, performance and characteristics. Naturally the private manufacturer, with limited funds, hesitated at research and experimentation that might never show a profit. What we did was to have our technicians point the way, and put our resources back of the trail blazing."

"And here, it seems to me, is another strong point. In a time of national emergency the nation will not be able to draw pilots from the airlines any more than they could take engineers away from railroads. The Army and Navy will have to look to private flyers for addition to its trained personnel, and the Bureau of Air Commerce is providing them. In 1933 the total number of licensed student pilots was under twelve thousand. Today there are more than thirty-two thousand, and the number grows steadily. We believe implicitly that aviation is due for the same progress and expansion that marked the rise of the automobile industry."

"I wouldn't be surprised," murmured Mr. Vidal, "if a few more years would see every country club with its aviation field, city parks with landing space for planes, and even the tops of buildings brought into use. And with the factors of safety, comfort, convenience and inexpensiveness all taken care of, very likely you'll be flying yourself."

And to my consternation I found myself saying, "Maybe."

Woman Proof

Continued from page 21

shield her mistress from the sight of sailor blue.

"Back, Miss Norah! I'll hold them off. Missus Clancy! Missus O'Toole!"

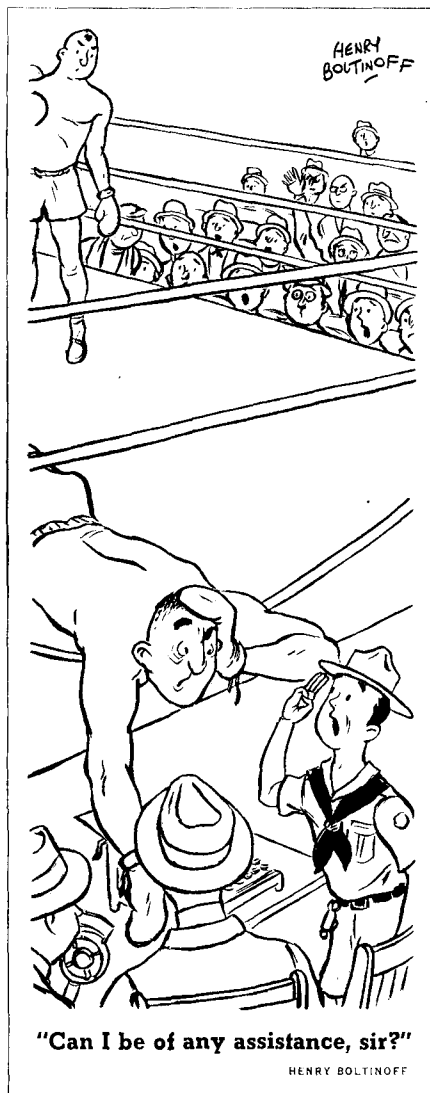
As if responding to a war cry, two elderly women charged from the depths beyond the front hall chandelier and laid hands on the tall brunette.

"No, child, no! You promised your brothers to have no truck with um! Ah, come now, honey girl!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan gaped as Miss Norah burst into tears and allowed herself to be pushed and hustled back upstairs. She was too magnificent a woman for such bullying, they thought, and certainly no child.

"Begone, begone!" Katey shrilled at them, trying to close the door.

Fireman Dunnevan amazed his pal by abruptly taking charge of the situation.



He thrust a No. 12 shoe against the door and said:

"Agh, be yerself, woman! We've come from Chief Mulcahy to find out why the Hanrahans are acting up like a pack of bogtrotters. Yerse!"

Old Katey peered at him sharply. "Why, 'tis the County Clare tongue on himself!" she gasped.

"Ner—Brooklyn!" said Fireman Dunnevan. "But my blessed mother come from Clare!"

"Did she now? A pretty son she has—"

"Agh! Whut blubber and blabber you tryin' to come on me? Whut's all this Erish bluff against Chief Mulcahy? He's from Cork and too good fer Hanrahans—"

"Is any of the Hanrahan brothers at home, ast her," put in Seaman Linn.

Katey ignored him. She turned on Fireman Dunnevan and her quavering voice rose like a banshee's wail:

"A Mulcahy, is ut? We've no quarrel with the Mulcahy! 'Tis the sailor part of um! The sailor curse of um that would be blighting Miss Norah. Didn't a sailor run off with her great-aunt Maida and she deserted afterward in a heathen port? Didn't a sailor beguile her own Aunt Mary Martha, rest her sweet soul—"

From the depths came a sharp: "Katey! Close the door!" and the hopeless sobbing of Norah Hanrahan.

"Chief Mulcahy ain't a sailor. He's a C. P. O. and ain't never fooled no woman—"

"Bad 'cess to um!" shrilled Katey. "Sailor he is, and a sailor has been the curse of the Hanrahans since Tuesday was a century and no generation has escaped ut but Miss Norah's own! The back of me front to you both!"

Katey kicked Fireman Dunnevan on the shin, then, as he drew back his foot, slammed the door.

"Tim?"

"Yerse?"

"You Irish is all crazy!"

Fireman Dunnevan grunted, scratching his head. He looked back at the gray fortress of the Hanrahans, now twinkling with excited lights in the dusk.

"It ain't no use, Benny," he said with profound conviction. "The poor colleen dasn't go against an Erish curse. We better tell the chief jest to forget it, Benny."

Seaman Linn made a raucous sound.

"No brains, Tim, no brains. You let me handle this. C'mon. We're going to the store!"

IT WAS almost closing time at Patrick Hanrahan's Sons, Grocers, when Tim and Benny walked in.

Brother Terence greeted them from behind the meat counter. Brother Michael and Brother Sean quickly reinforced him from the grocery counter. Brother Clarence and Brother Dennis could be seen watching ominously from the office.

"What can we do for you?" said Brother Terence.

He was a grim, gnarled little man and he seemed to set the pattern for all the Hanrahan brothers. They were chips from a block of tough, knotty Irish oak. They had partially bald, round heads and cold blue eyes and hairy fists.

Seaman Linn was casual.

"We come to settle a little bet, Mr. Hanrahan," he said. "We wanta ast you jest one question. Are you gonna let your sister marry Chief Mulcahy?"

"No."

The other Hanrahans nodded.

"Well, Tim, that's that," said Seaman Linn. "I owe you forty bucks." And he handed the blinking Fireman Dunnevan forty dollars in currency.

Brother Michael spoke:

"We'll not be wanting sailors in our store!"

"Yerse?"

"Pipe down, Tim! Remember our other bet. Mulcahy is going on a tear in Rosa's Place tonight. I've got fifty bucks that says he wrecks the joint and then beats up every Hanrahan brother he can find. Is that straight?"

"Y-erse, Benny."

"Oke. Let's go!"

They started for the door. The five Hanrahan brothers, by unspoken occlusion, grouped themselves around the meat counter.

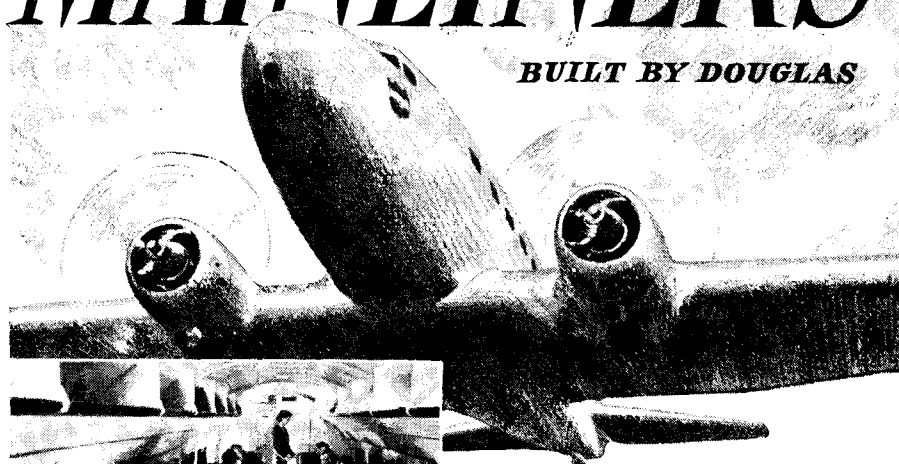
"Mulcahy will not be beating us up, he'll not!"

"Naw—not if you stay home!" said Seaman Linn.

He and Fireman Dunnevan paused on

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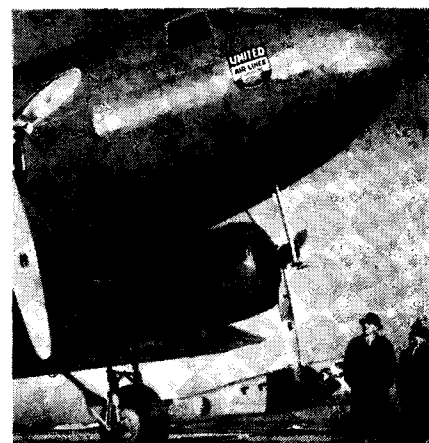
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Make and Model	1937	1936	1935	1934	1933
AUBURN (6 Cylinder)	—	AF	AF	AF	—
AUBURN (8 Cylinder)	—	AF	BB	BB	BB
BUICK	A	A	A	AF	AF
CADILLAC (8 Cylinder)	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB
CADILLAC (12 & 16 Cylinder)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
CHEVROLET	A	A	A	A	A
CHRYSLER	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DE SOTO	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DODGE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FORD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
GRAHAM (6 Cylinder)	AF	AF	AF	—	—
GRAHAM (All Other Models)	—	—	BB	BB	BB
HUDSON	A	A	A	AF	AF
HUPMOBILE	—	AF	AF	AF	AF
LAFAYETTE (Series 3610)	—	A	A	—	—
LAFAYETTE (All Other Models)	—	—	AF	AF	—
LA SALLE	AF	AF	AF	AF	BB
LINCOLN	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB
LINCOLN ZEPHYR	AF	AF	—	—	—
NASH (Models 11-90, 12-90)	—	—	—	BB	BB
NASH (Lafayette Series 400)	A	A	A	—	—
NASH (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
OLDSMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PACKARD	A	A	A	AF	AF
PIERCE-ARROW	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PLYMOUTH	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PONTIAC	A	A	A	AF	AF
REO	—	A	A	A	A
STUDEBAKER	A	A	A	AF	AF
TERRAPLANE	A	A	A	AF	AF
WILLYS	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF

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the sidewalk to listen to the argument within. Four brothers, it appeared, were determined to be in Rosa's Place. Brother Dennis demurred. Father McConnell, he said, would be shocked if they went to Rosa's Place. Had not Father McConnell twice caught Rosa selling liquor to minors; denounced her from the public curb and threatened police action? A fine place for the Hanrahans to visit, indeed, indeed.

"They'll all be there!" said Seaman Linn. "C'mon. We're going to the ship!"

On the way to the water front, Fireman Dunnevan demanded explanations:

"But, Benny, the chief won't fight them Hanrahans. If he'd've been a mind to he'd've done it already—"

"Pipe down. Let me handle this!"

CHIEF MULCAHY was brooding in his room aboard the U. S. S. Trimble. Into his presence entered Seaman Linn, cheerfully.

"They've agreed to ut, Linn?"

"Not quite, Chief. They've demanded a little test kinda, so on and so forth—"

"Test?"

"It's—uh—the woman angle, Chief. They still think that jest because you're a sailor you can't withstand temptation—uh—you know."

Chief Mulcahy clenched his fists.

"Agh, the blackguards! Couldn't ye testify that I never—"

"I swore to it and Tim swore to it and I offered to get any number of guys they'd name. But Mike and Dennis and others said they wouldn't believe us sailors under oath, so—uh—I think we'd better prove it to 'em!"

"How, now, Linn, how—"

Seaman Linn gulped earnestly.

"It's your only chance, Chief. You go to Rosa's Place in Little Italy tonight, see? I happen to know the Hanrahans will be there—kinda family party, see? You take a private room and—uh—I know a couple of dames that will try to get you going—"

Chief Mulcahy spat. His face crimsoned.

"Agh—no!"

"It'll only be in fun, see? You don't fall for 'em. You repulst them. Get it, Chief? You act jest like you always act in every port—"

"I don't like it, Linn, I don't. It's too much to ask of a man—"

Seaman Linn shrugged:

"It's the only way you can convince them Hanrahans, Chief. But you know your own business—"

"Agh! They'd know it was a put-up job."

Hurt pride moved Seaman Linn's Adam's apple convulsively.

"I don't work thataway, Chief. As far as the Hanrahans is concerned, you being in Rosa's Place will be jest an accident. You surely didn't think I would tell *them* jest how I was goin' to prove how you're woman-proof—well, sir, I sure thought you respected my judgment better'n *that*."

Chief Mulcahy heaved to his feet and grabbed Benny as he started out the door.

"Hold on, now—I'm too hasty, sure. Maybe it'd work, Linn—"

"Course it would, Chief! We don't let on like we even know the Hanrahans is there. We come in and set down in the private room. Pretty soon—uh—Maureen and Juney come in and act like they're on the make. They crash our party and start lathering you up, see? Then, you repulst 'em and—"

Chief Mulcahy breathed hard.

"For my Norah colleen, I'll do ut!"

The plot progressed not without dust and heat. Chief Mulcahy wavered twice before reaching Bernstein's; and wavered again when he saw Juney and Maureen. And these young ladies, in poor spirits after a long wait, were not disposed to co-operate. They drove a

hard bargain. As Juney said: "If he wasn't such a *gorilla*, Benny, I wouldn't hesitate one little minute—" But these details finally were arranged.

Then, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan went into executive session in the men's room at Bernstein's.

"Listen, Tim, you go along with the chief and the girls to Rosa's place and make sure he don't get cold feet. Then, you excuse yourself and hurry over to Father McConnell's house and tell him Rosa is selling drinks to six ten-year-old kids—"

Fireman Dunnevan balked:

"Ner! I don't tell no priest no lie!"

"Thick-head, it's only—"

"Ner."

"All right. All right. I see I hafta do all the dirty work—"

"Ain't you gonna be there at all, Benny?"

"Yeah. Soon as I do my errands."

Fireman Dunnevan shook his head solemnly.

"It's too complicated, Benny. We

"Yerse."

"Where's the gals?"

"Waitin' acrost the street."

"Swell!"

"Ner. The chief don't feel good. He's a-scairt of Maureen!"

"Aw—"

"Yerse, Benny! He's afraid he might give in to Maureen."

Seaman Linn grinned callously and peeked through a crack in the booth door.

"Aw-aw, the Hanrahans!"

THE five Hanrahan brothers were marching single file to a table on the main floor. They glared grimly in Seaman Linn's direction. He knew they were glaring at Chief Mulcahy in the next room.

"Okay, Tim! Get the gals!"

"But, Benny, he's ascairt of Maureen!"

"Get going, Tim!"

There was no hitch. The Hanrahan brothers continued to glare toward



ain't never tried anything this complicated before."

Seaman Linn was obliged to play his last card.

"I guaranteed the whole setup to Chief Mulcahy, Tim," he said, sternly. "Guess what will happen to us if it don't work."

Fireman Dunnevan shuddered.

ROSA'S PLACE in Little Italy was a scene of mild gaiety when Seaman Linn rejoined Fireman Dunnevan with all the details of the testing of Chief Mulcahy completed.

By arrangement, the desperate lover had been installed in one of Rosa's private dining rooms. This was a small room set in a tier of such compartments which ranged on three sides of the restaurant floor. The booths could be entered either from steps leading up from the main floor or from a narrow hallway behind. They were shut off from the restaurant proper by latticework sides and doors.

Fireman Dunnevan had been stationed in an adjoining room. He was dolefully brooding over a stein of beer when Seaman Linn entered.

"The chief in there?"

"Yerse."

"Did he leave his door open?"

Chief Mulcahy's open door. Chief Mulcahy followed instructions and continued to ignore the Hanrahan brothers.

Then, into Rosa's Place sauntered Juney and Maureen. Watching, Seaman Linn nodded approvingly. They permitted a waiter to show them to a table near the Hanrahan brothers. Then, artistically, they espied Chief Mulcahy, brooding alone in his room. With giggles and arch glances, Juney and Maureen left their table and moved in on Chief Mulcahy. The door of the booth closed behind them.

The effect of this on the watching Hanrahans was profound. All their worst suspicions of Chief Mulcahy had been confirmed.

"Hey, now, open the door. The door is supposed to be open—"

"Benny told us to close it, Chief!"

"Agh, now, what is it, now? Whisht!"

"Give Maureen a itsy bitsy kiss, hon!"

"Whisht, now—open the door!"

"I'm kinda crazy about you, Chief!"

"Agh, open the door. How can they see? Less of it, woman, less of it!"

"Pooh for Benny, Chief. Lets I and you go places. I could really kinda like you—"

A police whistle sounded.

Into Rosa's place marched three policemen led by Father McConnell.

"This joint is closed, nah!" said a policeman. "All file out quietly."

Blanching, five Hanrahans struggled to their feet. They saw Father McConnell. And Father McConnell saw them, his leading parishioners. He walked straight over to their table.

Seaman Linn casually left his room to get a better view.

"It is sorry I am to see you men in such a place as this!" said Father McConnell.

Brother Terence found his voice.

"It's sorry we are to be here, Father," he said, "but we came for a good reason—to get evidence against a sailor who was paying court to our sister!"

"Aye, that's the straight of it, Father."

"He's right in that room there!"

"With two bad women, he is!"

"And threatened us, too!"

"Indeed, indeed?"

"Look—we'll prove it!"

As the five blushing Hanrahans started toward the door of Chief Mulcahy's ordeal chamber, there was an abrupt outburst of violence within. Women's voices rose in angry hullabaloo. There was the sound of slapping and cries of pain. The door flew open and Juney and Maureen, their hair awry, fled from the room as from the wrath of heaven.

In the doorway stood a tall Irish colleen, her black eyes flashing and her bosom agitated by righteous wrath.

"Begone, you hussies!" she cried, "or I'll teach you to waylay a poor sailor!"

Then, without pausing to notice her audience, she turned to the dazed Chief Mulcahy, who was saying, "Whisht? Whisht?"

"Norah!" said Brother Michael.

She paid him no attention. Throwing her arms around Chief Mulcahy, the daughter of the Hanrahans said, "Quick, Daniel, darlin', take me away! Take me from this awful place!"

"Ah—I prayed that ye might come!"

"All the curses in the book couldn't have kept me away, Daniel!"

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN and Seaman Linn paused in a chophouse near The Wharfs to divide their spoils. "Twenty for me, an' twenty for you—"

"But, Benny—"

"That accounts for the dough Chief Mulcahy give us. This other hundred is the Hanrahans' dough—"

"But why are *they* paying us?"

Seaman Linn snorted.

"It's on account for us to make sure the chief *marries* Norah."

Fireman Dunnevan rubbed his eyes. "But, Benny," he demanded, "the chief is crazy to marry Norah. He can hardly wait for the banns to lift."

"Dumbhead, of course he is. But them Hanrahans can't believe it. They're sure he'll run out on her like the sailor done that made a fool outa Great-grandmother Hanrahan!"

"You sure are smart, Benny. You sure done good."

"Yeah. Ten for you, ten for me—"

"But, Benny—"

"Now what's the matter?"

"Listen, Benny, how did Norah know the chief was at Rosa's Place with Juney and Maureen?"

Seaman Linn grinned.

"I slipped Katey ten bucks to let me in the house after the brothers left for Rosa's; and then I told her the chief was heartbroken so on and so forth and had stepped out with two floozies to lose his high ideals."

"The poor colleen! She come to save him—and it was jest a lie. I don't think you should've lied to her, Benny."

"Nuts. All she needed was an excuse. Ain't all her aunts run after sailors?"

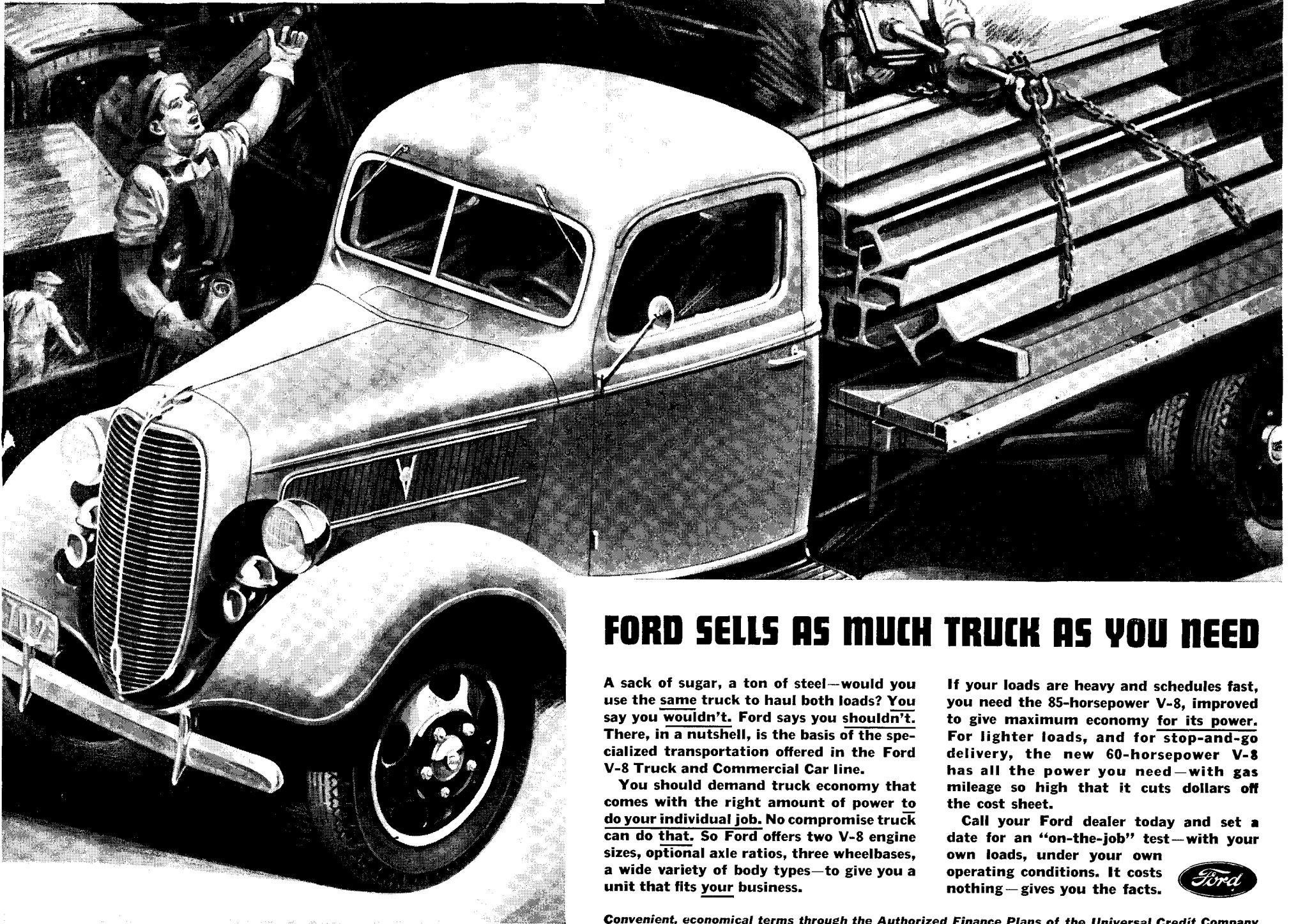
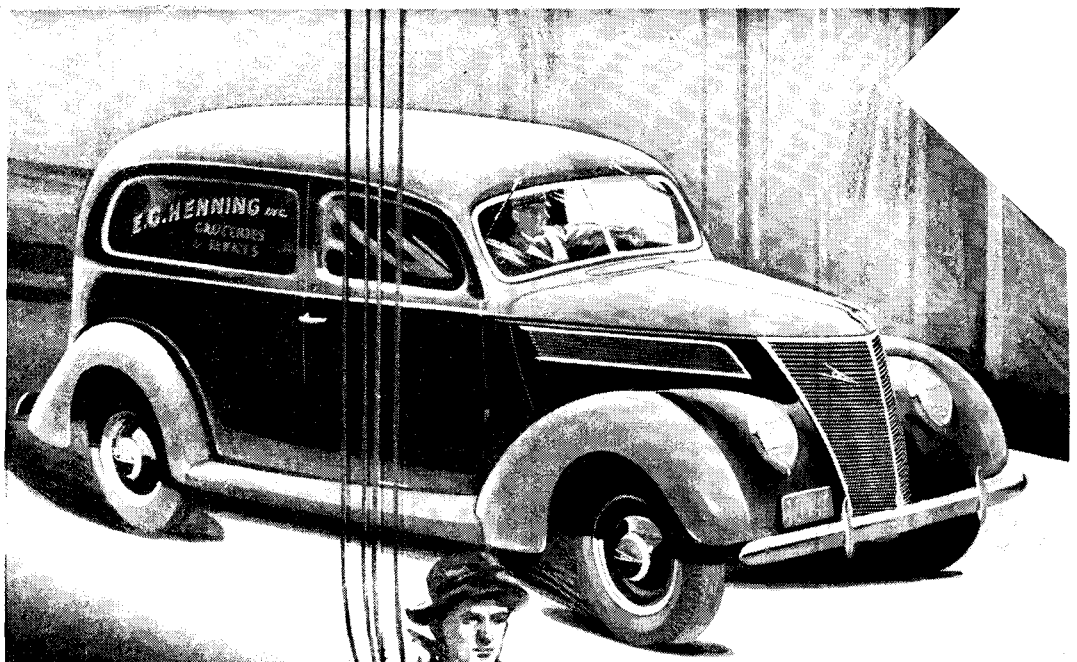
Humbly, Fireman Dunnevan tucked his share of the loot into his pants.

"God loves us, Benny."

"God loves force and brains, Tim!"

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BY THE TON



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"Find anything?" O'Malley asked them.

"Her fingerprints and Burlit's—not anybody else's."

"Well," O'Malley stated, "to prove murder on this guy we'd ought to get the jewelry, and they didn't find no gun. I ought not to kick because crooks make me work. If it wasn't for that, they wouldn't need no cops."

We went to her apartment. A couple of plain-clothes officers were going through her correspondence.

"Anything there from Burlit?" O'Malley asked.

There wasn't. They had found a lot of letters from other men and there were men's pictures about.

"This lady liked the men," one of the cops commented. "These notes read like she didn't always have to be introduced before she talked to someone. Well, that was up to her. She was a business-woman."

A ROW of private garages was back of the building. One of them she had used. There were no signs that anything had happened in the garage. We went where the car had been found. It was in Van Cortlandt Park. If Burlit left her there, he hadn't had to walk far to reach a subway station. His room had been searched, but we went to the hotel and searched it again. O'Malley didn't seem willing to give up. He unmade the bed and explored the upholstery of the furniture and rolled up the rug.

"He couldn't hide jewelry or a gun in some of the places you are looking," I objected.

"That's right. Anyway, there ain't nothing here. We'll go get Burlit."

We got him. He seemed willing to go with us. We drove about the night-club district and he pointed out to us several places where he said he and Miss Carren had been. The places weren't open yet. We took him back to the station house.

"What was in this guy's pockets when you collared him?" O'Malley asked the desk lieutenant.

They showed us the things. There was a key among them.

"Are cops dumb!" O'Malley ejaculated. "I've been looking everywhere for something like this, but I never figured cops would be so thick as to find it and not speak about it. I guess you won't tell what this unlocks," he challenged Burlit.

"Certainly I will. Nobody asked me. It's a check-box in the railway station. I had two bags and they were too heavy to carry around town, so I took one to the hotel and left one there."

"You want to bet I don't find some jewelry and a gun there?"

"Go look."

WE WENT and found the box the key unlocked. The bag was there and we unpacked it. There was no jewelry and no gun. O'Malley's face looked funny.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I don't know who told me I was a detective," he said. "I'd ought to go back in a patrolman's uniform! That guy never had her jewelry and he didn't do no killing."

"You're crazy!" I declared. "Nobody else believes he didn't. He was with her at the right time and, being broke, he had the motive. What difference if you can't find the jewelry? There are a dozen things he might have done with it. He probably threw away the gun. You have only his own story of what he did. There's no corroboration. He may have mailed the jewelry to himself in Cleve-

land. He may have come from Cleveland just to do the job. He may have had a confederate and passed the jewelry to someone else at once."

"Maybe you'd like to solve the case. I'm quitting. I know a swell picture show I'm going to look at."

I saw him the next day.

"Are you still seeing picture shows," I asked, "or have you decided to become a detective again?"

"I'm no detective. That is too hard a case and I ain't smart enough. Some cops been checking up them other men Miss Carren knew and they're all in the clear; it couldn't be none of 'em. We got no suspect except Burlit and he ain't the right guy. So we got nobody."

He called me up that afternoon.

"Would you like to go stepping out tonight?" he inquired.

I said I would.

"I'll call for you. I'll be late, so get all dressed up."

He called for me just after theater-closing. To my surprise he didn't look like a cop; he was wearing dinner clothes. I complimented him.

"Yeah? Maybe I'd ought to get better known along Broadway. Them night people don't know me very well. I might pass for some guy that got rich selling eggs and butter. Listen, you got to promise you won't try to pay for nothing tonight."

I said it was an easy promise to make.

"Okay. We'll get the girls."

I was surprised again. "Girls, too?"

I marveled.

We met them. They were exceedingly good-looking and quite young and

O'Malley's girl had on a lot of jewelry. We went to one of the night clubs Burlit had pointed out, and I began not to like the girls so well—they were too flirtatious. They smiled at other men while they were dancing with us, and men came and danced with them whom I was sure they'd never met before. A stout, bald-headed man, who had a blonde with him, kept watching O'Malley's girl. After about an hour O'Malley paid the check and we went to another of the places Burlit had shown us. The baldhead and his girl were at this place too, and when we got to the third place I saw him again, and I pointed them out to O'Malley.

"Are they following us or are we following them?" I asked.

"They got here first."

O'Malley's girl was dancing with a sleek dark-haired young man who had "Broadway" all over him.

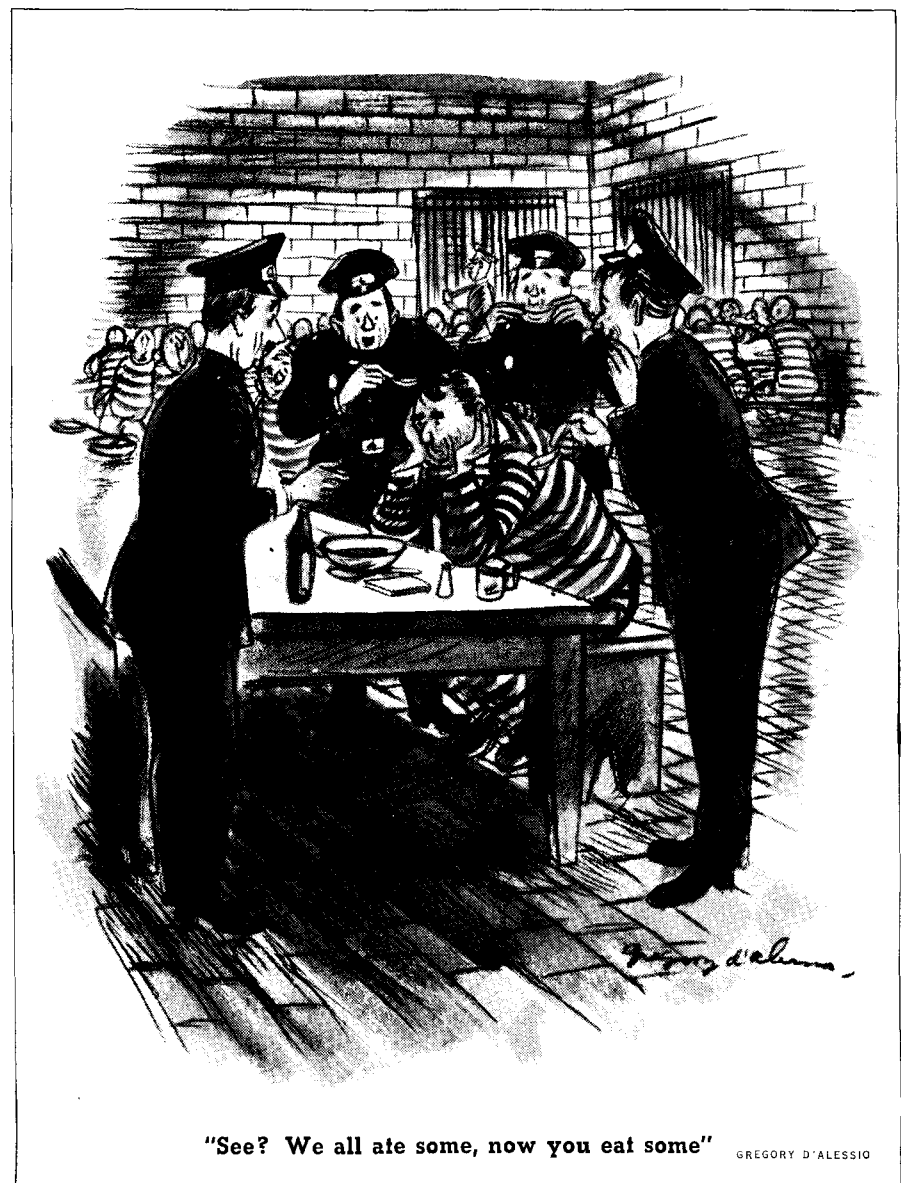
"There's somebody who's likely to be following us," I observed. "Your girl acts as if he'd made a hit with her."

"She has to have her fun, and I ain't jealous."

WHEN the time came to pay the check, O'Malley counted his money and he didn't have enough. He spoke to the waiter. Then he got up and went out to the coatroom and the waiter spoke to the baldhead, who went out, and in a couple of minutes O'Malley's girl followed them. After a while they came back and O'Malley paid the check.

"Who's your bald friend?" I asked.

"He says he comes from Chicago and is going back this afternoon. Well, does



"See? We all ate some, now you eat some"

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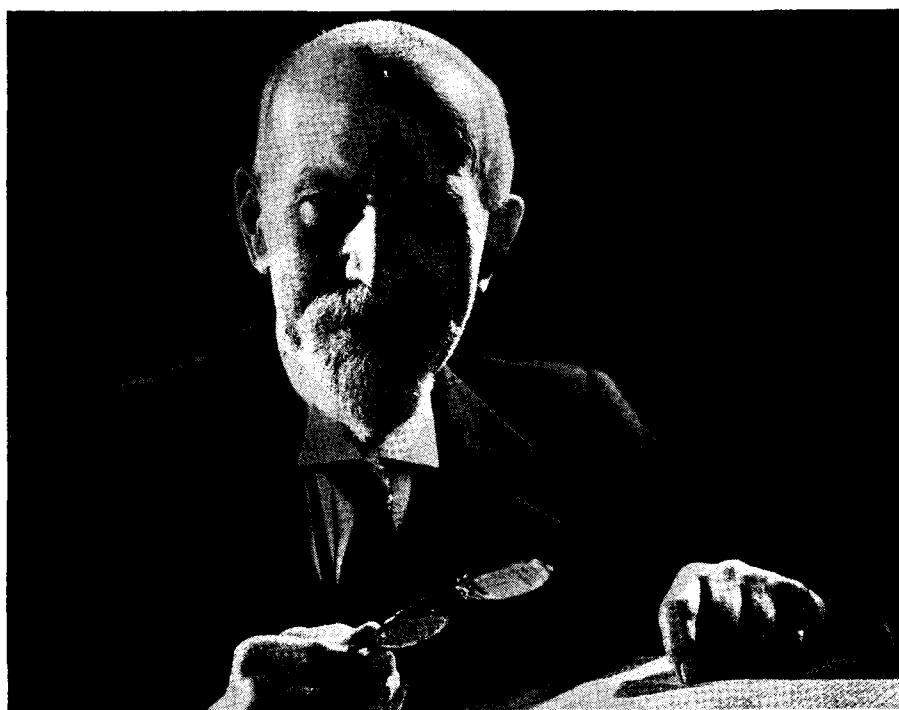
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home look as good to you as it does to me?"

We took the girls home and then stopped in at my place. O'Malley sat around. I wanted him to go home, because it was getting daylight and I wanted to go to bed, but I couldn't say anything. My phone rang and he answered it.

"You better stay here," he advised me.

I wouldn't. We ran down and grabbed a cab and we drove to the West Side, to what was evidently some kind of rooming house. A couple of plain-clothes cops were in the street outside. We went in and one of the cops went with us. Light came from under a door on the second floor, and the cop made warning gestures with his hands and pointed at it.

We knocked and no one answered and they drew their guns. Then the big cop kicked the lock loose and we burst in and the sleek young man and the baldhead started up and stared at us. There was a pile of jewelry on the bed between them. O'Malley took a gun from the young man and they put the handcuffs on him and I wondered why they didn't arrest the baldhead too; but then I saw he was a cop.

"On our way, dumb guy," O'Malley told the youth. "We'll go joy-riding to the station house."

"IS THAT Miss Carren's jewelry?" I inquired.

"Sure."

"Is this the man that killed her?"

"You better go home to bed."

I went but I saw O'Malley later in the day.

"There's a lot in that case that I don't understand," I told him.

"Why, then you ain't no different from me. I only seen it wasn't no regular jewelry holdup. In a regular holdup some guy meets the dame and looks to see what her jewelry is worth; then he passes the office to his friends and she gets held up by guys she never seen before. They figure she won't never see 'em again, so they don't have to do no killing. This case was different. Miss Carren got knocked off by someone with her in her car. It looked like that meant she knew the guy. He had to knock her off or she would identify him, and he killed her first and then he took her jewelry."

"Of course," I said. "and Burlit was the man we knew was with her."

"Yeah, sure. But then later on I figured what Burlit was telling was the truth. Him and Miss Carren had put up her car and walked to her home, and then he walked around a while and went to his hotel. Okay. Then, after, she got killed in her car. That meant the car had been taken out again. By who? It was a private garage and we had no way of telling."

"A tough case!" I said. "Then what?"

"I guess it sounds kind of funny. I pretended to myself I was that dame Miss Carren. Well, Burlit had just brought me home. I says to myself, 'How do I feel and what do I think I'll do?' Here I was a dame that liked a good time, and a guy from my home town, who I hadn't seen in years, had called me up and made a date to see me. Naturally I'd been expecting a lively evening. Well, what did I get? The guy shows up and he is down and out and all he wants of me is to know if I can get him a job. We talk a while and I am so disappointed I'm ready to pay the checks if I can go out."

"We go some places and about one o'clock I want to go home. That's pretty early for them night-club people. It ain't enough reason for me to go home that this guy bores me. I figured she must have dated up some other guy without Burlit knowing she was doing it, and

from what them other cops had been finding out it didn't look like it was any guy she'd known before. The likely thing was that some guy had made a pass at her at one of them night clubs and she made a date with him. He followed them out there. She met him as soon as Burlit left her and they got out her car again and he knocked her off."

"Smart figuring!" I commented.

"It didn't get me nothing. Cabs had taken guys into that neighborhood about one o'clock, but we couldn't find the right one. I could go round to them night clubs and size up who I saw, but I'd see a hundred guys that might have done the killing. I needed a way of telling which was him. I figured the guy was feeling very safe; there hadn't nobody but Burlit been mentioned in the case. He wouldn't stay away from the night club, if he was used to going there, because that might draw attention to himself, and besides he'd want to watch if cops were looking for somebody in those places. Regular jewelry holdups usually have a fence ready to buy the stuff before they ever do the robbery; but this guy was an amateur. He might still have the jewelry. There hadn't none of it been pawned that we could find, and a smart guy wouldn't pawn it anyway, because then it could be traced. So he would be looking for a market for it."

"I wondered could I put on a stunt that would make him bring the stuff to me. It was just a chance—I didn't expect really it would work, but it was worth trying. I got a desk officer from headquarters that crooks didn't know, who looks like he might be a crooked jewelry buyer, and I got a girl and hung a lot of borrowed jewelry on her, and I and you and them two girls went around to the places where Burlit and Carren had went, and I watched to see who sized up my lady's jewelry. If Miss Carren had dated some guy it was probably in the last club where her and Burlit went, so in that club I put on my act."

"I didn't have money enough to pay the check. I sent the waiter to speak to the bald-headed cop and I met him in the coatroom. Then my girl come out to us. If one employee in them clubs knows something, it ain't very long till they all know it, and then some of the regular guests will know it too. I guess it wasn't ten minutes after I done my act till every waiter in the place knew, when I couldn't pay the check, my girl had sold one of her rings to a jewel buyer from Chicago that didn't ask questions, who was going back home that same afternoon."

"We took our girls home and the baldhead sent his lady home in a cab, and he was standing outside the entrance when this guy we pinched came out of the club and spoke to him. This killer's name is Jerry Riden. He told Baldy he had some jewelry that had belonged to his dead wife that he didn't want anybody to know he was disposing of, and would Baldy look at it? He took Baldy where he lived and, of course, some plain-clothes cops were following him and they called me up. We didn't have no idea if this was the right guy or not, but we had it fixed that when we knocked on the door, if it wasn't Miss Carren's jewelry they were looking at, Baldy would come to the door and open it. If the door stayed shut we would bust in—with guns. The guy had done one murder and we didn't want he should do no second one on us."

"**Y**OU took a long chance, and it's a wonder you got the right man," I commented.

"Why, it was Baldy took a chance. The kind of jewelry buyer he made out he was, he might have got mobbed in them places by guys trying to sell him stolen jewelry."

The Masters are Ready

Continued from page 26

approach to the green is heavily bunkered on the left, but Sarazen never saw those yawning pits of sand that might spell doom. He got his par four all right and then the gallery went crazy. He had done the impossible and they carried him into the locker room, and, crest-fallen but game, Craig Wood was the first to leap up and congratulate him. The photographers and the newsreel men then took Gene in hand and Chairman Roberts, who had been standing there with the winner's check in his hand, tore it up.

The next day Sarazen beat Wood in the thirty-six-hole play-off, in the course of which he produced one stretch of twenty-four consecutive holes in par—precisely. That is some kind of a record in itself.

Golf's Annual Hair-Raiser

This was in 1935, in the second playing of the Masters' Tournament at Augusta, the blue-ribbon event of American golf from almost any standpoint. It is the tournament fathered by Bobby Jones and, although it has been played only three times, it has always furnished plenty of golfing fireworks. The tournament seems to have the knack of furnishing hair-raising finishes. It was held first in 1934.

As the players got to the end of the four-day grind it looked as though a three-way tie would result among Horton Smith, Craig Wood and Billy Burke. Wood was already home with a 285 total. Smith came up to the 17th with a chance to tie Wood, if he matched par on the last two holes. But Smith wasn't satisfied with that. On the 17th he canned a thirty-foot putt for a birdie and when he equaled par on the 18th, he had won the first Masters' Tournament.

We've already talked about the second tournament. A year ago, true to the short but apparently well-founded tradition, the finish again gave the gallery chills and fever. Once again it was the

nerveless Horton Smith who furnished them. Lighthorse Harry Cooper had flashed brilliant form to card a 286. Sarazen, his chief threat, faltered to come home in 287, and it looked as though Cooper had the winner's share in the bank. Horton Smith was still out there plodding along in a heavy rainfall, his shoes caked with mud. Approaching the 14th, Smith had to finish two under par to beat the 286 of Cooper. Under the playing conditions no one expected Smith even to approach par. He had no right to. The greens were soft and any putt that sank from longer than four feet away would be a miracle shot. The chilled gallery, wet through, had about given up and only a comparatively small crowd watched Smith make a birdie on the 14th. When he duplicated this on the 15th, shivers of excitement began to replace the chilblains. They watched in awe, seeing but not believing. No one could beat par under these conditions.

He shot par on the 16th and suddenly the gallery realized that if he could maintain this pace on the next two holes, he'd beat Cooper out by a stroke. Now Smith was playing with assurance. Always a great putter—many say the greatest in the game—he wasn't allowing himself to be bothered by the soft, yielding surface. The rain and the mud just didn't exist for Smith. The 17th and then the 18th yielded to his suddenly inspired game and Hard Luck Harry Cooper had to be content with second place.

The Masters' Tournament which will be held from April 1st to 4th has captured the imagination of the golfing public to a greater extent than has any tournament held in this country. Its color, the fact that Jones annually returns to the golfing wars and the fact that its entry list contains the greatest golfing names in the world, all combine to make it Spectacle No. 1 in the golfing world.

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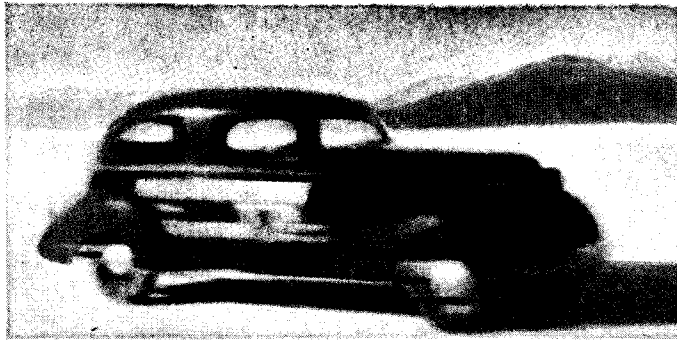
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● One thousand miles in 12 hours . . . standing up under the most punishing "torture test" a stock car ever endured . . . beating the best *any* closed car at *any* price had ever done before! That is Terraplane's record, *certified* by the American Automobile Association contest board. Can any other low priced car do this . . . with throttle *wide open all the way* . . . and still stand up? *None has!*

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Actual photograph—Terraplane De Luxe 4-door Sedan,



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1937**

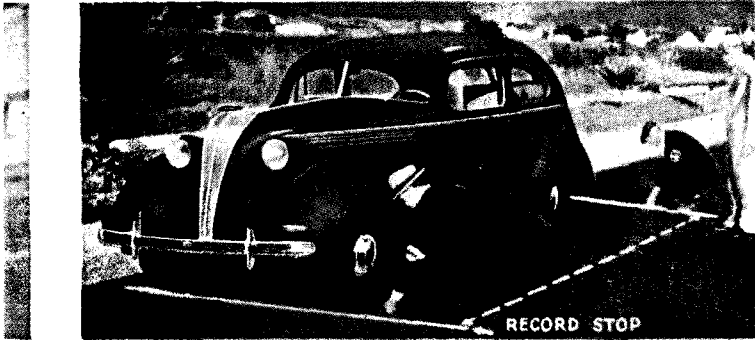
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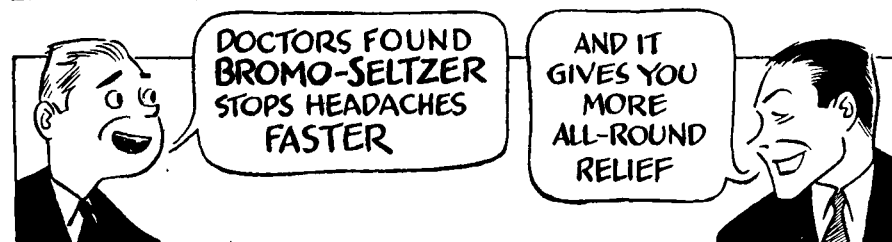
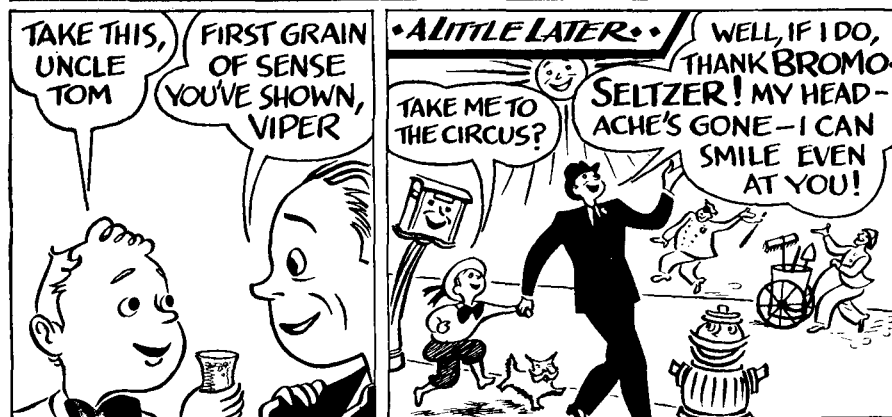
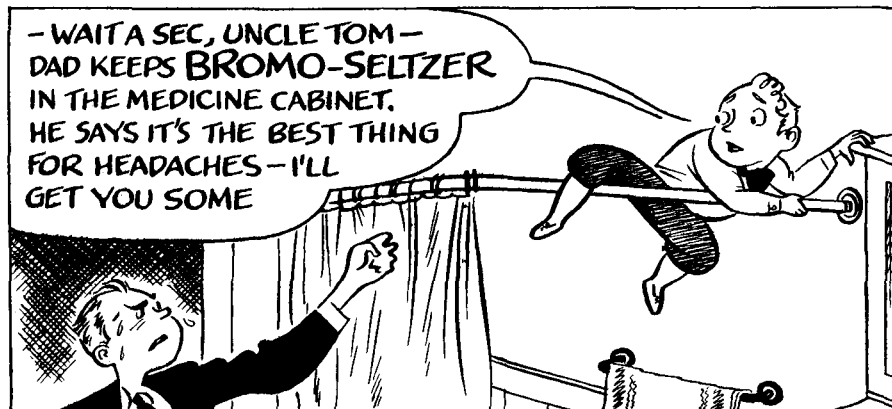
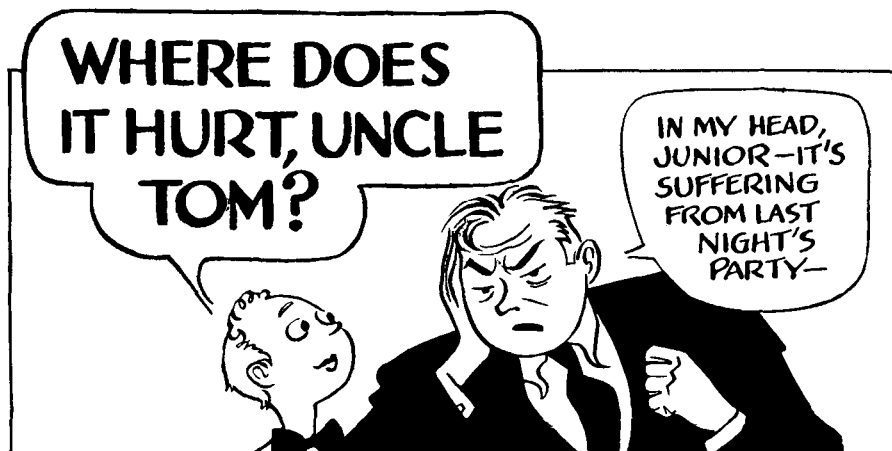
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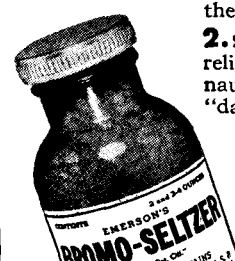
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gether in 1929 to finance the Augusta National Club, it was not with the idea of holding tournaments on its course. Bobby Jones, Clifford Roberts, Jay R. Monroe, Grantland Rice and the others who headed the group engaged the late Dr. Alister Mackenzie, the famous golf course architect, to design the course. He and Jones, who helped him, had one idea in mind: to construct a course which would be interesting to the expert and not too difficult for the dub.

When he finished it Mackenzie said, "The Augusta National represented my best opportunity and I believe my finest achievement."

It is in this setting that the fourth playing of the tournament will take place next week. The best golfers in the country and many of England's leading club wielders have been practicing for weeks on the course. The tournament, of course, is strictly an invitation affair. The invitation list is limited to those who have won the U. S. Open, the U. S. Amateur, the British Open, the British Amateur, the P. G. A. championship, members of both the Walker and Ryder Cup teams, the first thirty to finish in the previous Augusta National, the first thirty in the last U. S. Open, the first eight in the U. S. Amateur and the P. G. A. championship and the two professionals selected by the P. G. A. who, not otherwise on the list, established the best scoring records during the winter season.

Obviously the world's best golfers are recipients of invitations. It is without doubt a masters' tournament. Who will win this year? Any one of thirty can win this one and there is always a good chance that the peerless Bobby himself will walk away with the honors.

Bobby's record to date is as follows: he finished thirteenth in the first event, twenty-fourth in the second and thirty-third last year. He had practiced conscientiously for that last one, too, and in practice he'd scored a record 64 over the course. But when the final figures were posted Bobby, alas, was twenty-one strokes behind the leader.

Why Jones Doesn't Win

The answer to Bobby's failure was given by Bill Tilden.

"You can't win tournaments," Tilden said, "unless you're tournament tough." Jones had been out of tournament golf for six years. He wasn't tournament tough.

Then, too, as official host to the visiting firemen Bobby has to do a lot of staying-up-late fanning with the boys. Still red-hot news to the sports writers, Bobby never says "No" when one of them asks, "Bobby, let's sit down. I want to ask you a few questions." Bobby will smile genially and say, "Sure, but have a drink first."

Bobby may not have the drink with him but he'll stay until the writer has his fill of stories and refreshment. The concentration demanded by tournament golf just can't be attained when you're worrying about tournament details and the entertainment of visitors.

There's another reason why Bobby hasn't been at his best in the previous three tournaments. Each one was held in either cold or rainy weather. Players like Horton Smith, Craig Wood and Gene Sarazen aren't bothered nearly as much by the cold as is Jones. Bobby has a beautiful pivot, probably the smoothest flow of power up and down to the hitting point ever developed in the game. Cold weather destroys the pivot because it chills the midsection of the body, most vulnerable to cold, and thus spoils the matchless rhythm of the pivot. This has handicapped Jones. But if it is warm next week they'll all be scared of the old master.

Today the acknowledged shot mak-

ers of the golf world are Henry Picard of Hershey, Pennsylvania, and Harry Cooper. A year ago Picard came to the Masters' Tournament direct from winning the North and South event at Pinehurst and the boys who lay it on the line made him a favorite. But Picard caught a heavy cold before the tournament began and he played with a thermometer in one hand and a handkerchief in the other.

Horton Smith, of course, is always dangerous. Anyone who can putt like Smitty has to be given serious consideration. Another contender is Jimmy Thompson. For years his tremendous drives have been looked upon with envy by his colleagues, who silently thanked the stars that Thompson's short game didn't measure up to his drives. If it had he would have had them all at his mercy. Lately he has been playing a great deal with Smith and there are whispers that Smith has improved Jimmy's short game to such an extent that his fellow pros are convinced that Jimmy is about due for some sensational scoring.

It's Anybody's Tournament

On the winter record bushy-haired Ralph Guldahl looks like a strong threat. After winning the Augusta Open last fall he went on to cop the rich Miami Biltmore event. That Augusta Open, by the way, has no connection with this Augusta National. This one is played on the courses of the Forest Hills and Augusta Country Clubs. Guldahl, full of confidence after his successful winter season, might be worth a bit of your attention.

Tony Manero, who has been going strong since his sensational Open victory at Baltusrol, can't be ignored. Then there's Denny Shute, the new P. G. A. champ, one of the best short-shot players in golf and a real wizard with a spoon. There's Wild Bill Melhorn with his trick putter that swings like a pendulum. It seems to have corrected the one weakness in his otherwise grand game. What about Johnny Revolta? Recently he seems to have lengthened out his game apparently at the expense of his great chipping and putting, but what if that short touch suddenly returns? There's Ray Mangrum, a fine shot-maker and a great money player, who may suddenly fulfill the promise he has been giving the past few years. Craig Wood is always dangerous, especially at Augusta.

Then there are those usually ignored when the crowd looks for favorites but any one of them might slip in: men like Jimmy Hines, Vic Ghezzi, Ky Laffoon, Dick Metz and even the reformed Three I League pitcher, Al Kreuger, must be given a chance. Since he finished in a tie for third in the first tournament Paul Runyan hasn't done much at Augusta but when Paul is hot he is capable of winning any golf event. Gene Sarazen, some think, has about finished winning important tournaments but Sarazen has often bobbed up to confound those who insisted that he was through.

The amateurs, men like Johnny Fischer, Dunlap, Sweetser, Ouimet, Chick Evans, and Goodman don't look strong enough to bother the pros but Lawson Little, a reformed amateur, when on his game is quite capable of giving anyone trouble.

All right, we're straddling, we're on the fence and you'd be crazy, too, to attempt picking a winner among this crew.

One thing is certain. The annual Masters' Open will be the most colorful golf tournament of the year and it's a cinch to be closely contested. Then there's always the thought that Bobby Jones may be Bobby Jones again and that would be a sight to soothe the poor eyes of any golfing addict.

I Love You Again

Continued from page 22

balance of the drive from the courthouse to their home. They did not look at each other—yet each knew approximately what the other was thinking.

There was a mutual self-consciousness, an awareness of a new status. Larry was busy with his own thoughts: somehow everything now seemed subordinate to Kay's reaction. Would she resent his silence? Or would she understand that at first he had kept silent to shield himself and, later, to shield her? She had been splendid in court. She was splendid now. But Cashus' narrow shoulders and his air of self-importance—his very presence in the car—made conversation impossible at the moment.

The car swung into the curved driveway leading to the garage, which was under the house. Larry opened the door and helped Kay to alight. He took her arm as they walked up the stone steps from the driveway and thence onto the tiled side veranda, which was screened from the street by a row of spirea bushes so rich in blossom that they seemed to be covered with snow.

BUT even before they had settled themselves another car drove up and Jason Rountree escorted Mickey Hogan and the tall, somber stranger up the front steps. Kay met them at the front door and invited them into the living room. Mickey Hogan performed the introductions:

"Mrs. Wilson—meet Mr. Rockwell. Mr. Rockwell—Mrs. Wilson."

They both said, "How do you do?" and shook hands. Then Hogan turned to Larry.

"Mr. Wilson—shake hands with Mr. Rockwell." He paused for a moment as the two men clasped hands, and then said—with conscious pride of achievement: "Mr. Rockwell is district attorney in Warwick."

Larry said, "Oh. . . ." and then he smiled. "Things seem to be happening swiftly today."

Kay said, "Won't you gentlemen sit down?"

"Look," explained Mickey Hogan: "I got Jason's telephone call, Mr. Wilson. He said I hadda move fast—so I took a chance. I went to Mr. Rockwell and laid all my cards on the table, and he hopped a plane with me and we got in this morning. Rushed right over to the courthouse, and I tried to get word to you, but you were already on the stand and there was nothing stirring."

"I see. . . ." Larry spoke directly to Mr. Rockwell. "My wife doesn't yet understand everything, Mr. Rockwell. May I explain?"

"Please do." The gentleman from Warwick inclined his head. "I'd like to hear it in your own words."

Larry turned to Kay. Quite simply and directly—without recourse to melodrama or verbal pyrotechnics—he explained his actions and reactions since that startling moment on the Atlantis when he had waked to find himself wearing another man's shoes. And in conclusion he said, "I've touched only the high spots, Kay. What happens now is up to Mr. Rockwell."

There was nothing pompous about the gentleman from Warwick. He said quietly, "I remember you when you were a kid."

"I'm commencing to believe that memory is one of the most valuable things in the world."

"There are a few questions I must ask. First: Was your testimony this morning absolutely true?"

"Yes."

"The past eight years are really a blank?"

"Absolutely."

"You are willing to submit to medical examination?"

"I'm downright anxious, Mr. Rockwell."

"One more thing: Mr. Hogan tells me that the missing pay roll is on deposit here in a special account."

"Yes. The bank's records will show that not a penny of it has ever been touched."

"I've already talked with the indemnity company. They had given you up as a bad job, and they're keenly interested in getting that money back."

"And you. . . ?"

"Frankly, Mr. Wilson. . . or Carey. . . or whichever name you prefer: I was skeptical. Amnesia has been faked very often as an alibi. I wasn't sure but what you might have been holding that special account in reserve in case it was needed. Then, since you didn't need it. . . it might have become more advantageous to straighten out the past. You understand?"

"Certainly."

"I'm frank to say that what I saw and heard this morning convinced me. I've been trained professionally to recognize the truth."

"And so. . . ?"

"Return the money to your old company. Submit to whatever examination they suggest, and I'm sure they'll be satisfied. As for my department, we'll forget the indictment against you."

Jason Rountree uttered a fervent: "That's great," and Rockwell smiled.

He said, "This probably relieves you of a good many worries, doesn't it?"

"I'll say it does. But for my own satisfaction, Mr. Rockwell, I'd like to ask you one question."

"Go ahead."

"Suppose there had been no complications here in Habersham. Suppose you had learned that I was living here under another name. What would you have done?"

"That's hard to say, Mr. Wilson. But I believe that either I or the indemnity company, or both, would have insisted on a prosecution."

"Then," said Larry, "maybe I haven't been so stupid."

"No. Only unfortunate."

THEY chatted a while longer, and then Jason escorted the two men downtown. Larry said awkwardly, "I'd like to talk to you, Kay. Alone."

"My room?"

"If you will."

They walked upstairs together, and Larry followed Kay into her room. He closed the door gently. She had walked to the window, where she stood looking down onto the street below.

Between them there was a fresh sense of embarrassment: an acute realization of the incredible situation. He knew that for the first time she was aware of a barrier between them, whereas—up to now—he alone had been conscious of it. He looked at her and thought: "She is very beautiful."

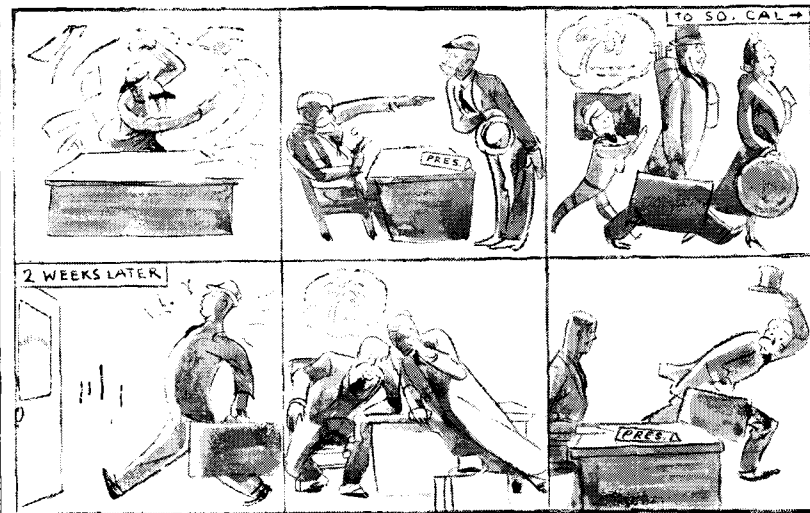
"There are so many things I ought to say," he began slowly, "and so many that I want to say. But all I can think of right now is: Please try to understand."

She turned to him and smiled. "Poor Larry," she said. "It must have been pretty awful."

"It was. Perhaps some day, when we're all adjusted and can really talk about the thing—perhaps then you'll understand just how bad it was."

"I'm sure I will." She made a help-

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less gesture. "Right now I'm all confused."

"The worst thing—for me—was the fear that I was being unfair to the girl with whom I was falling in love."

She flushed slightly, and said, "Please, Larry . . ."

"Of course you don't believe that. Or perhaps you simply don't understand it." He moved one step closer. "Do you remember something I told you on the veranda the other night, Kay?"

"About you—and me?"

"Yes. I knew that things were going to happen. I knew it would be a shock. I asked you to remember that moment because I was telling you that I loved you. That's the one thing you must believe: That I do love you."

"Again?"

"Perhaps. I'm the same man, really, you know. It surely isn't illogical that I should feel the same way."

She faced him squarely. "It's all so bewildering, Larry. I know you so perfectly—and yet you're a stranger."

"Am I?"

"Yes. Don't you see: The fact that you don't remember me as your wife embarrasses me."

He said gently, "At least that will help you to understand what I've been through."

"I don't even know how to begin thinking. My head is full of crazy questions."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Like this: Are we really married?"

"Yes. Legally, that is."

"Legally. That sounds so formal and foolish."

HE CAME close to her and put his hands on her shoulders. "There's still the one important point. You must believe that I love you."

"I'm trying to believe. I'm trying to understand. I'm trying to discover how I feel toward you. But everything is so cockeyed. . . I'll have to think."

"Of course you will. And I'll help, if you'll let me." He became suddenly grave. "Unfortunately, Kay—all the clouds haven't vanished."

"What do you mean?"

"Duncan."

"Oh . . ."

"Thank goodness, my hands aren't tied any longer. But Duncan is still on trial for murder."

"And you can't help him."

"Perhaps I can." His eyes were thoughtful. "The man who shot at me in the car was the man who killed Ted Courtney."

"I suppose so. Oh, Larry, the thing is so mixed up. Even if you had seen him, it wouldn't have meant anything to you, would it?"

"No. But he didn't know that. Obviously, the real killer has been frightened. He doesn't know—or didn't until this morning—why I've been acting this way. You see, I feel guilty: I've straightened out my own troubles, but I've done Duncan a great deal of harm."

"And yet his story about being with you is probably true."

"I don't doubt it. Which checks it up to me."

"What?"

"To get at the bottom of things. I've got a hunch, Kay."

"What sort of hunch?"

"Mind letting me keep it to myself for a few hours?"

"If you want."

"Also, will you act as my chauffeur this afternoon? That's something else you've never understood. That I couldn't drive my car in this town—because I don't know the place."

"You could take Cashus."

"I'd rather have you." He smiled down at her.

The wheels of justice may move in-

formally but they frequently move efficiently. It was on this basis that Larry summoned Graham Vale into conference.

"It's only a hunch," stated Larry, "but I may be right."

"Won't you tell me what it is?"

"I'd rather not. I'm going to talk to the district attorney, and I want you present. That's why I called you first."

Vale shook his head. "It's rather irregular."

"You can work it, can't you?"

"I suppose so. I'll try."

He went to the telephone and returned in less than five minutes. "Morley Anderson was a bit startled, but he says okay. Wants to know whether we can be at his home in fifteen minutes."

"We can," said Larry. "Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Rountree will go with us."

He talked privately and earnestly with Jason while Kay was getting ready. Graham Vale, watching them from the next room, observed that Larry was questioning his companion and that Jason was nodding emphatically in answer to every question. Then he heard Jason say, "I think you've got something."

"Maybe I have," answered Larry. "We can always hope."

They returned to the living room. Vale was smiling. "You're a different man, Larry."

"Thanks. At least I'm a free one."

Kay joined them and they walked to the car. Kay took the wheel.

District Attorney Morley Anderson was waiting for them on the veranda of his white Colonial home. He invited them in and addressed Graham Vale.

"You understand that this is quite unusual, Vale?"

"You're quoting my words. But this is Mr. Wilson's party."

Larry spoke without rising, but there was force and authority in his manner.

"Just before this trial started, Mr. Anderson," said Larry, "you issued a statement to the press to the effect that you were seeking the conviction of a guilty man or the acquittal of an innocent one. Were you sincere?"

"Of course."

"Will you extend the facilities of your office to help find and convict the man who killed Ted Courtney?"

"Why, certainly. But I must be convinced—"

"I can't convince you. You'll have to assist in an experiment. There's a strong chance that I'm wrong."

"Something you remember?" inquired Anderson cannily.

"I remember nothing. But perhaps

this will sound logical: Every man, woman and child in Habersham except myself has preconceived ideas about this case. To me, everyone connected with it is a stranger. Therefore, it's not unreasonable to suppose that my hunches might be more accurate than if I were acquainted with the people."

"Logical," agreed Anderson.

"You'll help?"

Anderson evaded: "I must ask who it is that you suspect."

Larry's face was stern.

"Warner Blane."

There was a chorused exclamation of astonishment. Larry spoke again.

"Why not?" he asked. "The man is attractive. He has the appearance and manners of a gentleman. It has been presumed that whoever else was involved with Mrs. Campbell before the Courtney affair had opportunity to be alone with her. Well, who had better opportunity than Blane? In fact, we know that he was frequently alone with her. He taught her to ride. He was more her type than any other man she met in Habersham."

"JUST a minute," interrupted the district attorney. "Your reasoning isn't practical. It isn't based on anything."

"You're wrong," answered Larry grimly. "I'm coming to that."

"I would suggest that you do. It sounds pretty farfetched to me."

"Would it sound farfetched if I were to tell you that about one week ago somebody tried to murder me?"

Anderson and Vale exclaimed, "What?"

Kay interrupted to tell them the story of the shooting on the valley road.

"Whoever shot at me," said Larry, "had a reason. I believe that he was the man who killed Ted Courtney."

"But what would he gain by killing you?"

"A great deal. First, he could not understand what I was doing—or why I was saying nothing. No one suspected amnesia. This man—being guilty himself—must have believed Duncan's alibi. Therefore, I figure that my silence must have been a warning to him that I was suspicious and was trying to trap him."

"That sounds reasonable," said Anderson. "But I still don't see—"

"You will. If I suspected him, then my death would free him of that danger. Also, if I were dead, there would have been no possible way of providing Duncan with an alibi."

Morley Anderson nodded.

"This is quite interesting, Mr. Wil-



"Not THE John Jones?"

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son," he said, "but it seems beside the point. What I'm interested in is: Why should you connect Warner Blane with Ted Courtney?"

"I grant you it's just a hunch," stated Larry. "But it's got plenty behind it. Just before the trial opened, Warner Blane visited me—"

"I didn't know that."

"—and tried to find out where I stood on the case and what I was going to testify. He came as a friend of the Campbell family."

"Surely there could be no question of that."

"There might not have been except that his manner was unreasonably hostile. It was so belligerent, in fact, that if it had not been my own home there might have been a physical clash."

"Then you don't like Blane, do you?"

"Frankly—no. But my dislike was born that night. I did not remember ever having met him before."

"IN WHAT way," inquired the district attorney, "was he—as you call it—hostile?"

"In every way. His manner was openly unpleasant, as Mrs. Wilson will tell you."

"It certainly was," interjected Kay.

"Why didn't you report that to me?"

"Because I was afraid to tell anything to anybody. Besides, my suspicions hadn't crystallized."

"You still haven't justified them."

"There's more coming. After Mrs. Campbell's testimony I suggested that Mr. Rountree, here, visit Blane and see whether he could discover whether she had told the truth on the stand. About herself and me. Jason can tell you what happened."

"It wasn't so much," explained Jason. "But all the way through I got—I had—the feeling that Blane was on guard. He told me nothing, but every chance he got he asked questions. And he struck me as being a good deal more interested in Warner Blane than he was in Duncan Campbell."

"Why should Warner Blane kill Ted Courtney, and if he did—how can it be proved?" asked Anderson curtly.

"If he did," answered Larry, "it can be proved. That is why I need the help of your office, Mr. Anderson. You can help in two ways."

"What are they?"

"First, you can arrange for me to talk to Mrs. Campbell—with Mr. Vale's permission, of course."

"Where will that get you?"

"I believe that if I can question her, before you gentlemen, you will be satisfied that there was never an affair between her and myself."

"But even you don't know that."

"True enough. But my instincts didn't vanish with my memory. Certainly there's nothing to be lost by it." He looked at the faces of the others and continued swiftly: "Ted Courtney was admittedly Mrs. Campbell's lover. Some man in Habersham was presumably her ex-lover. I do not believe that man was myself. I do believe it was Blane. And if I'm right, I'm also right in believing that a man like Blane could become pretty jealous. And it's certainly more logical to suspect him than to suspect anybody else."

The district attorney broke in. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson—but I don't check with you at all. The logical person to suspect is Duncan Campbell himself. We'd need proof against Warner Blane, and you haven't offered any."

"I'm offering it now. I would like you to send two detectives, the city health officer and a couple of laborers out to the Campbell stables right away."

"Why?"

"To see Blane. Tell him you came to exhume the filly who was destroyed Saturday afternoon."

"Again—why?"

Larry smiled thinly. "Blane will ask that, too. Tell him that you know the filly was shot with his gun, and that you want to get the bullet—for comparison with the bullet which killed Ted Courtney."

"You think . . . ?"

"Of course I think that. Comparison of the two bullets by your ballistics expert under a microscope will prove definitely whether they were shot from the same gun. We know that the gun with which the horse was killed was Blane's. That would be proof enough, wouldn't it?"

"It would—of course, if the bullets checked. But suppose it were not the same gun?"

"If Blane is innocent, then he'll pay no attention to the examination of the bullet. He'll even be resentful. But if he's guilty—even if different guns were used—he'll know that he's suspected, and he'll try to get away. You will prevent that, Mr. Anderson."

Morley Anderson said, "It sounds reasonable, Mr. Wilson. I'm willing to try."

"Immediately?"

"I'll telephone my office right away. I'll have the men stop by here for orders. You'll wait?"

"Yes," said Larry. "I've got something else in mind."

Anderson talked for perhaps ten minutes. He returned to the room and nodded. He asked, "What else?"

"I'd like Mr. Vale's permission to question Rita Campbell."

"I don't know . . ."

"Oh, come now, Vale." It was Anderson speaking. "I've done my part."

"All right."

"Don't go for her, please. Ask her to drive over here, right away. She'll do it if she knows you're here."

Vale was out of the room less than three minutes. He said, "Rita will be right over."

"You'll give me a free hand?" asked Larry.

"Yes. So long as it doesn't jeopardize Duncan."

Five minutes after the departure of Anderson's men, Rita Campbell arrived in a low, rakish coupé. Graham Vale greeted her on the veranda and escorted her inside. He spoke to her, and then nodded to Larry. He said, "Go ahead."

Larry's voice was quiet—gentle even—but his words were direct and positive. He said:

"We've sent for Blane."

They saw Rita stiffen and a frightened light appear in her eyes. She said, "You've what?"

"We've sent for Warner Blane."

She moistened her lips. "Why?"

"Because I believe that he killed Ted Courtney."

SHE looked around the room. She twisted her handkerchief into a tiny ball. She heard Larry's emotionless voice beating on her eardrums:

"We'll have proof pretty soon. A filly was killed the other morning with Blane's gun. They're going to get that bullet and compare it with the one they took from Courtney's body."

Still she did not speak. Larry leaned forward.

"Why did you protect Blane? Why didn't you tell the truth about him instead of lying about me?"

Her answer came so gently, so naturally—that at first the impact of its truth was not felt.

She said, "I was afraid of him."

"But you knew that he killed Ted Courtney."

"I was afraid so."

"You said you were trying to help Duncan, didn't you?"

"Yes. But Warner told me that Duncan could not be convicted."

"You believed Duncan's story about being with me that afternoon?"

"Of course." Her cheeks were white. "Warner said that if I told what I did on the stand it would confuse the jury and clear Duncan."

"And you knew that he had shot at me on the road?"

"I didn't know. Truly, I didn't!"

"But when I told you I had been shot at, you thought it was Warner Blane, didn't you?"

"Yes. And that frightened me more. Oh, don't you see: I had caused so much trouble to everybody. I didn't know what else might happen. To Duncan, for instance. I didn't care what happened to me so long as he was protected."

"And actually there never was anything between you and me, was there, Rita?"

"Of course not."

Larry sat back in his chair. He said, quietly, "Thanks, Mr. Vale." He saw Kay cross the room and seat herself beside Rita. He heard her say, "I'm sorry . . ." and he knew that Rita was trying not to break down.

There was an awkward silence in the room. The afternoon sun was dropping toward the mountain top. From outside came the roar of a motorcycle. Somebody called for Morley Anderson and the district attorney answered the summons. He returned a few seconds later and smiled at the gathering.

"That seems to settle everything," he announced. "My men told Blane what they wanted. They started digging. Blane started packing a suitcase and ten minutes later he drove away—fast. He was picked up immediately."

"Did he confess?" asked Larry.

"He didn't have to," replied the district attorney. "I'm sure the bullet will do that for him."

ERNESTINE greeted them at the front door. Her colorado-maduro countenance wreathed in smiles. She said, "They's a telephone call fo' you, Mistah Wilson."

"Who from?" asked Larry.

"Mistuh Campbell. He asts will you call him right away."

"I will." Then, as the dusky maid disappeared into the rear of the house, Larry grinned at his wife. "What's the number?"

"Oak 4224. Are you calling him now?"

"Instantly. My chronic headache has vanished."

"I don't wonder," she said, "after the strain you've been through."

She watched him dial the number, and say, "Mr. Campbell, please. . . . Yes, Mr. Campbell, Senior. . . . Thanks. . . ." There was a pause and then she heard Larry's end of the conversation.

But it wasn't the words which interested her so much as the man who uttered them. Freed from strain and worry, Larry had become himself again. She looked now at the man she had married, at the man she had known for so many years. This was not the Larry of the past few weeks. His eyes were bright, the corners of his lips twisted quizzically, his long slender frame was relaxed.

He put the receiver back on the hook and returned to the living room, dropping quite naturally into the wing chair.

"Nice town you've got here, Kay. Think I'll stick around a while."

"Delighted. I'll show you all the sights."

"I'll need a guide." He inclined his head toward the telephone. "Mr. Campbell telephoned to say that he had heard what happened—and that he wanted me to know I was still tops."

"Did he mention Duncan?"

"Naturally. He was pleasantly hysterical, if you want the truth. I'm going to enjoy knowing him."

She said, "You'll enjoy meeting lots of your intimate friends."

Cashus appeared to announce dinner. Kay looked up inquiringly: "Jason not coming?" "No. More dental work, probably." She smiled as she walked with him to the breakfast room. "He'll come out of this thing with the most perfect set of teeth in Habersham."

"And a wife." "Is it that serious?" "Jason has all the symptoms. Any man who will go through what he has deserves a break."

She said, "I like him. He's mild—but marvelous."

Larry and Kay were buoyed to a pitch of high good humor. For the first time they were privileged to forget doubt and uncertainty; for this hour they were thoroughly enjoying freedom from disturbing conjecture.

They had their coffee in the living room. Kay turned on the radio, and dance music came to them from some New York restaurant. "We'll have to try that sometime," said Larry.

"What?" "A dance. I'll bet you dance beautifully."

"You used to think so."

He glanced at the evening paper. Sensational headlines, but the story itself bored him. The reporters had stated facts for popular consumption, whereas Larry was interested in the significance underlying those facts. Everything was being translated, in his own mind, into the personal. He was measuring it all in terms of himself and Kay.

Then the servants were gone and the house was quiet. Larry snapped off the radio. When he resealed himself his face was grave. He said, "I hardly know how to begin."

"Anywhere," she suggested, "except at the beginning."

"It's this that counts." He looked around the comfortable living room, and then at the girl opposite. "That's what I want to talk about."

SHE waited, looking down at the toes of her tiny shoes. "I may have been mistaken," he said, choosing his words carefully, "but I did what I thought was best."

"I realize that." "Things happened pretty fast today. Have you had time to think?"

"I haven't been able to do anything else."

"Are you still embarrassed?" "Yes. . . ." She met his eyes, then.

"Aren't you?" "I am. And frightened."

"Of what?"

"You." "I'm not so terrible, when you get to know me."

"That's what I'm hoping to do. It seems that we have a head start, but in the wrong direction." His voice did not change. He said, "Which doesn't alter the fact that I love you."

"It would be a shame to alter that fact, Larry. So many other things have changed."

"So much that they can't be straightened out?"

Her hands moved. "I don't know what to say. Silly as it sounds—even to myself—I feel shy."

HE CROSSED the room and seated himself beside her on the couch.

"Tell me something, Kay. How did I propose to you?"

"How? Why, you just did—that's all."

"I mean: What did I say and how did I say it?"

A shade of laughter returned to her eyes. "You weren't very voluble, Larry. You stumbled around—"

"Was I scared?"

"You seemed to be."

"What did I say?"

She was thoughtful. "Well, first of all, you discussed the weather. Then you told me—spare my blushes—that I looked beautiful. Then, as I remember it, you dared to take my hand. Then, just as I was readying myself for an ardent and poetic proposal, you said, abruptly, 'Why can't we?' and I asked, 'Why can't we what?' and you said, 'Why can't we get married?'"

"And what did you say?"

"I didn't have a chance to say anything."

"Why not?"

"Because you kissed me."

Larry looked everywhere except at her. He said, gently, "The weather is beautiful."

"Lovely," she answered.

"And you are beautiful. The most beautiful girl I know."

She sat motionless, saying nothing. Timidly, Larry reached out and took her hand, and she did not withdraw it.

"Why can't we?" he asked abruptly.

"Why can't we what?"

"Why can't we get married?"

She turned to him, and waited. His heart was pounding. Then he heard her speaking:

"Have you forgotten the rest?"

"I asked you—"

"You're supposed to kiss me, Larry."

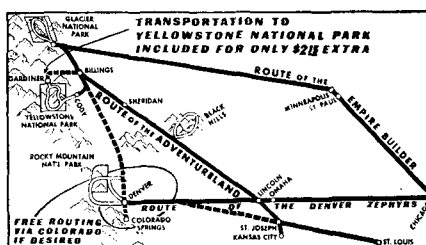
She was very close to him now. "You always do it that way."

THE END



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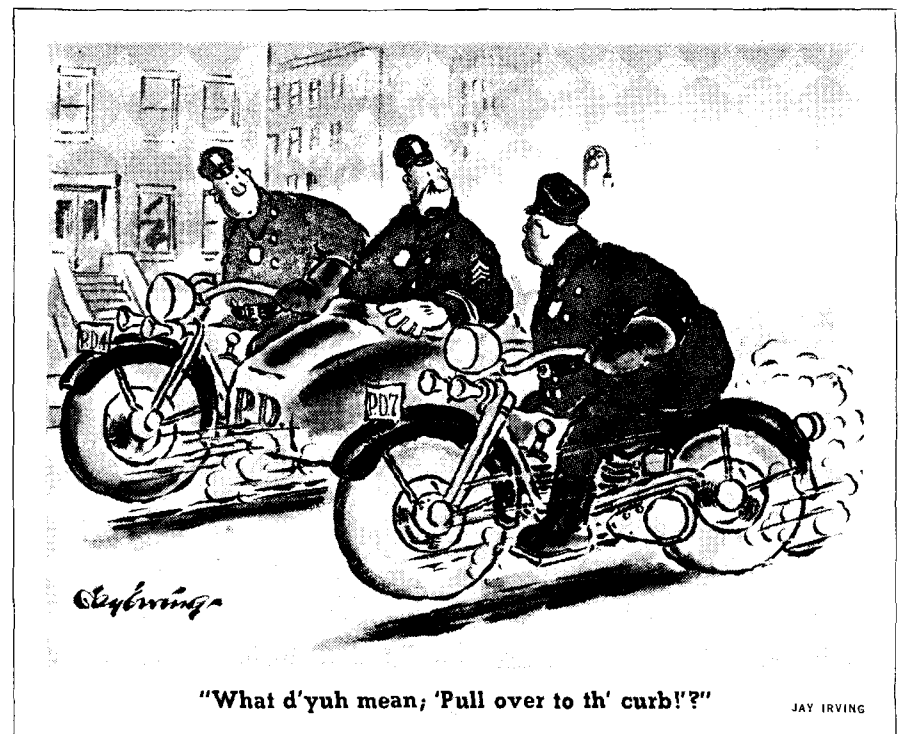
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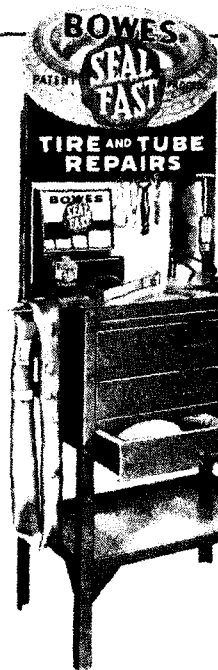


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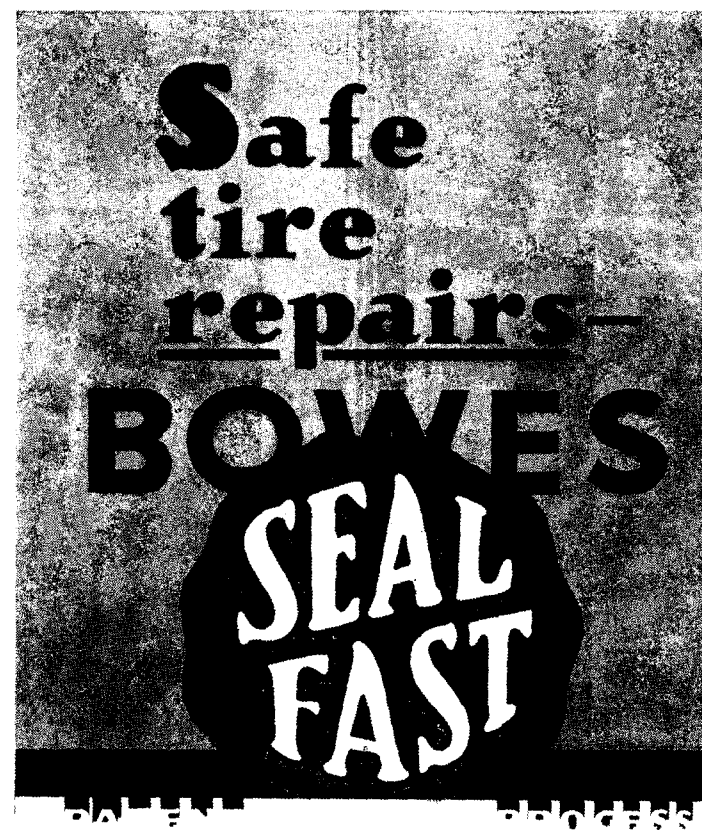
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- 7 Be wise and switch to Paris.
- 8 "Miracle Elastic" marvel of flexibility!
- 9 So easy—they'll stretch around your waist-line.
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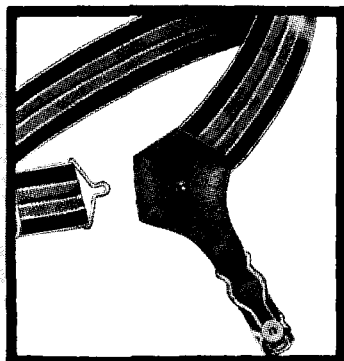


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Collier's \$7500 House

Continued from page 18

One cannot consider a house without recognizing that while it is a place for repose and social life for the man, for the wife it is a place of business. The daytime uses of the house are, therefore, of the first importance.

These daytime rooms for the whole family are living room, dining room, kitchen and playroom.

Here the architect confronts two problems. First, while he is building a small house, he wants something in it which is not small—that is, he wants spaciousness in these daytime living quarters. Secondly, he wants flexibility, so they may be adapted to the different demands of the family and the day.

We have a dining room, therefore, which is 10' by 11' and a living room which is 18' 6" by 18' 6". These are good-sized rooms, but mere dimensions do not tell the whole story. The arrangement of the rooms can add immensely to the actual square feet in size. The living room and dining room are so put together that a good part of the dining room seems to be a portion of the living room, while persons occupying the dining room have the feeling that a large section of the living room is a true part of the dining room. A person entering the living room has a view on an angle through the living room and part of the dining room of a room 18 by 28 feet.

This impression of spaciousness is further enhanced by visually removing the walls on one side of the living room—the walls are glassed so that the section of the plot outside the living room becomes a part of the room. The constricting and limiting function of the wall is extinguished. The same thing is done with about half the same wall of the dining room. As you sit in such a room, the chamber is bounded by three walls and the outside garden.

Now the wife finds varied uses for the rooms during the day. With this in mind, the architects have pushed the frontiers of the rooms still farther by the use of movable partitions between kitchen and dining room and between dining room and living room.

A Room for Each Occasion

In the morning madame is wife and usually mother. The kitchen, playroom, laundry, consume her hours. In those hours the living room and dining room may be completely shut off from each other by a movable wall and the wall between dining room and kitchen may be folded back. The mother has her kitchen extended in space by the addition of the dining room, with the playroom just five steps down and the laundry only a few steps away.

In the afternoon, with her house duties out of the way, she may find herself as hostess at tea or entertaining friends or, if alone, glad to enjoy the more comfortable and restful precincts of her living room. Then the walls may be changed so that the kitchen is again shut off and the dining room and living room are opened into one.

In the evening, with children at study and husband home with work to do and a bridge game in progress, the need for privacy for individual members or groups of the family is pressing. The living room and dining room may be completely separated. The children have a place for study, the husband has a place for his work and the wife has an ideal bridge salon in the playroom. Of course, these walls may be built to remain fixed, for the woman who wants them that way.

Upstairs the same principle is followed. There are three bedrooms. One is a large main bedroom. It might have been made 14 by 12 feet. Instead it is made 16' 6" by 10' 6". If twin beds are put into a room 12 feet wide, the space on both sides of the beds is killed anyhow. The beds will be as well accommodated in a 10-foot room. The room may then be made 16½ feet long—which is a big room—and the space will be where it can be utilized. There is also a roomy dressing alcove attached to this main bedroom.

The other rooms are smaller. However, here are a number of choices. If the family needs but a single bedroom and one spare or guest room, these two rooms may be made into one large bedroom or a large study. If the family needs two bedrooms, then the third may be carried as a guest room or as a study. If the family requires three bedrooms, and a study is essential, there is a choice between a playroom or study in that rescued basement room.

Taking the Guesswork Out

The house is fitted with one bathroom. The price of a second bath has been converted into space. But there is nothing to prevent the owner from converting the dressing room attached to the main bedroom into a bathroom, or putting a downstairs washroom in a space off the laundry, at a slight extra cost.

One important element is that one which stirs the wrath of every woman who buys a house and then discovers there is no place to put things. Storage space—the modern house without storage space must be written down a failure no matter how pretty it looks from the outside or inside. This feature of the plan can be best illustrated by comparing it with the stock \$7,500 house already discussed. The box house, with its rigid economy of space, leaves no place for storage. This plan, more rambling and conceived on a principle which permits provision for as much storage space as you are able to pay for, has practically three times as much storage space as the stock house. In addition there is a large storage room set apart in the garage.

We have called this a \$7,500 house. This means that the architects have designed it to cost that much and they have had carefully checked estimates on the cost.

You do not have to be told, of course, that a house consists of materials and services and that while materials cost more or less the same everywhere, labor and services do not. It costs more to build a house in New York City or Chicago than in Philadelphia and more in Philadelphia than in Cincinnati and more in Cincinnati than in Atlanta. Hence it will not cost the same to build this house in all these places.

Also you will have to find a builder. And builders are like eggs—good, bad and indifferent. Some know how to estimate costs and some don't. Those who don't fall into two types: those who tend to give you the lowest possible price to get the job and then present you with a small house and a large lawsuit, and those who give you a whopping price including a large sum as insurance for themselves against their own incapacity to measure costs.

Partly this is our own fault, as buyers. We toss a set of plans for a house under a builder's nose and ask him to tell us point-blank what it will cost. We don't stop to consider that a conscientious job of estimating takes hours.

So to take the guesswork out of the

price of this house as much as possible, the architects worked with an estimator whose system of estimating has proved so accurate that for a period of ten years his final costs have never exceeded the budget. This system is almost never used for the small house, and not always even for skyscrapers. It is expensive. But for this particular house Collier's paid to have it used, so that you may have the benefit of this careful system. However, please remember that Collier's is not in the building business. So don't ask us to build the house for you. What we will do is send you full working plans and specifications and with them this scientifically worked-out estimator sheet which will enable any responsible builder who knows his business to give you an estimate which both you and he can depend on.

The builder is in the habit of estimating the cost of a house by its cubic footage. What the cost will be per cubic foot of any given house will depend on the type of house it is. But, having arrived at the type, it is possible to make up a

Birmingham—32 cents, \$6,400
Boston—41½ cents, \$8,300
Chicago—42½ cents, \$8,500
Cincinnati—36½ cents, \$7,300
Cleveland—40½ cents, \$8,100
Dallas—35½ cents, \$7,100
Denver—40½ cents, \$8,100
Detroit—35¼ cents, \$7,050
Kansas City—37½ cents, \$7,500
Los Angeles—38 cents, \$7,600
Minneapolis—35½ cents, \$7,100
New Orleans—33½ cents, \$6,700
New York—43 cents, \$8,600
Philadelphia—39½ cents, \$7,900
Pittsburgh—40¾ cents, \$8,150
St. Louis—39 cents, \$7,800
San Francisco—36 cents, \$7,200
Seattle—33 cents, \$6,600

This cost per cubic foot, broken down into its component parts of bricks, stone, cement, lumber, plumbing, roofing, together with the hours of work or service necessary to make them into this particular house, is what you get on this estimator's sheet, together with the average price of each item. With it, your bank or a responsible builder or architect can give you all the aid you need in fixing the precise cost of this house in your own town.

How can a bewildered dreamer go about starting an enterprise like this?

First you must get the plans and specifications which Collier's has arranged to supply.

He Must Be Reliable

The next problem is the site. You can build this right in the heart of your town, in which case the cost of the land will eat you up. The man who builds his home will be very foolish in this day of automobiles and suburban conveniences if he does not go out a little distance and provide himself with ample breathing space.

Next comes the question of money. This was once a very solemn subject in home-building. It is no longer. Thanks to the government's Federal Housing Administration it is possible now to finance a home-building enterprise without the extortions of the second-mortgage exploiter. Private lenders and building and loan associations also in many cases do quite well by you in these matters.

The next problem is to find the man who will build this house for you or one like it. It will pay you to make extensive inquiries about a builder. But you should get a definite estimate from him before you enter into any arrangements. You may take bids from many, but be sure the cheapest man is also thoroughly reliable. If the bid is around \$7,500 you will know the man is near the right price for your locality. You ought to do a good deal of inquiring around your town to learn what is best there under all its special conditions. It is largely a matter of sound business procedure.

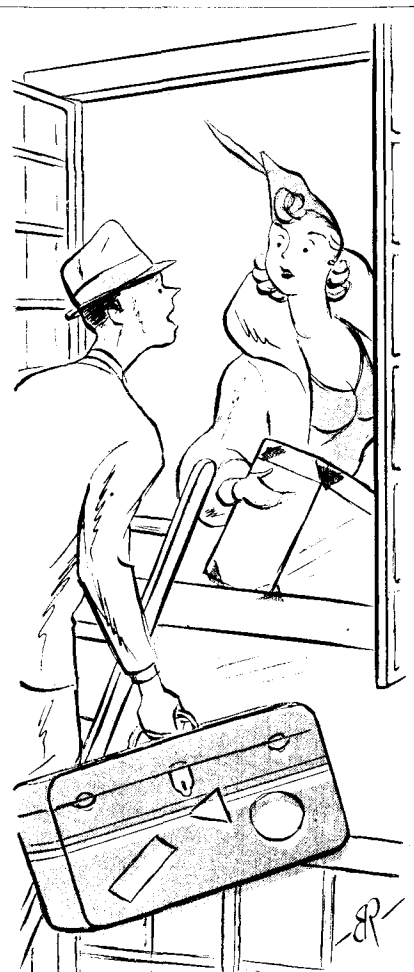
What has been said here, of course, is in general terms about this problem of building a small house. There are many details which obviously cannot be treated here, but which we will discuss in a later article.

A set of complete working drawings and specifications for Collier's House, together with an estimator sheet on which all materials and labor are itemized, for your contractor's estimate of the cost in your locality, will be sent to you for \$3. Write:

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table of what it will cost per cubic foot in any given city.

For instance, this house, which has a cubic footage of 20,000, can be built for 43 cents a cubic foot in New York, where costs are very high. But it could be built in Seattle for 33 cents. For the greater part of the country, as a whole, it can be built for 40 cents or less. The \$7,500 cost here is based on material and labor and service costs in an average place where the cubic-foot cost is 37½ cents. Hence, in some places the house will cost somewhat more than \$7,500 and in other places somewhat less.

The following table may interest the prospective homebuilder. It gives the cubic-foot cost in certain key cities:

Average—Kansas City—37½ cents, total \$7,500.

Atlanta—32½ cents, \$6,500

Baltimore—38½ cents, \$7,700



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made friable by a dry season, was laid in a stifling coat of silt across the farmlands of the lower valleys and the upper pastures of the range.

Lindsay did not think any more for a time. His feet and an automatic impulse that made him turn always to the stock first took him to the barn, where he turned loose the confined animals. Even the mules were glad enough to kick up their heels a few times, and fifteen years of hard living could not keep Mustard from exploding like a bomb all over the pasture, bucking as though a ghost were on his back and knocking up a puff of dust every time he hit the ground. Lindsay, standing with feet spread and folded arms, a huge figure in the door of the barn, watched the antics of his old horse with a vacant smile, for he was trying to rouse himself and failing wretchedly. Instead, he could see himself standing in line with signed application slips in his hand, and then in front of a desk where some hired clerk with an insolent face put sharp questions to him. A month hence, when people asked him how things went, he would have to say: "I'm on relief."

WHEN he had gone that far in his thinking, his soul at last rose in him but to such a cold, swift altitude that he was filled with fear, and he found his lips repeating words, stiffly, whispering them aloud: "I'll be damned and dead, first!" The fear of what he would do with his own hands grew stronger and stronger, for he felt that he had made a promise which would be heard and recorded by that living, inmost God of all honest men, his higher self.

Once more, automatically, his feet took him on to the next step in the day: breakfast. Back in the shanty, his lips twitched with disgust as he started frying potatoes; the rank smell of the bacon grease mounted to his brain and gathered in clouds there, but his unthinking hands finished the cookery and dumped the fried potatoes into a tin plate. A faint chorus came down to him then out of the windless sky. He snatched the loaded pistol from the holster that hung against the wall and ran outside, for sometimes the wild geese, flying north, came very low over the hill as they rose from the marsh south of it, but now he found himself agape like a schoolboy, staring up. He should have known by the dimness of the honking and by the melancholy harmony which distance added to it that the geese were half a mile up in the sky. Thousands of them were streaming north in a great wedge that kept shuffling and reshuffling at the open ends; ten tons of meat on the wing.

A tin pan crashed inside the shack and Caesar came out on wings with his tail between his legs; Lindsay went inside and found the plate of potatoes overturned on the floor. He called: "Come in here, Caesar, you damned old thief. Come in here and get it, if you want the stuff. I'm better without."

The dog came back, skulking. From the doorway, he prospected the face of his master for a moment, slaving with greed, then he sneaked to the food on the floor and began to eat, guiltily, but Lindsay already had forgotten him. All through the hollow which a week before had been a shining tremor of yellow-green wheat stalks the rising wind of the morning was now stirring little airy whirlpools and walking ghosts of dust that made a step or two and vanished. It seemed to Lindsay that he had endured long enough. He was thirty-five. He had twenty years of hard work behind him. And he would not, by God he would not

Dust Storm

Continued from page 19

be a government pensioner. The wild geese had called the gun into his hand; he felt, suddenly, that it must be used for one last shot anyway; as for life, there was a stinking savor of bacon that clung inevitably to it. He looked with fearless eyes into the big muzzle of the gun.

Then Mustard whinnied not far from the house and Lindsay lifted his head with a faint smile, for there was a stallion's trumpet sound in the neigh of the old gelding, always, just as there was always an active devil in his heels and his teeth. He combined the savage instincts of a wildcat with the intellectual, patient malevolence of a mule, but Lindsay loved the brute because no winter cold was sharp enough to freeze the big heart in him and no dry summer march was long enough to wither it. At fifteen, the old fellow still could put fifty miles of hard country behind him between dawn and dark. For years Lindsay had felt that those long, mulish ears must eventually point the way to some great destiny. He stepped into the doorway now and saw that Mustard was whinnying a challenge to a horseman who jogged up the Gavvigan Trail with a telltale dust cloud boiling up behind. Mechanical instinct, again, made Lindsay drop the gun into the old leather holster that hung on the wall.

Half a mile off, the approaching rider put his horse into a lope and Lindsay recognized, by his slant in the saddle, that inveterate range tramp and worthless roustabout, Gypsy Renner. He reined in at the door of the shack, lifted his bandanna from nose and mouth, and spat black.

"Got a drink, Bob?" he asked without other greeting.

"I've got a drink for you," said Lindsay.

"I'll get off a minute, then," replied Renner, and swung out of the saddle.

Lindsay poured some whisky into a tin cup and Renner received it without thanks. Dust was still rising like thick smoke from his shoulders.

"You been far?" asked Lindsay.

"From Boulder," said Renner.

"Much of the range like out yonder?"

"Mostly," said Renner.

HE FINISHED the whisky and held out the cup. Lindsay poured the rest of the bottle.

"If much of the range is like this," said Lindsay, "it's gunna be hell."

"It's gunna be and it is," said Renner.

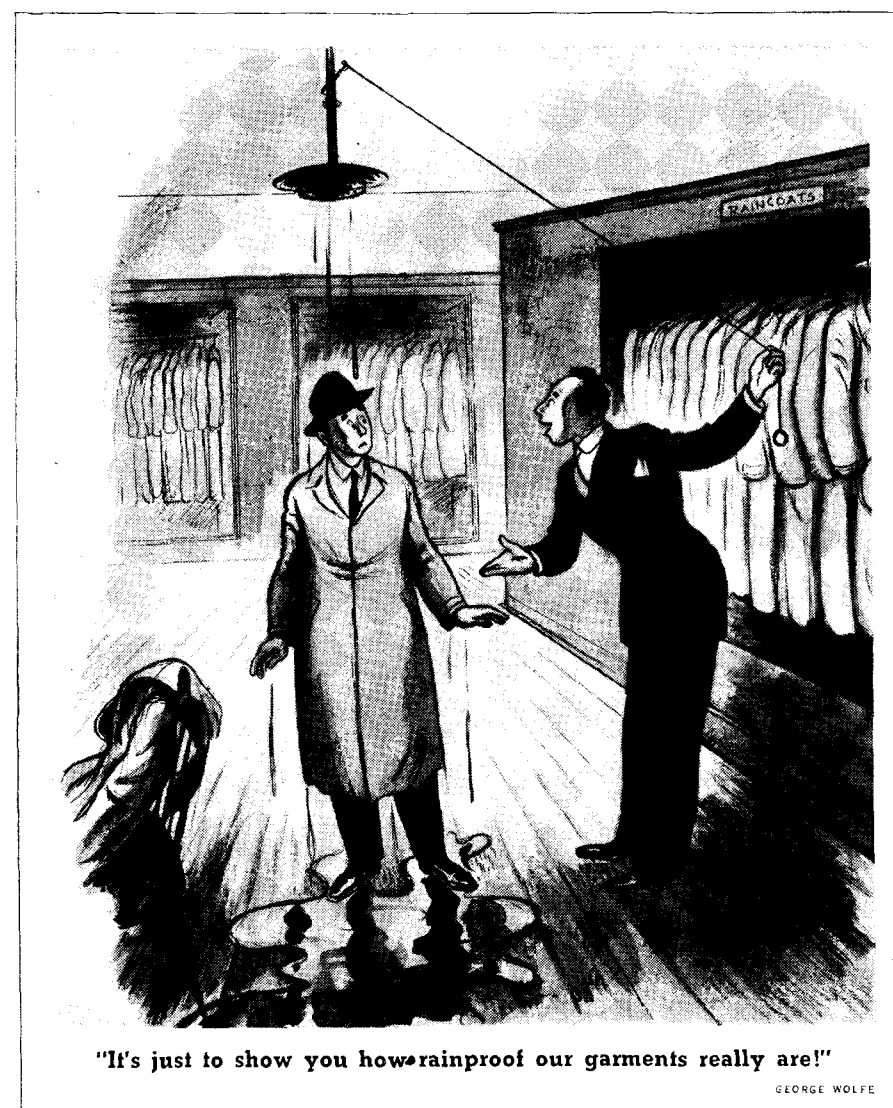
"It's hell already over on the Oliver Range."

"Wait a minute. That's where Andy Barnes and John Street run their cows. What you mean it's hell up there?"

"That's where I'm bound," said Renner.

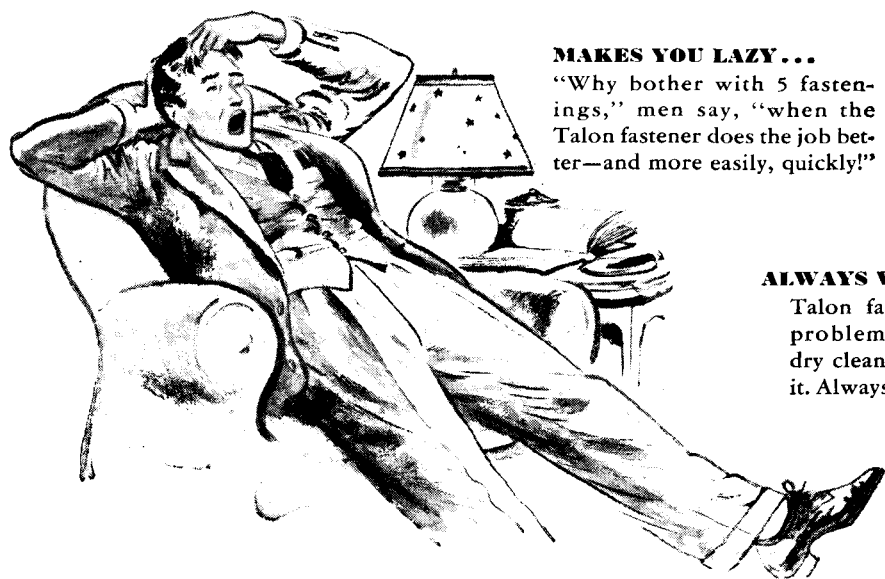
"They're hiring men and guns on both sides. Most of the water holes and tanks on Andy Barnes' place are filled up with mud, right to the ridge of the Oliver Hills, and his cows are choking. And John Street, his land is clean because the wind kind of funneled the dust up over the hills and it landed beyond him. Andy has to water those cows and Street wants to charge ten cents a head. Andy says he'll be damned if he pays money for the water that God put free on earth. So there's gunna be a fight."

Lindsay looked through the door at that lump-headed mustang of his and saw, between his mind and the world, a moonlight night with five thousand head of cattle, market-fat and full of beans, stampeding into the northeast with a



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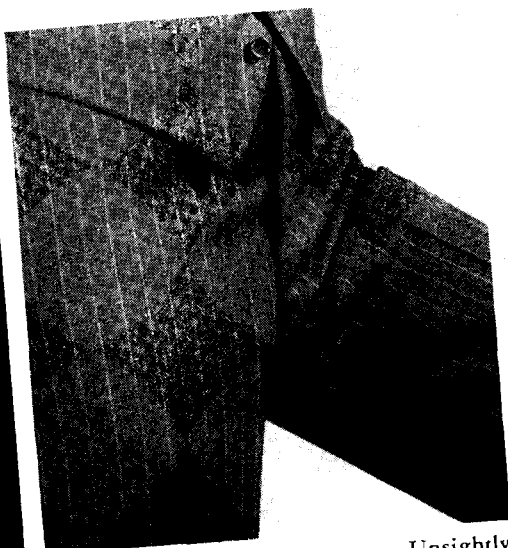
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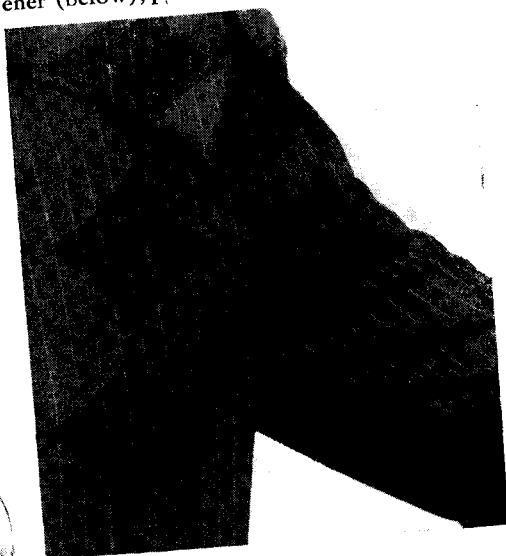
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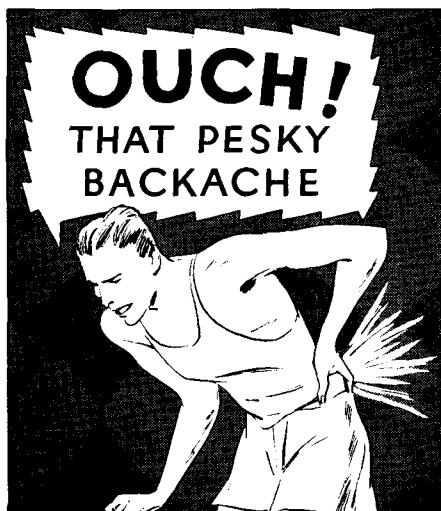
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thunder and rattle of split hoofs and a swordlike clashing of horns. He saw riders galloping ahead, vainly shooting into the face of the herd in the vain hope of turning it, until two of those cowpunchers, going it blind, clapped together and went down, head over heels. "They used to be friends," said Lindsay. "They come so close to dying together, one night, that they been living side by side ever since; and they used to be friends."

"They got too damn' rich," suggested Renner. "A rich man ain't nobody's friend. . . . It was you that saved the two hides of them one night in a stampede, ten, twelve years ago, wasn't it?"

Lindsay pointed to Mustard.

"Now, I'm gunna tell you something about that," he said. "The fact is that those cows would've washed right over the whole three of us, but I was riding that Mustard horse, and when I turned him back and pointed him at the herd, he just went off like a Roman candle and scattered sparks right up to the Milky Way. He pitched so damn' hard that he pretty near snapped my head off and he made himself look so big that those steers doggone near fainted and pushed aside from that spot right now."

Renner looked at the mustang with his natural sneer. Then he said: "Anyway, there's gunna be a fight up there, and it's gunna be paid for."

"There oughtn't be no fight," answered big Bob Lindsay, frowning.

"They're mean enough to fight," said Renner. "Didn't you save their scalps? And ain't they left you to starve here on a hundred and twenty acres of blow-sand that can't raise enough to keep a dog fat?"

"Yeah?" said Lindsay. "Maybe you better be vamoosing along."

Renner looked at him, left the shack, and swung into the saddle. When he was safely there he muttered: "Ah, to hell with you!" and jogged away.

Lindsay, with a troubled mind, watched him out of sight. An hour later he saddled Mustard and took the way toward the Oliver Hills.

THE Oliver Hills lie west of the Powder Mountains, their sides fat with grasslands all the way to the ridge, and right over the crest walked the posts of the fence that separated the holdings of Andy Barnes from those of John Street. Lindsay, as he came up the old Mexican Trail, stopped on a hilltop and took a careful view of the picture. He had to strain his eyes a little because dust was blowing like battle smoke off the whitened acres of Andy Barnes and over the ridge, and that dust was stirred up by thousands of cattle which milled close to the fence line, drawn by the smell of water. Down in the eastern hollows some of the beeves were wallowing in the holes where water once had been and where there was only mud now. But west of the ridge the lands of John Street were clean as green velvet under the noonday sun. Scattered down the Street side of the fence, a score of riders wandered up and down with significant lines of light balancing across the pommels of the saddles. Those were the rifles. As many more cowpunchers headed the milling cattle of Andy Barnes with difficulty, for in clear view of the cows, but on Street's side of the fence, ran a knee-deep stream of silver water that spread out into a quiet blue lake, halfway down the slope.

He found a gate onto the Street land and went through it. Two or three of the line-riders hailed him with waving hats. One of them sang out: "But where's your rifle, brother? Men ain't worth a damn here without they got rifles."

He found John Street sitting a spectacular black horse just west of a hilltop, where the rise of land gave him

shelter from ambitious sharpshooters. When he saw Lindsay he grabbed him by the shoulders and bellowed like a bull in spring: "I knew you'd be over and I knew you'd be on the right side. By God, it's been eleven years since I was as glad to see you as I am today. . . . Boys, I wanta tell you what Bob Lindsay here done for me when—"

"Shut up, will you?" said Lindsay. "Looks like Andy has got some pretty dry cows, over yonder."

"I hope they dry up till there's nothing but wind in their bellies," said John Street.

"I thought you and Andy been pretty good friends," said Lindsay.

"If he was my brother—if he was two brothers—if he was my son and daughter and my pa and ma, he's so damn' mean that I'd see him in hell-fire before I'd give him a cup of water to wash the hell-fire cinders out of his throat," said John Street, in part.

SOLINDSAY rode back to the gate and around to the party of Andy Barnes, passing steers with the caked, dry mud of the choked water holes layered around their muzzles. They were red-eyed with thirst and their bellowing seemed to rise like an unnatural thunder out of the ground instead of booming from the skies. Yearlings, already knock-kneed with weakness, were shouldered to the ground by the heavier stock and lay there, surrendering.

Andy Barnes sat cross-legged on the ground inside the rock circle of an old Indian camp on a hilltop, picking the grass, chewing it, spitting it out. He had grown much fatter and redder of face and the fat had got into his eyes, leaving them a little dull and staring.

Lindsay sat down beside him.

"You know something, Bob?" said Andy.

"Know what?" asked Lindsay.

"My wife's kid sister is over to the house," said Andy. "She's just turned twenty-three and she's got enough sense to cook a man a steak and onions. As tall as your shoulder and the bluest damn' pair of eyes you ever seen outside a blind horse. Never had bridle or saddle on her and I dunno how she'd go in harness but you got a pair of hands. What you say? She's heard about Bob Lindsay for ten years and she don't believe that there's that much man outside of a fairy story."

"Shut up, will you?" said Lindsay. "Seems like ten cents ain't much to pay for the difference between two thousand dead steers and two thousand dogies, all picking grass and fat and happy."

"Look up at that sky," said Andy.

"I'm looking," said Lindsay.

"Look blue?"

"Yeah. Kind of."

"Who put the blue in it?"

"God, maybe."

"Anybody ever pay him for it? And who put the water in the ground and made it leak out again? And why should I pay for that?"

"There's a lot of difference," said Lindsay, "between a dead steer on the range and a live steer in Chicago."

"Maybe," dreamed Andy, "but I guess they won't all be dead. You see that yearling over yonder, standing kind of spray-legged, with its nose pretty near on the ground?"

"I see it," said Lindsay.

"When that yearling kneels down," said Andy, "there's gunna be something happen—Ain't that old Mustard?"

"Yeah, that's Mustard," said Lindsay, rising.

"If you ever get through with him," said Andy, "I got a lot of pasture land nothing ain't using where he could just range around and laugh himself to death. I ain't forgot when he was bucking the saddle off his back and knocking splinters out of the stars, that



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night. He must've looked like a mountain to them steers, eh?"

Lindsay got on Mustard and rode over the hill. He went straight up to the fence which divided the two estates and dismounted before it with a wire pincers in his hand. He felt scorn and uttermost detestation for the thing he was about to do. Men who cut fences are dirty rustlers and horse thieves and every man jack of them ought to be strung up as high as the top of the Powder Mountains; but the thirsty uproar of the cattle drove him on to what he felt was both a crime and a sin. It had been a far easier thing, eleven years ago, to save Barnes and Street from the stampeding herd than it was to save them now from the petty hatred that had grown up between them without cause, without reason. The posts stood at such a distance apart that the wires were strung with an extra heavy tension. When the steel edges cut through the topmost strand it parted with a twang and leaped back to either side, coiling and tangling like thin, bright snakes around the posts.

YELLING voices of protest came shouting through the dusty wind. Lindsay could see men dropping off their horses and lying prone to level their rifles at him; and all at once it seemed to him that the odor of frying bacon grease was thickening in his nostrils again and that this was the true savor of existence. He saw the Powder Mountains lifting their sides from brown to blue in the distant sky with a promise of better lands beyond that horizon but the promise was a lie, he knew. No matter what he did, he felt assured that ten years hence he would be as now, a poor unrespected squatter on the range, slaving endlessly not even for a monthly pay check but merely to fill his larder with—bacon and Irish potatoes! Hope, as vital to the soul as breath to the nostrils, had been subtracted from him, and therefore what he did with his life was of no importance whatever. He leaned a little and snapped the pincers through the second wire of the fence.

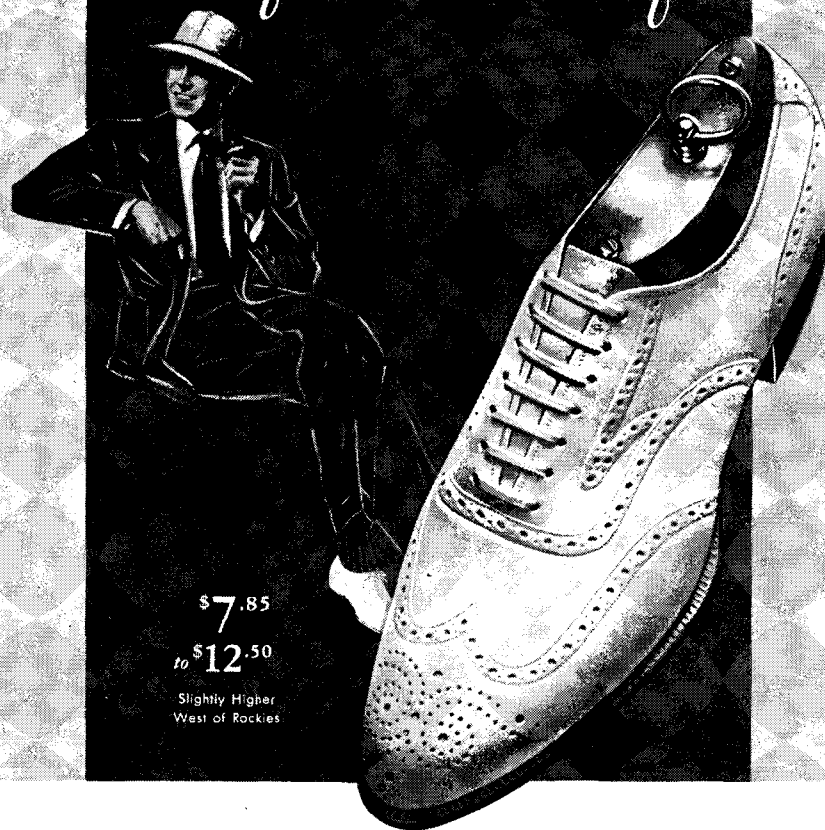
He did not hear the sharp twanging sound of the parting strand, for a louder noise struck at his ear, a ringing rifle report full of resonance, like two heavy sledge hammers struck face to face. At his feet a rattle of dust lifted; he heard the bullet hiss like a snake through the grass. Then a whole volley crashed. Bullets went by him on rising notes of inquiry; and just behind him a slug spat into the flesh of Mustard. Sometimes an ax makes a sound like that when it sinks into green wood.

He turned and saw Mustard sitting down like a dog, with his long, mulish ears pointing straight ahead and a look of pleased expectancy in his eyes. Out of a hole in his breast blood was pumping in long, thin jets. Lindsay leaned and cut the third and last wire. When he straightened again he heard the body of Mustard slump down against the ground with a squeaking, jouncing noise of liquids inside his belly. He did not lie on his side but with his head outstretched and his legs doubled under him as though he were playing a game and would spring up again in a moment. Lindsay looked toward the guns. They never should have missed him the first time except that something like buck-fever must have shaken the marksmen. He walked right through the open gap in the fence to meet the fire with a feeling that the wire clipper in his hand was marking him down like a cattle thief for the lowest sort of a death.

Then someone began to scream in a shrill falsetto. He recognized the voice of Big John Street, transformed by hysterical emotion. Street himself broke over the top of the hill with the black horse at a full gallop. He was letting the reins fly loose so that he could hold out a long arm on either side as he yelled for his men to stop firing. The wind of the gallop furred up the wide brim of his sombrero and he made a noble picture, considering the rifles of Andy Barnes which must be sighting curiously at him by this time; then a hammer stroke clipped Lindsay on the side of the head. The Powder Mountains whirled into a

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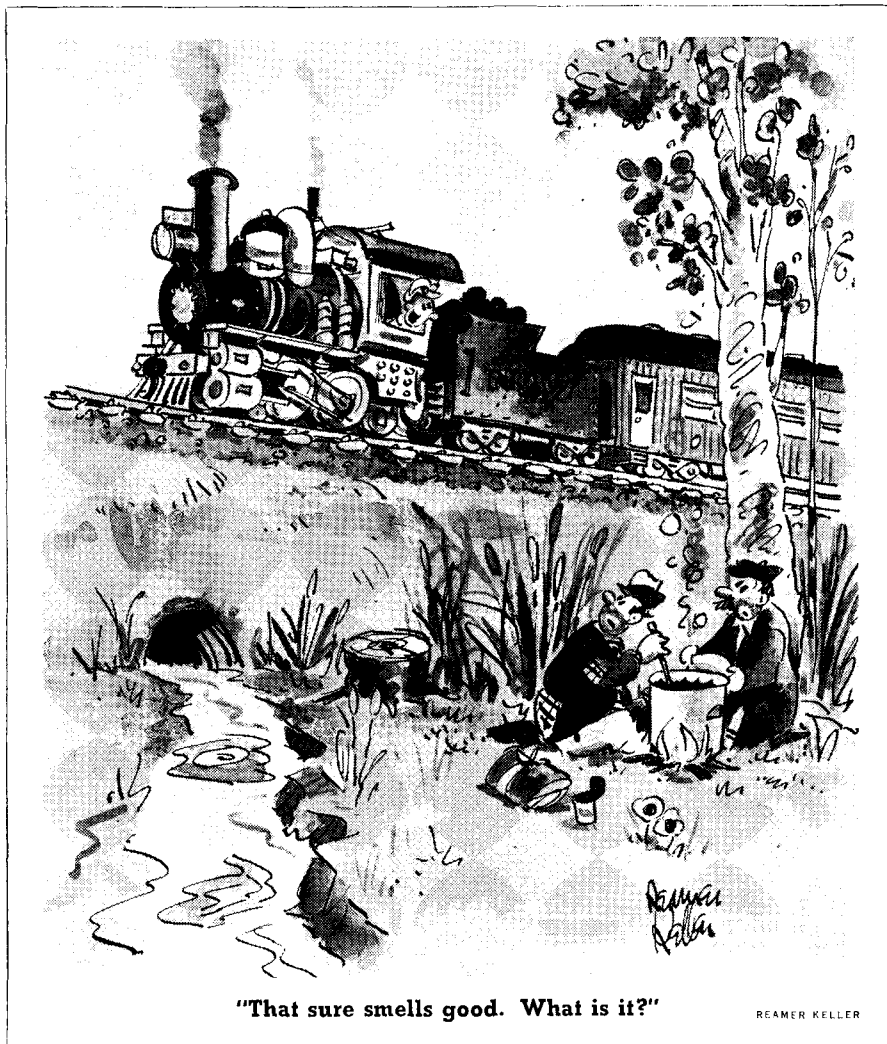
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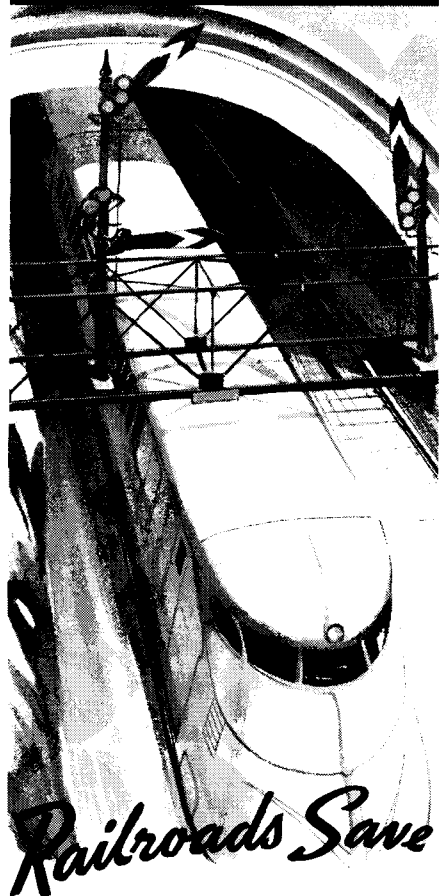
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mist of brown and blue; the grass spun before him like running water; he dropped to his knees, and down his face ran a soft, warm stream.

Into his dizzy view came the legs and the sliding hoofs of the black horse, cutting shallow furrows in the grass as it slid to a halt, and he heard the voice of John Street, dismounted beside him, yelling terrible oaths. He was grabbed beneath the armpits and lifted.

"Are you dead, Bob?" yelled Street. "I'm gunna be all right," said Lindsay. He ran a finger tip through the bullet furrow in his scalp and felt the hard bone of the skull all the way. "I'm gunna be fine," he stated, and turned toward the uproar that was pouring through the gap he had cut in the fence. For the outburst of rifle-fire had taken the attention of Barnes' men from their herding and the cattle had surged past them toward water. Nothing now could stop that hungry stampede as they crowded through the gap with rattling hoofs and the steady clashing of horns. Inside the fence, the stream divided right and left and rushed on toward water, some to the noisy, white cataract, some to the wide blue pool. A billowing dust cloud followed the stampede.

"I'm sorry, John," said Lindsay, "but those cows looked kind of dry to me."

Then a nausea of body and a whirling dimness of mind overtook him and did not clear away again until he found himself lying with a bandaged head on the broad top of a hill. John Street was on one side of him and Andy Barnes on the other. They were holding hands like little children and peering down at him anxiously.

"How are you, Bob, old son?" asked Andy.

"Fine," said Lindsay, sitting up. "Fine as a fiddle," he added, rising to his feet.

STREET supported him hastily by one arm and Barnes by the other. Below him he could see the Barnes cattle thronging into the shallow water of the creek. A scattering of young stock, still shut away to the rear, continued lowing piteously, but their turn would soon come.

"About that ten cents a head," said Andy, "it's all right with me."

"Damn the money," said Street. "I wouldn't take money from you if you were made of gold. . . . I guess Bob has paid for the water like he paid for our two hides eleven years ago. Bob, don't you give a hang about nothing? Don't you care nothing about your life?"

"The cows seemed kind of dry to me," said Lindsay, helplessly.

"You're comin' home with me," said Street.

"You're cockeyed, Johnnie," remarked Barnes. "My place is two miles nearer."

"My house is downhill all the way," answered Street.

"I got two females in my place to look after him," pointed out Andy Barnes.

"I got a nigger cook that's a doggone sight better than a doctor," said Street.

"I don't need any doctor," said Lindsay. "You two just shut up and say goodbye to me, will you? I'm going home. I got work to do, tomorrow."

This remark produced a silence out of which Lindsay heard, from the surrounding circle of cowmen, a voice that murmured: "He's gunna go home!" And another said: "He's got the chores to do, I guess."

Andy looked at John Street.

"He's gunna go, John," he said.

"There ain't any changing him," said John Street, sadly. "Hey, Bob, take this here horse, this here Nigger horse of mine, will you?"

"Don'tcha do it!" shouted Barnes. "Hey, Mickie, bring up that gray, will you? . . . Look at that piece of gray sky and wind, Bob, will you? He'll take you all the way over the Powder Mountains

and only hit the ground three times on the way."

"They're a mighty slick pair," said Lindsay. "I never seen a more upstanding pair of hellcats in my life. It would take a lot of barley and oats to keep them sleeked up so's they shine like this. . . . But if you want a horse onto me, how about that down-headed, wise-lookin' cayuse over there? He's got some bottom to him and the hell-fire is kind of worked out of his eyes."

He pointed to a brown gelding which seemed to have fallen half asleep as it stood.

ANOTHER silence was spread by this remark. Then someone said: "He's picked out Slim's cuttin' horse. . . . He's gone and picked out old Dick. . . . I guess he ain't got more'n two eyes in his head when it comes to picking a horse."

"Give them reins to Bob, Slim!" commanded Andy Barnes, "and leave the horse tied right onto the reins, too."

Lindsay said: "Am I parting you from something, Slim?"

Slim screwed up his face and looked at the sky.

"Why, I've heard about you, Lindsay," he said, "and today I've seen you. I guess when a horse goes to you, he's just going home; and this Dick horse of mine, I had the making of him and he sure rates a home. . . . If you just ease him along the first half hour, he'll be ready to die for you all the rest of the day. . . . He takes mighty kind to corn on the cob and apples is his main hold."

"Thanks," said Lindsay, shaking hands. "I'm gunna value him, brother."

He swung into the saddle and waved his adieu. John Street followed him a few steps, holding to one stirrup leather: in a similar manner Andy Barnes followed him on the other side.

"Are you gunna be comin' over? Are you gunna be comin' back, Bob?" they asked him.

"Are you two gonna stop being damn fools?" he replied.

They laughed and waved a cheerful

agreement and they were still waving as he jogged Dick down the hill. The pain in his head burned him to the brain with every pulse of his blood but a strange triumph rising in his heart let him almost forget the torment.

After a time, as the sun dropped toward the west, his knees began to weaken and his legs were flopping, but Dick knew him by this time and went along as steadily as the ticking of a watch. He was calm. He felt that he never would be impatient again, for he could see that he was enriched forever.

The twilight found him close to home and planning the work of the next days. If he put a drag behind the two mules he could sweep back the dust where it thinned out at the margin and so redeem from total loss a few more acres. With any luck, he would get seed for the next year; and as for food, he could do what he had scorned all his days—he could make a kitchen garden and irrigate it from the windmill.

It was dark when he came up the last slope and the stars rose like fireflies over the edge of the hill. Against them he made out Jenny and Lind waiting for him beside the door of the shack. He paused to stare at the vague silhouettes and remembered poor Mustard with a great stroke in his heart.

Caesar came with a shrill howl of delight to leap about his master and bark at the new horse but Dick merely pricked his ears with patient understanding as though he knew he had come home indeed.

Inside the shanty, the hand of Lindsay found the lantern on its nail. The chimney squeaked up under the pressure of his fingers; from the match a narrow lip of flame ran over the wick. He lowered the chimney and turned up the wick until a yellow, steady triangle was rising. It brought a suffocating odor of kerosene fumes but even through this Lindsay could detect the smell of fried bacon and potatoes in the air. He took a deep breath of it, for it seemed to him the most delicious savor in the world.



"John, how many times have I told you not to bear down so hard?"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

"Life Shaver"

—a missionary doctor writes his own amazing story of how a tube of Barbasol saved him from death at the hands of a murderous Chinese bandit

"MY WIFE and I have very recently returned from China, where I was for some time engaged in medical missionary work.

"As everyone knows, China has for years and years been in a state of chaos due to so many things that it would be out of the question to even touch upon them in this little letter. Suffice it to say that the people have long suffered from the depredations of war lords, robbers and bandits who, at times, completely overrun the country. At these times the people are powerless to do anything. To attempt any sort of resistance means certain and horrible death.

"Shortly before my wife and I returned to America, the small Chinese city in which our hospital was located was raided by one of these robber chieftains, much damage was being done and we feared we would be wiped out completely.

"At the time of this raid I remember I was in the hospital washroom shaving and, as has been my custom for years, using Barbasol. Suddenly the door to the washroom was thrown open and as I turned there appeared in the doorway a hairy giant of a man—roughly dressed—dirty, and a scraggly long growth of beard or rather hair on his ugly, cruel looking face.

"Evidently he had neither heard of the practice of shaving nor had he seen such an operation in his whole life before, for he stared at me in great surprise and interest.

"I noted his great interest and hesitancy and though I was literally seething on the inside with suppressed excitement, misgivings and fear, I managed to remain fairly calm and decided to continue my shaving.

"A thought flew into my consciousness as I became aware more completely of this bandit's growing interest and curiosity in my shaving technique. Maybe I could capitalize upon this selfsame interest and render our predicament less foggy. At heart a lot of China's so-called bad men are but grown-up children. Many of them can be handled in about the same way.

"When I had finished shaving, this bandit made signs towards his own face. (I did not know his dialect and therefore could not talk with him.) I felt that here was an oppor-

tunity indeed! A sort of childish eagerness replaced the hardness in his eyes. He was about to satiate his curiosity and male vanity.

"Enter Barbasol! It was about to perform a yeomen service!

"I thoroughly prepared the bandit's face and by no means spared the Barbasol. I spread it on generously. When I finished, I showed him how to use the razor and cream and he gave himself a fine shave with remarkable ease, considering his inexperience. I then made him a present of the razor and a tube of the cream.

• Suddenly—there appeared in the doorway a hairy giant of a man

"All orientals are most susceptible to gifts and this particular one scored a direct hit. His face beaming and glistening, he bowed low and left the hospital—and almost immediately he left the city, carrying his band of looters with him.

"I believe sincerely that this was one occasion where a perfect shaving cream played a major part in the destiny of man. In any case, our lives were spared and our precious hospital was not burned or looted! More than an ordinary measure of influence must be in evidence to soften the typical Chinese robber chieftain in that lawless country!

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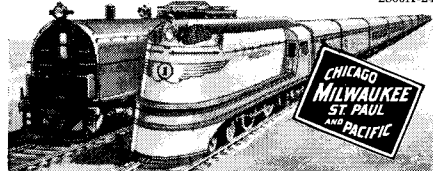


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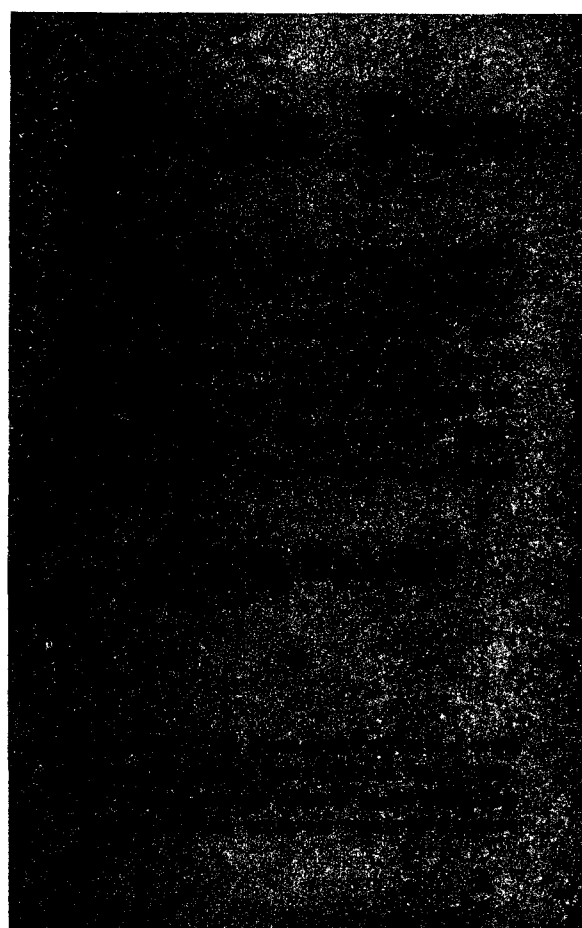
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AN AMBULANCE careened through Baltimore streets, its clanging gong scattering traffic. People along the way had the thoughts people always have when they see an ambulance: a baby on the way in a hurry; possibly a shooting; maybe an auto smashup. Tough. Actually that ambulance was helping write a brilliant new chapter in medical history—possibly the most brilliant of our day.

In it lay a little 5-year-old girl. When the ambulance delivered her to Johns Hopkins, two doctors examined her perfunctorily—they knew in advance what was the matter with her.

Her body was swarming with one of the most vicious microbes in medicine's catalogue—streptococci. These killers had attacked the mastoid bones back of her ears, and the skin over her elbows, and were running riot in her blood.

She was in a comatose state. Her head was pulled back in a distorted manner; when touched, she gave convulsive jerks. A thermometer registered 106 degrees of fever. It was understatement when the physicians recorded her as "gravely ill."

To the child's parents the case was raw tragedy. To Drs. Perrin H. Long and Eleanor A. Bliss it was a rare opportunity. The girl represented precisely the hopeless type of streptococcal infection they had been looking for. Quickly

they filled a hypodermic needle with port-red fluid from an ampule and injected it into the child's muscle tissue.

Twenty-four hours later her fever had dropped to 100. The next day she drank milk and fruit juices. On the third day she was propped in bed eating breakfast. On the fifth, a microscope showed her blood completely free of streptococci. A blood test proved what a near brush with death she had had: the microbes had destroyed 60 per cent of her red blood cells. Drama? You bet.

Other cases had to come along to confirm the wonder-working of that red fluid. And they came—dozens of them. Cemetery-bound persons were snatched back to life in Germany, France, England and America.

Strep Act

Let's look for a moment at a Bertillon record of "strep." They are everywhere, these little microbe chains that look like segments from a strand of broken beads. Usually ten to twenty in one chain, they reproduce by the simplest of systems: they simply break apart. Once they get inside the body, there is physiological bedlam.

If they are the hemolytic type—the worst ones are—they attack the red blood cells and destroy them. The dis-

eases they cause have a variety of names. When they attack the membrane that sheathes the brain and spinal cord, it is called cerebrospinal meningitis. Strep that invades the circulatory system bring on blood poisoning. When they attack the skin, they cause that fearful spreading rash, erysipelas. In open wounds they multiply, and sudden death often follows.

In addition these innocent-looking little beads may cause scarlet fever, septic sore throat, or that vicious killer of the delivery room—25 per cent fatal—child-bed fever. They slipped into an open tennis shoe blister on the foot of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., and killed him. Shortly before last Christmas they invaded the throat of another President's son, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., with near disastrous results.

Indeed, the streps represent the Jukes family among microbes. They are everywhere; on the skin, waiting for a chance to get inside the body and make trouble; they thrive on the ground and probably in the air. Clinging to the hands of careless hospital attendants, they spread to cause brush-fire epidemics of erysipelas. They hide in the folds of the scarlet fever patient's handkerchief and on the unsterilized instruments in the delivery room. Look at the careworn

(Continued on page 79)



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DISTILLED... *It keeps your engine clean*



ADOLPH ROBINETTE burst into his apartment and called to his wife:

"Francine, listen. Tonight, for the first time in the five years we have been married, I shall have to leave you alone for the evening."

A wave of hope swept through Madame Robinette: perhaps her husband was finally starting to step out. She had a brief glimpse of a delightful future full of peace and quiet. But her husband's round, untroubled face disillusioned her even before he spoke.

"The head of my department has invited me to dinner and the theater," he explained. "I can't possibly refuse. You understand, don't you? I hope to goodness I have a dress shirt. Clémence!"

The maid appeared, and Monsieur Robinette issued his orders:

"I shall not be here for dinner. Lay just one place at the table." He turned to his wife. "What would you like to have, my pearl?"

Francine made a gesture of helplessness. "I know nothing about such things. Anything will do—say shirred eggs."

"I shall keep the roast veal for tomorrow," Clémence announced.

"You will give Madame fried calves' brains and endive salad. Is my dinner jacket pressed? Come, let's see."

Francine wanted to leap for joy. She would be free from seven o'clock until midnight! But just at that moment a note was delivered from Madame Frelin, the unattractive wife of one of Adolph's business associates. Madame Frelin had discovered that Francine was to be alone for the evening and begged her to come and take potluck.

Francine was on the point of sending her regrets when she paused to consider. Madame Frelin was undoubtedly a bore; but Monsieur Frelin would be there too. He had a beautiful profile which stood out among the fat and vacuous faces of his colleagues like that of a knight errant condemned by the mediocrity of the times to carry on obscure combats in the depths of a dusty office. Francine felt drawn toward him.

Adolph reappeared. "What have you there?" he inquired.

"A note from the Frelins. They want me for dinner."

"Fine. I'll pick you up on my way back from the theater."

And so she went.

Madame Frelin's boiled beef was famous. She superintended the cooking of it herself, leaving Monsieur Frelin to entertain Francine. The latter, free from her husband for the first time, brightened amazingly.

"How nicely we get along together!" said Frelin. "Your husband and my wife are of the same breed. He's the one who oversees the cooking in your household; he protects you from material worries. And that's fine. My wife protects me too—but do they give us the sort of mental stimulation that we need?"

"I'm afraid—"

"No, of course they don't. That's not included in their menus. I need not press the point. We understand each other. But we mustn't waste this precious moment while we are alone. Dear Francine, we are being smothered for lack of a chance to express ourselves. We must meet again, some place where we can talk together without fear of interruption—"

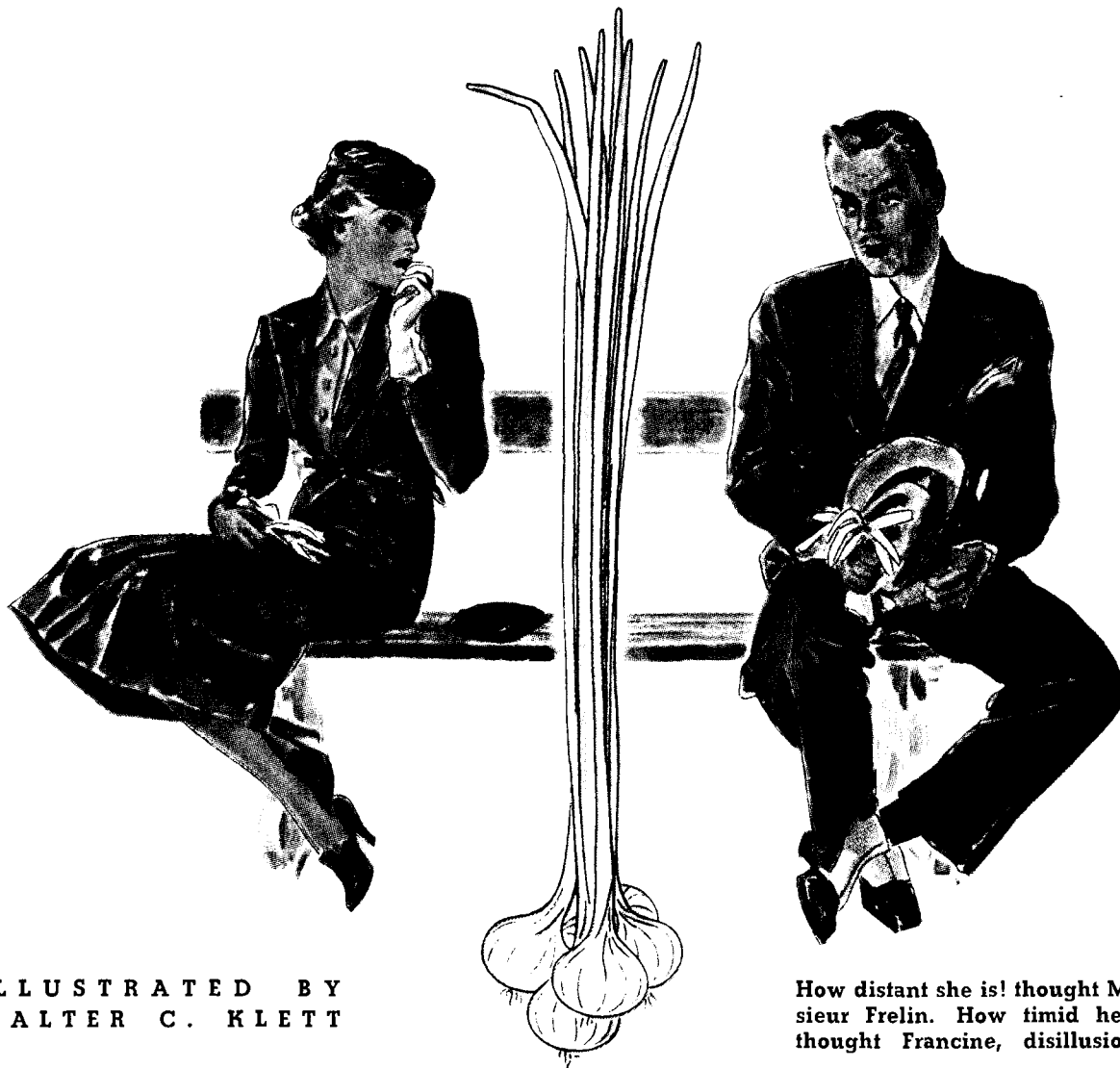
"Stop, my friend, you mustn't talk this way."

But Monsieur Frelin went on. He knew of a delightful spot where they could meet and talk in seclusion. It was the Square of the Trinity, a leafy oasis in the midst of Paris. There was a corner of it where they would be safe from intrusion. They must meet there as soon as possible—tomorrow, say, at two o'clock.

"Tomorrow," Francine repeated.

Recipe for Love

By Henri Duvernois



ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER C. KLETT

How distant she is! thought Monsieur Frelin. How timid he is! thought Francine, disillusioned

Madame Frelin, entering from the kitchen, overheard her.

"What's that about tomorrow?"

"There is going to be an important session of the Chamber," Francine murmured hastily.

Madame Frelin accepted the explanation without comment.

The elaborate meal lasted until ten o'clock. Monsieur Frelin noted with satisfaction that Francine paid his wife as much courteous attention as though she already had something on her conscience. Toward midnight Madame Frelin's head began to nod, but the others went on chatting of inconsequential matters, each enjoying the sound of the other's voice as though it were a caress.

AT TWELVE Monsieur Robinette arrived and broke the enchantment.

"What a dinner!" he cried. "We had quail. Madame Frelin, I don't need to tell you what quail costs now! And how I enjoyed the play! I laughed till the tears streamed down my face. It was called Turkish Bath, and in the first act—"

"Adolph," Francine interrupted, foreseeing a lengthy recital, "we must leave; we have already imposed enough on the Frelins. Come along."

She went into the hall. Monsieur Frelin followed immediately upon the pretext of helping her with her coat.

"When the curtain rose—" Monsieur Robinette began again. But Madame

Frelin interrupted him determinedly:

"I never understand a plot when it's told to me. Your charming wife seemed to be having an unusually good time tonight. I understand that you pay a good deal of attention to the cooking in your household. Why don't you have a surprise for lunch tomorrow? Order a bouillabaisse. I'll give you my secret for making it perfect: you take two leeks, two onions and five cloves of garlic and brown them in a cup of olive oil. After that serve a casserole: cut up six large onions and—"

"Isn't that too much garlic and onions?" inquired Monsieur Robinette.

"What difference? You're both going to eat it. Remember this, my friend: the only people who have to avoid garlic and onions are philanderers who have a rendezvous in the afternoon. Francine is a good wife and she will be delighted."

Next day at lunch Frelin had to consume a garlic sauce and a highly perfumed leg of lamb. And Francine saw with horror the casserole follow the bouillabaisse. When she hesitated, Monsieur Robinette raised his eyebrows.

"The only people who have to avoid onions and garlic," he said, "are philanderers who have planned a rendezvous for the afternoon. Go ahead and eat."

On her side Madame Frelin offered her husband the dishes she had prepared with the implacability of an executioner offering his victim a choice between poison and the ax.

And at two o'clock that afternoon the Square of the Trinity sheltered a couple strangely uneasy and constrained. They seemed unwilling even to look at each other. How distant she is! thought Monsieur Frelin. How timid he is! thought Francine, disillusioned. I only hope he doesn't suddenly try to kiss me; even six raw apples haven't taken away the flavor of that damned garlic. They began a polite conversation as though the others were present.

"YOU must come and have dinner with us sometime," murmured Francine.

Monsieur Frelin replied: "We should be charmed. Your husband is the only one who will be inconvenienced. He attends to everything. My wife, too, attends to everything. It's really a great help—when one has other aspirations; for you and I have other aspirations, haven't we?"

"Yes, of course."

He kept looking in the direction of the rue Saint-Lazare. She looked, no less persistently, in the opposite direction toward the rue de Châteaudun. Gradually it dawned upon both that they were being separated by some mysterious force, which they would never understand, one of those forces that produce the comedies and tragedies of everyday life. They remained silent for a few moments, back to back, and when she looked around again, he had disappeared.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HAPPY Homecoming

WHEN THE WORK OF THE DAY IS OVER
AND YOUR TIME IS ALL YOUR OWN
THEN COMES THE HAPPIEST MOMENT
WHEN YOU REACH THE PLACE CALLED HOME



ANY HOUSE WORTHY OF THE NAME OF HOME
— IS WORTH PROTECTING WITH DUTCH BOY!

"Cheap" Paint Side | Dutch Boy Side



Double House Shows Up "Cheap" Paint

Look what happened when one half of a double house was painted with "cheap" paint and the other with Dutch Boy. Both jobs are two years old. The "cheap" paint job saved the owner \$16 over Dutch Boy. But now it's going to cost him \$160 — for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting. Dutch Boy will continue to protect its side for years to come.

wide variety of new and attractive color schemes. Tells how to get your biggest money's worth when you buy a paint job. Write Dept. 261, in care of nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 261 (See list of branches at left)

Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.
☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

Name _____
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City _____ State _____

HOMEcoming is especially happy — after your house has been newly painted. What a satisfaction to see the old place looking so new and cheerful again — fairly sparkling with color!

But if "cheap" paint has been used, that satisfaction will be short-lived. Look carefully at the left-hand side of the photograph. It shows the kind of shabby trick "cheap" paint always plays on property owners.

When paint goes to pieces like this, there's no way to patch it up. To make the house look respectable again you have to burn and scrape off the worthless paint right down to the wood. Then, before repainting, you have to put on a new priming coat. *Who said "cheap" paint was cheap?*

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gradual chalking. After years, the surface is still smooth and unbroken, an ideal foundation for new paint. That's why the experienced and conscientious painter recommends Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to order for your house and tints it to the color that pleases you best. No one knows paint like a painter.

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WHITE LEAD**
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Collier's, The National Weekly

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Putting on the "HIGH HAT"



From actual photograph of Nash Ambassador Six 4-Door Sedan with trunk

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the Ambassador Eight, on a 125-inch wheelbase, is as big a car as anyone would want to own. Both have the famous Nash "Twin-Ignition" valve-in-head engine. All Nash cars give you oversized hydraulic brakes, the strongest type of steel bodies, extra headroom, seat room—plus vital engineering features you'd expect to find only in the most expensive cars. *Nash gives you more for your money!* See Nash first!

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Groomed for Marriage

Continued from page 10

world the very worst possible front. A girl who wears her hair badly, who deliberately buys severe clothes, who refuses to make up her mouth even a little, and who, above all, looks at most people with a habitually hostile expression, and then blames the world for what she's done herself. After all," he added, "the first thing we would see with a camera obscura would be our outward appearance, and that, when you come down to it, is the visible sign of our inner feelings."

She looked away from him, faint color in her cheeks.

"You're the first person," she said with soft amazement, "who has ever told me I was beautiful." She spoke more briskly. "Do you think people can really change themselves?"

"Don't be silly," said Pender. "That's what happens to them every minute of every day."

HE TURNED about almost into the arms of a short, square, middle-aged man and the tall, blond, nice-looking boy whom he had seen once or twice walking the deck with the girl. An exceptionally nice-looking boy, shyly but cordially ill at ease.

"Oh, hello!" said the girl. She turned to Pender. "This is my father and Dick Woodward—Mr. Woodward. He's traveling with us. And you are Mr. . . . Professor—?"

"Marquette," said Pender. "Pender Marquette. And anything but 'professor,' please. And—I'm sorry—but I don't know your name either."

The girl laughed.

"My name is Sibley," she said. "Joan Sibley, and so my father's name is Sibley, too. At least, he's always told me so—Wallace Sibley." She looked at Pender quickly as if expecting recognition, but he was innocent.

"You run along now and get dressed," said Mr. Sibley. "You're late." He spoke to Pender in the brief accents of one who issues many invitations in the course of the day as a necessary enlargement of his personality, but is relieved when they are not accepted. "Join us

for cocktails in an hour or so, Mr. . . . Professor—? Deck veranda?"

"Sorry," said Pender, "I've already promised some other people. Another time, perhaps."

"I'm afraid there won't be any other," said Mr. Sibley indifferently: "My yacht meets me at St. Thomas tomorrow. We're getting off. Well—goodby." He swung on his heel, followed by the nice-looking boy.

"Well, that's clear!" said Pender to himself. "Absolutely!" It was quite simple. There was the young aristocrat, half in love with the girl, and she with him, but since, in this case, it was a nice aristocrat, he would be afraid the girl would think him after her money, and she, on her part, misunderstanding him, would be incapable of putting him at his ease, of finding out what he really wanted. Probably, she treated him dreadfully. It was quite simple. Young people were so likely to be stupid in difficult situations like this. So inclined, as he—Pender—had hinted to the girl, to look at the world from the inside out instead of from the outside in. It was all heads I win, tails you lose with them.

"If he were five pounds heavier," thought Pender, watching the boy's retreating back, "he would have my exact build."

Pender went to his cabin.

In his shower bath, he said to himself, "What they need—both of them—is a darned good jolt. Something to wake them up."

Dressing slowly, he thought, "I'd like to see more of that girl. She's curiously amenable and candid with the right person. I might help her." Then he laughed at himself. This helping women, as he had also hinted to the girl, was the easiest way of getting into trouble there was. Thank goodness he'd had his disillusioning experiences. Also, thank goodness, he was poor. He wanted no further trouble. It had become warm all of a sudden; warmer even than it had been in the Gulf Stream, and he hesitated a moment between putting on a white dinner coat or a mess jacket. Finally he decided upon the mess jacket.

Americans were great fools about dress! Sheep! Having discovered the mess jacket—the smartest and coolest coat there was for the tropics or summer nights—they had abandoned it almost as promptly as they had taken it up, lest they be mistaken for musicians.

Suddenly Pender felt sad because the Sibleys were getting off at St. Thomas the following morning.

Pender, as cruise lecturer, much to his surprise, was temporarily an officer of the ship, and so frequently ate with the junior officers' mess. He found it an interesting experience. You got a subterranean view of the passenger list. A worm's-eye view, as it were. Mellon, the curly-headed cruise director, had asked him for cocktails and dinner that night. At seven, Pender went up to the smoke room. Mellon was already at a table with two very blond young women and the leader of the orchestra, for the time being off duty.

"HERE'S the professor!" said Mellon cordially, waving a hand. "Sit down. What'll you have? Miss Breslin and Miss Kaye, this is Professor Marquette. Miss Breslin is one of the leading lights of Broadway, and Miss Kaye buys dresses, and both of them drink beautifully, but never too much."

Miss Breslin turned upon him contemptuous long green eyes.

"You are offensive, pet," she said affectionately. "We will lose our reputations."

"You haven't got any with the professor to begin with," said Mellon, "and so don't worry. He's a misogynist."

"Gracious!" said Miss Kaye.

"A woman hater," explained Mellon.

"She pretends," said Miss Breslin, "to be more ignorant than she is. She thinks it's cute."

"Do you know any people on the boat named Sibley?" asked Pender. "A girl, a father, a mother, and a boy named Woodward, traveling with them?"

Out of the corners of his eyes he was aware that Miss Breslin was looking him up and down.

Mellon regarded him with wide Irish eyes. "The Sibleys, and he doesn't know them!" He appealed to the rest of the table. "He's too innocent, this professor. That, my son, is one of the richest girls in America. The old man—"

Miss Breslin interrupted him.

"The boy they've got with them," she said judiciously, sipping her Martini, "is a lamb. I've just met him." She sighed. "Poor dear, I suppose he's being led to the sacrifice. Money isn't worth it. That great, flat-footed girl! He's so shy, the poor lamb, it takes a lot of doing to bring him out." She crinkled her eyelids in a bright, sudden smile. "Maybe it's my duty to bring him out. He's made an engagement with me for ten tonight."

"You mean you did," said Miss Kaye.

PENDER found himself suddenly angry, also, to his embarrassment, blushing.

"She's charming," he muttered, "and very beautiful, only it's a beauty you have to look for."

Mellon stared at him again and laughed helplessly.

"The professor," he said, "has fallen."

"If you don't stop calling me professor," said Pender, "I'll swing on you. I may be a professor, but I used to play end on a football team, and a darned big, tough university team, too."

"All right, sweetheart," grinned Mellon amiably, "Pender, then. And I congratulate you, Pender. There's millions in it for you, and I imagine any respect-

An old Hawaiian war canoe, such as was used by native warriors of a century ago, shown against the Napali cliffs of Kauai.

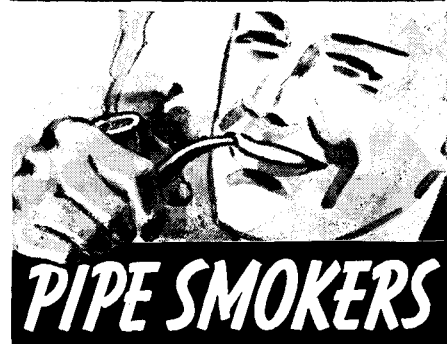


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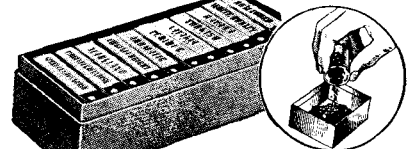
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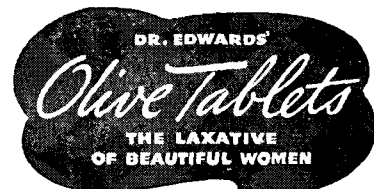


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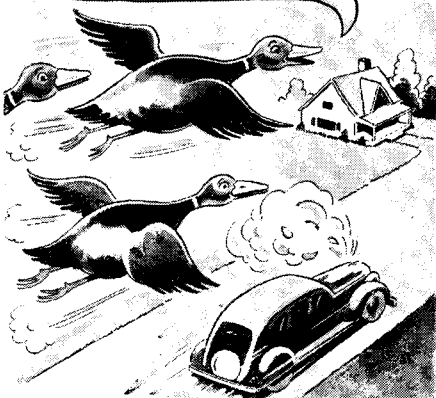
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able man would do. I hope you marry her."

"Yes, why don't you?" said Miss Breslin purringly, her green eyes narrowed. "And I wish," added Mellon, "you'd at least have the decency to put on fancy dress and help us out."

"Why don't you dress as an all-America end?" suggested Miss Breslin.

"Fancy dress?" snorted Pender. "Catch me!"

He looked about the smoke-filled saloon. It was half past seven. Already there was a sprinkling of people in costume, and others were coming in. As he looked toward the wide doors, one on each side of the bar, that led to the rest of the ship, he saw the Sibleys entering, and his heart made a little jump.

Mr. Sibley was wearing a dinner jacket, and the gray-haired woman, whom he took to be Mrs. Sibley, was in evening dress, and young Woodward, like himself, had on a mess jacket and a soft shirt. Pender was gratified, as men are, even professors of psychology, at this confirmation of his tastes. Young Woodward wasn't afraid of wearing a mess jacket either. But this wasn't what had made his heart jump. It was the girl. She had abandoned her Chinese costume and had put on a clinging dress of soft, gay rose; and she had taken his advice. She had parted her hair differently, and had allowed its natural curliness to escape, and she had put some color, just enough, on her lips; and she had accented, just enough, her already long lashes.

PENDER felt triumphant. Even Miss Breslin and Miss Kaye would have to admit that he was right. He watched the party of four as it came nearer on its way to the deck veranda. Mellon, who, as a good cruise director, missed nothing, had noticed the girl, too. For the third time he stared at Pender.

"Maybe," he said thoughtfully, "you're not such a bad picker after all."

Miss Breslin laid a slim, emerald-ringed hand on Pender's sleeve.

"Darling," she said, "will you dance with me a lot after dinner? I have to go now—but after dinner? Just you and young Woodward, I think. I feel romantic, and Mellon treads on girls' feet. You should dance divinely. You're so tall and splendidly aloof." She sighed happily. "A tall dark aloof man, and a tall blond boy! What a night it will be!"

"You make me sick!" said Mellon.

Pender was sardonically amused by the paradox of people who, leaving New York on an eighteen-day vacation, insist upon duplicating, almost every night, the chief horrors and discomforts of New York. The smoke room was crowded to its generous limits. Elbow-joggling, knee-knocking crowded. It took a steward half an hour to return, vaguely, and purely, it seemed, by accident, with your order.

And outside was the loveliest, darkest tropic night, with a wind blowing.

Outside was the night, and yet here was he, Pender, once more at a table with Mellon, and Miss Breslin, and Miss Kaye, and one of the assistant pursers, and a new girl just like Miss Breslin and Miss Kaye except that she was a brunette instead of a blonde.

"Will you dance?" said Pender abruptly to Miss Breslin. Once he got her on the floor, he was sure she would be snatched from his arms by eager partners, many of them ships' officers. Miss Breslin's appeal was international. Then he would be able to hunt, not too openly, for the girl. He had seen her dancing with young Woodward and with other men. The charm, evidently, was still working. Once, dancing past his table, she had smiled down at him fleetingly, as if they possessed a secret in common.

Miss Breslin danced insinuatingly, but Pender realized that so far it was not

personal but merely technique. The meager circle devoted to dancing was so crowded you could barely move.

Suddenly Miss Breslin paused. She said, "They're going to do something."

The orchestra had fallen silent, and the dancing couples stood apart, waiting expectantly, and then there was a long roll from the drums, and a tall man in scarlet satin evening coat stepped forward and clapped his hands. A tall man with the melancholy overworked face of a city horse whose job keeps it up until dawn. Pender had heard that the tall man ran a night club in Chicago. The lights went out and a spotlight was thrown on the scarlet figure.

"Folks!" said the tall man, "the evening's entertainment is just beginning. Pretty soon we will see the professional talent that has been gathered together to entertain you on this cruise." He spread wide his arms in astonishment. "A million dollars' worth of youth, beauty and skill! But until then, folks, we want to get you together—we want you to get to know each other, and so for two minutes"—his equine face split startlingly into a grin—"just two minutes, we're going to dance in the dark. The timorous," he concluded, "can resume their seats; the adventurous can continue. But don't trip, folks, or fall, or do anything you'll regret." He looked at his wrist watch. "And for future testimony, in case you need it, it is now exactly ten minutes to ten."

The spotlight vanished.

"Good lord!" murmured Pender. "I'm glad I played football!"

In the murmuring darkness, punctuated with laughter, the orchestra swung into a slow rumba, and before Pender's eyes, blinded by the sudden change, was a little circle of imagined whiteness in which were four figures, just seen; the girl, Joan, immediately to his left, a strange youth beside her; and just beyond, young Woodward and Mrs. Sibley, who had been dancing together.

The girl, Joan, in her soft, gay dress, radiant and smiling.

Pender turned instinctively toward Miss Breslin, and then, as clear-cut as

the circle of imagined whiteness in which he had seen the four figures, the figure of Joan so close, another vision came to him: an idea reckless and breath-taking; a determination unlike his ordinary cool-headed self. He turned back, his arms outstretched, and found the Sibley girl, and began to dance with her. She was strong, and slim, and danced beautifully. In the darkness they were pressed close together by the milling crowd. He could not see her face, but he could feel her flower-like breath. "And why not?" he asked himself. She might hate him, but it was a gay party, and she needed some awakening, even as mild a one as he intended. Yes—why not? It would be good for her. He smiled in the darkness, and drew her nearer, and finding her mouth, kissed her; at first lightly, and then, deeply.

He had never done such a thing before in his life. He had never even imagined doing such a thing. A little kiss, perhaps, but not this. He was frightened. He hoped it wasn't the champagne he had been drinking.

AND now a new amazement overlaid his amazement at himself. For a moment the girl had stiffened, and then something deep, too, and tender had moved up through her to him. Something released and eager and enveloping.

"I wonder!" thought Pender incredulously. "It can't be—not so soon!"

"Darling!" said the girl softly, and then she drew back from him. Her hand had slipped from his shoulder and was moving gently down the sleeve of his mess jacket. She laughed quietly. "It's you, Dick, isn't it?" she whispered in a different tone. "Yes, of course!"

Pender kept on dancing. In a moment the lights would be up. He must think fast. They had hardly moved from where they had started. That was one thing. Another was that she would never, of course, at least not for a long while, ask young Woodward about this moment of darkness. . . . He must think fast! He perceived what an egotistical ass he had been for an instant. It had been the mess jacket that had fooled



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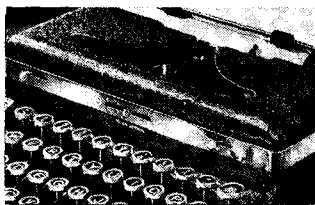
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VICKS medicated **COUGH DROP**

her, and his height, and his build. Yes, of course! And now she would have no more hesitancy with young Woodward. No more trouble. His—Pender's—act of charity, of bravado; the small psychological experiment had turned out even better than expected. . . . He must think fast!

He circled once more to the right, and kissing the girl again, abruptly, lightly and gaily, to make her assurance doubly sure, stepped back from her into the crowd, and caroming off from a dancing couple, sought as best he could the spot where he had left Miss Breslin.

As the lights went up, he saw that young woman, not four feet away, looking cross and bewildered.

"That's my idea of a washout!" she announced.

He seized her and began to dance with her vigorously and in silence. How different women were when you held them in your arms!

"You lose your man," complained Miss Breslin. "You lose your breath. People bump into you—you lose everything but honor. What happened to you?"

"I was looking for you," said Pender.

Miss Breslin raised incredulous eyes. "Yeah?" she said. "Well, you're about the poorest looker I've ever met."

PENDER came to a quick decision. He didn't think much of young Woodward for preferring Miss Breslin to the girl, but then, as Miss Breslin had said, young Woodward was abnormally shy. And after all, the girl was in love with him—that was the point.

"Are you ever serious?" he asked. The green eyes raised themselves to his mockingly:

"Oh, darling, how can I tell? I've met so few football ends—and professors."

"No," said Pender. "I mean it."

It was so necessary—so absolutely necessary it seemed to him—to keep young Woodward and his accomplished siren apart. To give the girl and Woodward, unhampered, their opportunity.

"Mean what?"

The green eyes were not so mocking. Pender stammered. He had difficulty finding the words.

"I mean—" he stammered. "Do you—look here! Are you infatuated with young Woodward? Is it important for you to keep your engagement with him?"

The green eyes narrowed and he saw the delicate chin harden.

"What do you mean—infatuated? Is it infatuation to go out on deck with a boy for an hour or so?"

Pender was about to go on. He still liked to think that you could appeal to almost anyone's sporting instinct. If he should explain to Miss Breslin how important all this was! Then he looked at the green eyes and red, thin mouth and changed his mind.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It was merely a personal question." "Personal?"

"Yes. I was just wondering." Now that he had started, he found himself glib. "He's very young—younger than you. He's getting off at St. Thomas tomorrow." He laughed softly. "Men don't like to be substitutes—I never did, even when I was a sophomore."

The green eyes widened; then the lashes fell across them.

"It's too late now," she said. "Here he comes—but I'll be on board all the rest of the trip."

"Not good enough!" said Pender.

He watched her and Woodward as they went out in the direction of the deck. For a moment he hesitated before he walked quickly through the dancing couples and went out on deck himself, but on the opposite side from the one Miss Breslin and Woodward had chosen. The soft, strong wind was still blowing. Pender walked aft and for a moment stood looking at the wake. Then he abruptly

turned about and strode toward the bow. Leaning on the rail, looking out as he had been a moment before, were Miss Breslin and young Woodward.

"Sorry," he said, "but you promised me this dance."

They faced him astonished. "But—" said Miss Breslin. "But I've just danced with you."

Young Woodward stepped forward angrily.

"What in—" he began.

Pender paid no attention to him. He was staring into the green eyes with a level, questioning glance.

"This dance," he repeated slowly.

For an instant the green eyes met his resentfully, then they fell.

"Yes—" said Miss Breslin a trifle breathlessly. "That's true."

Pender turned to Woodward. "Sorry," he said and, tucking Miss Breslin's arm under his, started down the deck in the direction of the smoke room.

Miss Breslin was silent, then she said, "I don't believe Mellon was right about you after all." Suddenly she asked, "What are you laughing about?"

"I?" said Pender. "I'm not laughing."

But he was. He was laughing at himself. Funny, wasn't it? Sardonic! This idea he had had of awakening a girl; this disreputable trick—half made from champagne and cigarette smoke, and dancing—this idea he had had a quarter of an hour ago of awakening the girl, Joan, and then to find that it was he who had been the principal victim of the experiment. And once you started that sort of thing, you never knew when you were going to end, for here, although for directly opposite reasons, and what he thought worthy ones, he was deliberately tampering with the calloused emotions of Miss Breslin.

For the first time in his life he seemed destined to be a habitual experimenter with women, didn't he? Nor did he like it. Miss Breslin, for instance—what in the world was he going to do with her all the rest of this interminable voyage?

THE harbor of St. Thomas is a half-moon, the blue hills encircling it. And along the half-moon, at its center, is the yellow and red stuccoed town. By dawn the great palms stand up straight and tall as if waiting for the sun. Pender never missed a tropic dawn in a tropic harbor if he could help it.

A quarter of a mile out in the harbor a white yacht lay at anchor. Pender saw a boat put out from it in the direction of the Mirabeau. Someone came and stood beside him. He looked around to find the girl Joan Sibley. She was dressed to leave the ship.

"You're up early," he said.

"We're leaving early." She spoke hurriedly, uncertainly. "I had so hoped to find you. I was half on the point of sending a note to your cabin."

"A note to my cabin?"

"Yes—you see we'll be at Barbados awhile, and I forgot to tell you I hope . . . That is, if you'd like to see us—"

"Barbados?" said Pender. "That will be nice." He felt he was being uncordial. "Very nice. Yes—surely. I'll look forward to it."

Uncordial—but he couldn't see this girl again. It was too much. He would have to forget her.

There was an awkward moment.

"Well, goodbye," she said. She held out her hand. "You were a dear," she said, "to give me all that advice yesterday. It's helped me a lot already."

Already? That was quick work. She and young Woodward had wasted no time, had they? Yes, they had him—Pender—to thank for it.

Without wanting to, Pender found himself speaking crossly. "If you'd only told me directly," he said, "who it was that was troubling and bewildering you, I could probably have been of more help

without being put to so much trouble."

Her eyes were puzzled and hurt.

"Trouble? I'm sorry. I didn't know it was so much trouble."

Pender spoke hurriedly. "No, of course it wasn't any trouble. I don't know what I was talking about. I didn't mean it that way."

She seemed on the point of saying something more, watching his face, and there was another awkward moment.

What a coltish sort of person she was at times. What was she waiting for?

"Well—goodby," said Pender.

"Goodby."

He turned back to the rail. He heard her footsteps diminishing along the deck. Well, that was that! Was it? . . . No, it wasn't! It wasn't bearable. He whirled as quickly as if he had caught a pass, and ran down the deck. He overtook her just as she was going through a door.

"Wait a minute!" he commanded.

No, it wasn't "that's that" at all! The world was too large to let a person go like that. He was as good a man as any. He didn't care if she was the richest girl alive, he earned his own living. He didn't care if she was in love—or half in love—with half a dozen young Woodwards. He'd give the young Woodwards a run for their money. He was as good a man as any. He'd tell her about it, anyway. You didn't feel this way about a girl as suddenly as all this unless it was important. At least, he didn't.

She was looking at him with wide, startled eyes.

"I wanted to tell you," he said breathlessly, "that of course I'd see you in Barbados—naturally, I'll see you in Barbados. And I'm going to take you around St. Thomas this morning. I know it well. Can I—may I?"

She seemed to shrink a little into herself. Her lashes fell across her eyes.

"Oh!" she said. "And is that all?"

"No," said Pender, "not half." He tried to recover his poise. "Curiously enough," he said dryly, "I'm in love with you."

He expected her to be sorry for him; to be gentle, perhaps, and condoling. To refuse perhaps—because it would be unwise—to let him show her St. Thomas. Then he saw that her mouth was trembling and that her eyes, searching his face, were huge.

"Forgive me," he said. "I know—but I couldn't help it."

Her eyes still searched his face.

"I wonder—" she said. "Do you make love to all girls the first time you meet them? Do you make girls happy—ones who think they are unattractive—and then do that? I wonder. You don't look like a person who would, but—"

PENDER stepped back indignantly. His mouth was grim.

"What do you mean?"

She faltered and looked down.

"I wondered it last night," she said uncertainly. "I wondered when I danced with you. I was afraid."

"Oh!" said Pender. He frowned thoughtfully. Then she had known all along, and had answered him for a moment, and had been afraid! He understood perfectly. Of course she would be afraid. Of course she would try to cover up her moment of self-revelation.

"Look at me," he said abruptly.

She raised her eyes.

"You may not believe it," he said solemnly, "but never before in my life have I kissed a woman like that, or done what I am doing now."

She drew in her breath.

"A woman!" she said. "Yes—I feel oddly like one all of a sudden." Her mouth twisted in a little smile. "A woman, I guess, who wants you terribly to be in love with her."

Around the corner of the deck appeared Mr. Sibley, bustling, indignant, searching everywhere. "Well, what in the name of— Where in the world have you been?" he asked. "Your mother's waiting, I'm waiting. The boat's waiting— Good morning, Mr.—Professor—" "Marquette," said Pender.



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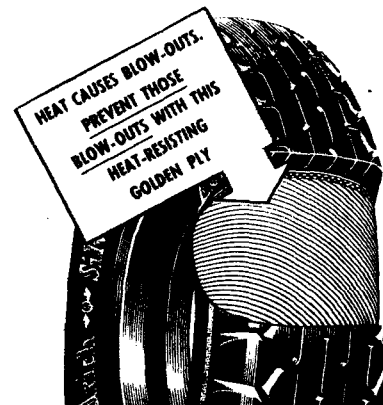
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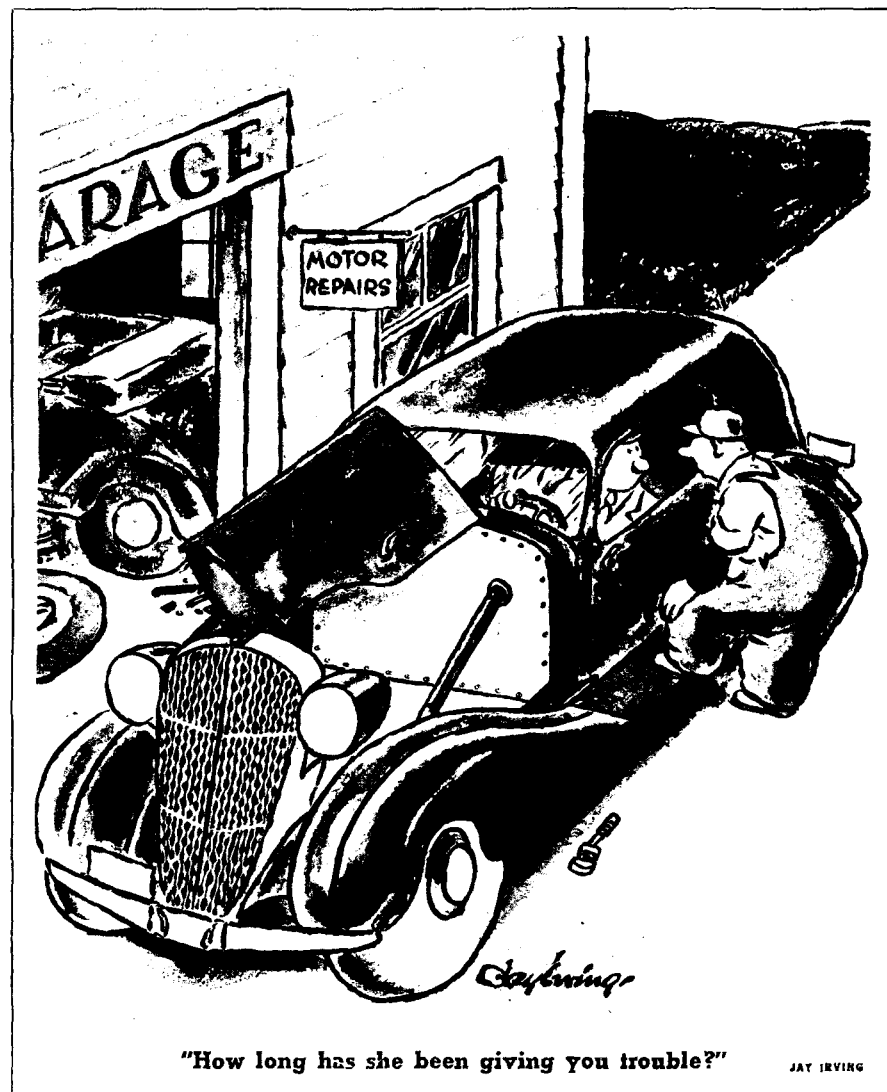


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She came over and sat down upon the arm and said: "Old silly Willie." Then she leaned down, with her arm around his neck

VI

BILL listened to the high smooth voice explaining—just one wordy lawyer to another—how regrettable this whole thing was; and how reluctantly George Crane had found himself involved.

"I feel that I must make it quite clear, Mr. Keith, that if this came to the alternative, these suits that Mrs. Adams seems determined on, this bringing Miss Carlisle in, it would not be the type of case with which I would care to be identified."

Bill looked at the pale chill eyes again. He thought: "The hell you wouldn't." But he didn't let it show.

"In fact," the voice went on, "with Mr. Adams and my brother such close friends, I could not under any circumstances be involved."

Bill looked at Greg but Greg was simply sitting there behind his pipe.

George Crane said: "So I would have much preferred to step out but I felt—I still feel, strongly—that if I declined to represent her, Mrs. Adams would seek counsel elsewhere and at once, from someone who, in view of the publicity, might be unscrupulous enough—"

Bill brought him to the point. He said: "How much does Mrs. Adams ask?"

It sounded like a coarse, crude interruption to this

The Story Thus Far:

THREE years after Greg Adams marries Rita Wells, his best friend, Hugh Carlisle, is killed in an airplane crash. To save Hugh's sister, June, from financial difficulties, Greg tries to induce her to start a dressmaking business—she to furnish the brains, he to put up the sum of twenty thousand dollars. She declines the offer.

Before approaching June relative to his idea, Greg tells Perry Crane—into whose Florida real-estate development, Castle Key, he has put three hundred thousand dollars—that he must have twenty thousand dollars in cash. Crane, a smooth promoter, is interested, far too much interested, in Rita. Guessing the reason for Greg's need of money, he promptly informs her of his suspicions. Whereupon, following a stormy scene—during which Rita accuses Greg of having an affair with June—she leaves her home and, presumably, goes to her father.

To Greg's surprise, Crane's brother, George—a suave, unscrupulous lawyer—informs him that Rita, using him as her legal representative, is planning to sue him for divorce—naming June Carlisle as co-respondent!

Later, after Greg has left, Perry and George discuss the situation at length. Perry has embezzled—and lost—two thirds of Greg's investment in Castle Key; certain that he will be found out, sooner or later, he believes (after listening to George for a time) that if, after the divorce, he can marry Rita, he can gain control of her money, and much of Greg's—and thereby save himself.

The idea occurs to both men, however, that much of Greg's fortune (they assume that he is wealthy, whereas, in reality, he is not) may be tied up in a trust fund. They hope it is not. If it is, George has a suggestion to make. He makes it. It is, in essence, that Perry marry Greg Adams' widow!

Castle Key

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

polished discourse but the small man didn't hesitate. He said: "Three hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Keith."

Three hundred thousand dollars! Bill's eyes jerked instinctively across to Greg, but Greg had puffed a smoke-screen out and so you couldn't tell. The voice went on, as smoothly as before, but Bill saw that these odd, disturbing eyes were probing deep for their reaction.

George Crane said: "That was the amount that Mrs. Adams stipulated as a minimum, in cash or its equivalent. At once. That may be difficult for you—I have no way of knowing, Mr. Adams—but I feel that I must tell you frankly that if settlement should be delayed, Mrs. Adams might at any time decide on legal steps. I feel quite sure, in fact, that nothing could dissuade her."

George Crane rose. Everything was very smooth and legal and correct; and most regrettable. The man put out his hand and Bill was reaching toward the table for a cigarette. Greg shook hands, though. Greg said: "I'm sorry that you had to get mixed up in this. We'll get in touch with you tomorrow. I appreciate your attitude, of course. Thank Perry for me, too, for what he tried to do."

Bill thought: "You poor damn' fool!" The thought



ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

"Get going," George Crane said. He closed the back door after Perry

welled up in him so hard he almost choked, he almost had to yell it out. The poor damn' fool! Three hundred thousand dollars and he shook hands with the fellow. Thanks, old man. Thank Perry for me, too. Ye Gods! This holdup was so rank that anybody else could smell it fourteen miles and know that it came back to Perry Crane and all he had been building up for weeks with Rita. But you couldn't tell old Greg! Not Greg! Greg thought this Perry guy was fine; he trusted him; he sent him a bouquet. Bill thought: "You couldn't even tell him now. He'll dig that money up and it will break him and he'll never let me say a word."

RUSTY came back from the door and Bill heard George Crane's taxi cough and start. Bill said: "That was Mr. Perry's brother, Rusty. That was Mr. George Crane. Did you ever stick your hand in a nice, cold quart of oysters?" Greg said: "Rusty, Mr. Bill just means he wants a drink."

Bill sat there getting steamed up, thinking: "I will tell this poor dumb clown a few words if I have to climb right up his frame and yell them in his ear." He looked at Greg. The steam rose more, because the poor dumb clown could grin.

Greg said: "You getting up steam, Bill?"

He told Bill: "Wait a minute, guy, before you pop off. You sat in on this as

my attorney. All right; be it for a minute or two longer, will you?"

"No," Bill told him, "I've resigned. I've had to give my legal practice up because I've got acute indigestion, Mr. Adams. Seeing you shake hands with Mr. Shark-eye Crane with love and kisses to his Mr. Brother Perry made my stomach indisposed."

"All right then, you resign. But if you hadn't, just exactly what in hell would you advise?"

"Advise?"

"That's what you have a lawyer for."

It took Bill's steam down, all right. And it was the question after all and one there didn't seem to be any reasonable answer to.

Bill said: "All right. I just advise another drink, I guess. Unless—" He paused, then said in slow words, "Maybe we're just being kids, Greg. And it's not a kid's age. And—three hundred thousand dollars is some big gesture, guy."

Greg didn't answer and Bill kept his eyes upon his glass. He said: "Rita couldn't make that suit stick; you know that. The proof has got to be conclusive. You could fight it and you'd win. And June could bring suit for slander. Oh, the law protects the innocent, all right."

"Except from headlines, Bill."

"I know what June would say. I mean that, Greg. She'd stick her head up and she'd say no reputation in the world was worth three hundred thousand dollars. Scandal? It's just called publicity these

days and pretty transient anyway; and anyway nobody seems to give a damn."

Greg said: "Publicity. Sure; that's the way to look at it! It really would be giving June a break. With all those Sunday pictures in the papers maybe she might get a crack at even Hollywood. Sure that's the way to figure it."

Bill grinned. He said: "I had to tell you. If you pay up, it's a pretty good-sized gesture."

As he used the word a second time, Bill thought of Hugh. Greg would be thinking of him too. If Greg was feeling noble over this he'd bring Hugh into it, the gesture Hugh had made, and if he mentioned that it would sound pretty noble, pretty maudlin, pretty lousy.

What Greg said was, "Nuts."

A fool like that could warm you sometimes, Bill thought, like a straight stiff drink. Greg would go broke for this, but all that he would ever say was, "Nuts." Bill told him carefully: "Oh, go to hell." Bill said: "The service in this dump is pretty lousy, too."

GREG waited until Rusty brought him in his drink. He said: "You see, Bill? First you wanted to pop off; but what good is it? Then you made your little speech about the gestures and that wasn't much good either. When you're in a spot like this there isn't anything to do, when you get down to it, but pay up, is there?"

"No. You'd be a skunk, I guess."

Greg laughed. It had a funny sound. He said: "I couldn't scrape up fifty thousand dollars, Bill. Except the trust fund, which I can't crack, everything I've got is in Castle Key."

Bill said: "Good lord!" He thought: "With Perry Crane!"

"And so it isn't quite so simple, Bill. And so I guess we've got to talk about a thing that's going to be hell to talk about." He tapped his pipe out and continued, slowly: "Marriage is a pretty complex business these days, Bill. I didn't make a go of it and so I guess I didn't learn. But I know this much: if there isn't faith there isn't anything." He paused and said surprisingly: "So we get back to Perry Crane."

Bill fiddled with his glass and it was better not to answer.

Greg said: "I've known that Rita has been around with Perry, times when I've been flying, doing things she didn't care about or when I didn't feel like stepping. I've known what you've thought about it, too. But you see, Bill, that's where faith comes in. The way we leap around these days, you've got to trust your wife, unless you want to live a rotten little peeping sort of life. The hell with who she's with. You don't trust any man. You trust her; she's the one. And if you don't you haven't got a marriage."

Bill said: "That's got to work both ways, Greg. And you did the trusting all alone. Sure; you trusted. And good God! Look what she's doing to you."

Greg said, slowly: "Yes, that makes me out a pretty noble, fair-haired boy, Bill. Trusting, noble, and repaid like this. Sure."

"It's the truth."

Greg said: "Like hell it is."

Bill looked up in surprise. He saw dark red creep up Greg's face. Greg said: "The fair-haired boy. Like hell I am!" Bill stared at him. Greg's words came slow and bitter. "Bill, the night that Rita left, the night you tried to tell me you had seen her car at Perry's, I

drove over there. I sat there in the car, Bill. There were lights in the apartment and I tried to turn around and drive back home."

He stopped and Bill stayed quiet, giving him a chance to get it off his chest.

Greg said: "I couldn't make it, Bill. And that's the noble kind of trust the fair-haired boy had! And I found she'd been there with her father!"

You could see that it was hard for him to talk about, all right. He said: "We didn't have it; either of us, Bill. Three years, and still we didn't have it. So that's why I haven't tried to see her; why I haven't tried to glue it back together. We—we didn't have a marriage."

Bill thought: "He really means that. He can sit there, seriously thinking he is half to blame. He loves her and she does this to him and he says: 'I guess we didn't have a marriage.' And he thinks that it's been his fault." Bill thought: "Damn her."

Greg said: "So you see, that's how it stood, Bill, how I thought until he said three hundred thousand dollars."

"So you shook hands with him!"

"If I'd told him that I couldn't pay he would have thought I meant I wouldn't pay," Greg said. "You heard him; what he said about the alternative. And I had to have some time to think."

Bill said: "I've thought already. All there is to think is it's a holdup. Worse. It's kidnapping. They're holding June—her reputation—up for ransom. They—"

Greg laughed. He said: "The Crane gang, Bill. Is that it? Villains and a plot and a deluded woman and a crooked lawyer. All you need, Bill, is a corpse."

Bill didn't laugh. He thought: "A corpse." He thought of George Crane and those still, blank, ruthless eyes; and he felt queer and cold inside. He said: "Greg, did you watch that fellow's eyes?"

GREG laughed again. He said: "You've got a complex, clown. This fellow's just a lawyer. Being Perry's brother doesn't come into it. He was there, that's all, and had a swell case tossed right in his lap. The more he gets for her the more his fee will be, that's all." He paused, then said: "And Perry. Look, Bill, I am Perry's business partner in a deal that may mean millions for us and we need more money for it, now. Well, do you think a man as smart as Perry Crane would choose a time like this to try to get my wife to wreck my bank roll? Use some logic!"

"The hell with logic," Bill told him, stubbornly.

Greg said, surprisingly: "All right, the hell with logic; for there's someone back of this. I've got to think so, even though it won't make sense, because I won't believe it's Rita. This is low, Bill; this is blackmail; this is ransom as you said, and that's not Rita. So I've got to see her. Got to make her see what this thing is she's doing; got to find out who's responsible. And, Bill, I don't know where she is."

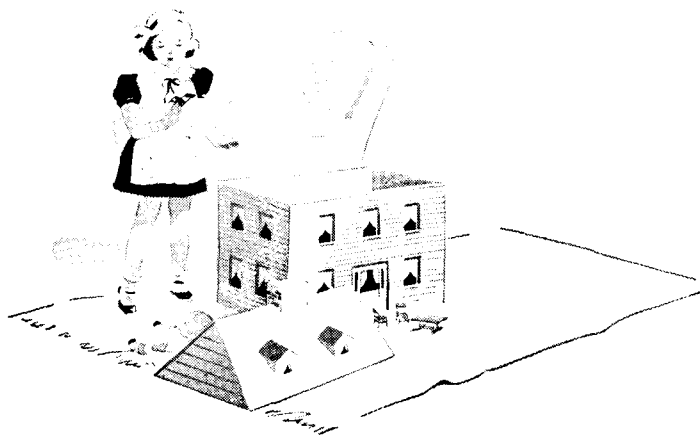
Bill said: "She went to Perry Crane's that night. She left there with him. He knows where she went."

"He said she wouldn't tell him."

"He's a liar. And I'll beat it out of him," Bill said.

"You're crazy."

Bill said: "This is my affair, too, Greg. It's June's affair and if it's hers it's mine." He paused and said, more calmly: "All the logic in the world can't make me think it isn't somehow Perry



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Crane; and if it is, it's something deep and you have got to know it. If he lied about not knowing where she went and if he's seeing her, that proves it, Greg; and I'll find out." He added slowly: "And without his knowing it."

There wasn't any doubt about what Bill intended and Greg couldn't meet his eyes. Greg thought: "You try to live a pretty average sort of life. You take your breaks and give the other fellow his. You live along and think the game has rules and if you don't hit low no one will gouge you back. And here you are listening to your best friend telling you he means to put detectives on your business partner; hoping he can trail him—to your wife!"

Greg said: "I guess I never thought I'd feel so low, Bill."

PERRY said: "Well? Well?" George Crane walked past him to the living room and sat down. Perry stood before him and his voice, the hand that held his cigarette, betrayed his nervousness. He said, again: "Well? Is it all right? Will we get it?"

George surveyed him coldly and it was among his minor pleasures not to answer him; to keep him in suspense. He said: "These little legal matters tire me. I'd like some brandy, Perry."

"Will we get it? Will he pay? For God's sake, George!"

"About this other little matter, first," George said.

"What other little matter? Damn you—"

"Why, this brandy, now," George said, "or did I mention it?"

Perry shut his teeth together and went out to get it. He thought: "Ever since he was a boy and tortured flies and bugs." He came back with it and poured out a drink and held on to himself; but George could see how hard it was.

George laughed. He said: "Oh, yes, this little conference. Well, they are very nice boys, Perry. Mr. Adams is a nice boy and the legal little Mr. Keith, too. Nice."

"Then it was easy, George? I told you! Easy!"

George said: "Don't be naïve, Perry. Three hundred thousand anything is never easy, little man. Especially dollars. All I said was they were nice." He sniffed the brandy with his eyes half closed. He said: "And maybe too damn' nice."

"Then—?"

GEORGE said: "Oh, we parted very friendly, Perry. But the legal little gentleman was looking elsewhere when I had my hand out."

"Well, who cares? As long as they don't—don't—"

"Suspect?" George asked. "You mean suspect? Your funny little mind won't even let you use a word like that where you're concerned. Eh, Perry? No; I don't believe that they suspect you've been a dirty double-crossing thief." He looked at Perry, smiling as he saw his brother's hands clench. He went on: "The trouble was they were too placid, Perry, too refined. You see, three hundred thousand bucks is very vital dough. To anyone. It's like a raw nerve and when someone touches it you are supposed to lose your poise and scream. But not these boys. They never even turned a hair, and I don't like it."

"Then you think—"

"I think they think that I may be a very undesirable fellow, Perry, and the type who'd jack this price up for the fee there would be in it. Fancy now! I think—I'll tell you what I think: I think this little lawyer Keith will try to see the little lady, hoping he can talk her down." He paused and smiled and said: "Unethical as hell, too, to approach my client. If he does I simply couldn't know him socially."

"They don't know where she is, George," Perry said.

"Well, they can try to find out. And you'd give it quite a try for all that money. Perry, if this Keith got to her, or the husband, she would never stick it out the way things are now. They could make it look too much like blackmail. And she's not that kind. The way things are, she'd wind up in his arms again and pretty soon my little brother would be just a nobby number in a striped suit."

"You wouldn't give a damn."

"Why, Perry! All I'm doing for you! Just to get you out of this and see you nicely wed and making millions out of Castle Key."

"And you'll be using this one slip of mine for blackmail all my life."

George laughed. He said: "Yes; all your life."

"You—you—"

"Shut up," George said. He leaned back in his chair, his eyes closed. Even brandy couldn't warm or change that clammy face, and, looking at him, Perry shivered, thinking: "God, if I had only gone to Greg, at first. Greg could have seen how anyone can make a slip. And now it is too late. And now he's got me, all my life."

George sat up, saying: "Perry, if they find her, it has got to be too late. You hear? Too late."

Perry was near terror at the meaning that might lie behind those words. He felt himself grow cold. He felt the horrible paralysis of some black dream, when everything within you struggles desperately to make a sound, a move, to break the spell.

George laughed. He said: "What did you think I meant, my jumpy little brother? Ghosts? I mean too late, that's all. Too late for her to fall into his arms again. Too late for anyone but you." He laughed again. He said: "I wouldn't think I'd have to make my meaning any clearer."

Perry stared at him and every decent instinct urged him to get up and smash that white face to pulp, to smash those eyes closed, once and for all; to still that horrible and piping voice. He half rose in his chair and George said: "Sit down, fool."

He said it coolly, with contempt. He'd dominated Perry all his life. He always

would. He said, now: "All that you contribute to this little partnership is just your great big dreamy eyes. No brains. No little tantrums. Just your eyes. And now's the time to roll them, brother; for a million dollars. Do I have to draw a diagram, you fool? This little lady's pure and sweet and everything you say; but she's a woman, Perry. She's a desperately hurt, unhappy, lonesome woman. But you love her, Perry. With a great love. All right; go out there and let her use your shoulder. Get her crying. Cry yourself, you fool. That should be easy for you, Perry. And they love a strong man's tears." He paused; his lips curled cynically. He reached out slowly for the brandy bottle. Then his eyes came back to Perry. He said: "When you've had a good cry, break right down and tell her all."

"What? Tell her—"

GEORGE said: "You are about to hear a mind that really works." He laughed and said: "Why, sure. Why, that's it, Perry. Listen! Everything you've done has been because of your great love. It's her father who has been the crook. See? He's been in the market and he's lost his all and you found out he had been dipping into Castle Key for dough to try to get it back. Her father, see? And it would kill him if he ever thought his little daughter knew it. All right; and the way things are with Adams, if he finds out, he will use it for a club. He'll hold it over her to force her to divorce him without alimony; with a broken, disgraced father. Wrong would triumph, Perry, if it weren't for you and your great love. You were prepared to take the blame, see? Nobly. But it's this way! If she's firm, the husband has to pay this money and we'll put it back and he will never know." He paused and finally poured his drink and held it to the light, appreciatively. He said: "Well; that's a mind that really works." He looked up from his glass. He said: "Get going, Perry."

He was sitting there when Perry left. He heard the door close and the faint click of the automatic elevator, and he sipped with satisfaction. Suddenly, as if a thought had struck him, he got up and walked quickly to the window. Looking down he saw that Perry was



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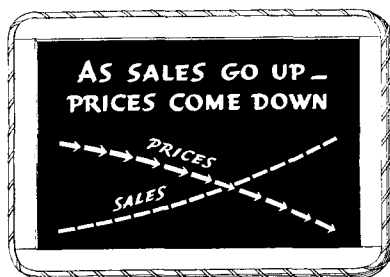
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just getting in his car. He raised the window but it was too late. The car door closed and Perry couldn't hear him. Thoughtfully he watched its progress down the street and saw a taxi opposite start too, the same direction. He leaned out to watch his brother's green car turn the corner. When the taxi turned too, he slowly closed the window and went back and sat down. For a long time, lost in thought, he didn't even touch his brandy.

BILL said: "It hasn't anything to do with you at all, June; or the row they had the other night at all, except I guess you have to have a last one. Things just kept piling up with them until they're getting a divorce, that's all. He wants it, too." He paused and added, reasonably: "Why, good lord! If it had anything to do with you, I'd tell you, wouldn't I?"

"No, Willie. Not if you could help it. Not if you imagined it was clean and noble not to."

When she called him Willie it was bad. He lit a cigarette, to occupy his eyes and thought a shrewd one up. He said, and laughed: "I hate to disappoint you if you get a wallop out of thinking you had anything to do with busting up a happy home." It sounded pretty shrewd. He laughed again to give the thing an air of humorous finality.

"You silly-looking ox," June said.

She stood up, pointing at him: "Don't you think I know this thing's a mess? And I am in it? And you think you're being very noble, you and Greg. We mustn't let our little Junie know! Keep everything from little June except about the flowers and the beesies! Boo!"

Bill sat there looking at her.

She walked toward him. He was leaning back in old Judge Tremble's comfortable leather chair. He didn't move and she came over and sat down upon the arm and said: "Old silly Willie." Then she leaned down, with her arm around his neck, and hope is very hard to kill. Bill tried desperately not to think: "It might be different this time." But he thought it, just the same. But when her lips met his it wasn't any different. Her lips were soft and sisterly and cool for him; and it would always be the same.

June went across the room and sat down, waiting. The judge had left the makings on the desk and Bill got up and built himself a swift firm drink. He said: "Well, when you've got a lousy thing to tell I guess the best way is to tell it."

June said: "Straight, Bill. All of it. The way we've always done."

"Yes, it's a mess, June."

"Yes."

HE TOLD her quietly with no soft words to break the fall. She listened without drama to a thing that might affect her whole life; to the sort of thing that never should have happened within miles of her. Bill thought: "Slogan for our generation: 'We can take it.'" And it made him pretty proud.

He said, at last: "Well, there you are, June."

"Yes. Yes, there I am. An 'other woman.' I'm an 'other woman,' Bill."

Then suddenly she laughed. It was a little high; a little off key, and Bill looked at her and got up. There had been a lot to stand these last days, without cracking. Bill walked over and said: "Hang on, June."

She laughed again. She said: "It's only just now struck me, Bill; the funny part. I'm Greg's. Greg's 'other woman.' Don't you see, Bill? Greg's!"

Bill stood there looking down at her. He felt scared; scared and helpless. Everybody had a cracking point, and if she cracked now, it was his fault. If she cracked now, he would only be a helpless mass of hands and feet.

She looked up at him and said: "I'm all right. Don't stand there with your eyes bugged out at me. I wouldn't have the least idea of how to go about hysterics. I'm just trying to be modern and laugh. That's modern, isn't it? And cynical? To laugh? But Greg's, Bill! Don't you see?"

Bill said: "You're telling me you love him. Well, I guess I've known it for a long time, June."

Her eyes were steady, now. She said: "I've known it for a long time too, Bill. Always, maybe. And that's—that's the funny part." Her voice was still a little high and breathless. She said: "It's—it's like a play or something. Bill; a comedy; with everybody loving somebody who loves somebody else."

Bill said: "Well, maybe not a comedy."

He turned toward the desk. June said: "Oh, Bill! I'm sorry, Bill."

He grinned at her, the bottle in his hand above his glass.

He didn't mix the drink, though. He sat down and June said: "What will happen, Bill? I don't mean to me. She can't do anything to me that matters. It's—it's Greg. He loves her, Bill. And she's done this to him."

"She's done it all right. And the final touch was having Perry followed—finding out it's Perry. But what can Greg do? They've got him, June. He'd shell out every dime he has to keep you out of this, but—"

"We can't let him, Bill. We mustn't—"

"Do you think that anything could stop him? But he hasn't got that kind of money. I don't know, June. Maybe he can make her listen. I don't think she's this bad. Even if she—she believes this stuff—I don't think she'd do this. He's got to make her listen."

JUNE said: "What if he found Perry out there with her, Bill? I'm—I'm afraid."

Bill said: "No, Perry isn't there. Our dandy sleuth trailed Perry back to town before he phoned us."

"But what if she wouldn't listen, Bill? What if he couldn't change her? Have you thought of what he'd do then?"

Bill said: "I don't know. I guess, mostly, I've just thought of you."

She said: "He'd go to Perry Crane's, Bill."

"Well," Bill said. "All right. And beat hell out of him. All right. That isn't anything to be afraid about."

He grinned at her, a comfortable grin, but she was scared. Her face was white and she was really scared. She said: "There's something awful about all of this, Bill. We think awful things can't happen. Not to us. To other people, maybe, but not really us. But—but they do, Bill. This has happened. And—and anything could happen. And I'm scared."

Bill laughed, and then he thought of George Crane's eyes; of how he'd felt about George Crane from the first.

She said: "You've got to stop Greg, Bill. You've got to find him. If he's left from Sunset Inn you've got to wait at Perry Crane's—and stop him. Bill, I feel funny. I'm afraid."

Bill got up. He said: "You're being silly, June. But—if you'll breathe easier—" He grinned again and made it very slow and casual as he left. Outside he strolled toward his car and grinned back, thinking maybe she was watching. But he crashed the red light at the corner.

PERRY CRANE hung the receiver up and went back in the living room. He sat down, whistling, and George looked up. George said: "You have become a very cheerful little number, Perry. In the clutches you are not so good; but let you ride the crest and how you whistle." "That was Rita," Perry said. "She has a little news."

"Oh?"

Perry said: "As far as you go personally, I would just as soon have typhoid fever; but you've got a brain, George."

George looked at him. He was pretty cocky, all right. George said: "What's the news?"

"He's been to see her. Adams. Yes, you figured out they'd find her, George."

"Well."

"Well! She wouldn't see him; wouldn't talk to him. The father story clinched it, George."

He paused and smiled, complacently.

"And so we're all set," Perry said. "My God! We're all set, George! There isn't anything more he can do except pay up. And we're all set."

"Yes?"

PERRY told him: "What's the matter with you, George?"

George said: "You haven't stopped to wonder how they found her, Perry?"

"What's the difference?" Perry started whistling. He looked at George and stopped. He said again: "Well, what's the difference?"

George said: "They had you followed, Perry. That's how they found out."

"George!"

Looking at him, seeing him grow white, deflated, George's lips curled cynically. He said: "Well, whistle, Perry. Now's the time to whistle."

Perry said, through stiff lips: "But they couldn't have. They hadn't any reason to—to follow me. How do you know?"

"I saw a taxi follow you," George said. "I thought of that too late. I guess I underestimated them a little, Perry. Isn't it annoying?"

Perry reached out for the brandy bottle and his hands were shaking. He said: "That means they—they—"

George said: "I'll say it for you, Perry. It means that he suspected you of double-crossing him with Rita. Now he knows."

"What—what will he do, George?"

George laughed. He said: "You tell me. That's more in your line, Perry: husband-trouble. Well, what do they do? In real life? Surely this is not the first time in your glamorous career." He leaned a little forward and his eyes were cold and hard. He said: "I'd like to leave you to this little mess."

In the silence, suddenly, the doorbell rang. The sound hit Perry like a blow. It came again, a long, insistent summons. Perry wet his lips. He said: "Who—who—?"

GEORGE CRANE said, calmly: "Well, my guess would be that that's your Mr. Adams, now."

He got up, moving quietly and swiftly to the window, motioning to Perry. He said, in a low voice: "Do you see his car?"

"Yes, it's Adams. George—"

His hand was on George Crane's arm, clutching.

"George, you've got to—"

George Crane shook him off. He whispered: "I would like to leave you to it. I would like to sit and watch it."

"George."

George Crane's lips curled in a noiseless laugh. He said: "Don't worry, there is too much money in it just to leave you to him. So shut up! And come with me and listen."

Walking swiftly down the hall, his words were sure and rapid. In the kitchen, by the back door, he said: "Now get going. Go to Adams' first."

"But George, you're not—you're not—"

"Get going," George Crane said. He closed the back door after Perry and walked slowly and deliberately down the hall.

(To be continued next week)

Magic Dye

Continued from page 62

wrinkles in the face of your old family doctor. Streptococci probably put half of them there.

All this was, of course, old stuff to Prof. Heinrich Horlein, pharmaceutical research director of the great German dye trust, I. G. Farbenindustrie. He was also familiar with the years of futile, heartbreaking research that had been spent trying to find something that would kill bugs once they lodged in man.

Simple enough to kill them outside the body. You can boil them off instruments, and carbolic acid makes short shrift of them elsewhere. But you can't very well boil a man or pump him full of carbolic. Chemotherapists had approached the problem on a hundred fronts trying to find the elusive drug that would kill the microbes and yet not harm the man that was furnishing them with food and a comfortable home.

The problem had allure. The great Paul Ehrlich spent most of his life before he found the dye called "trypan red," which kills trypanosomes—spores that cause sickness in horses, cows, goats, mules and eels. And even after this he plowed on through 606 arsenic compounds before he finally discovered salvarsan, the yellow powder that kills the spirochete of syphilis.

So Dr. Horlein decided to have another whirl at the strep problem. Into his office in the vast laboratory at Elberfeld, a neat industrial town in Germany's Wupper River Valley, he summoned two I. G. F. chemists—Mietzsch and Klarer. Then he corralled one of his crack research men: Gerhardt Domagk. Domagk, blue-eyed and blond, had already been studying the problem of streptococci. He had run this in as a side line along with his investigation of cancer pathology. The two problems kept him in his laboratory most of the time, allowed him only a week off each winter for skiing in Switzerland.

The Herr Doktor outlined his ideas. He wanted to get a completely new start. It had occurred to him that not enough work had been done with a group of dyes called the azo group. So would Mietzsch and Klarer get together and see if they couldn't synthesize some new azos? New azos that might show an *elektive Wirkung*—that might elect to fight streptococci? And would Domagk

do the animal experimentation work on whatever they found? Solemnly the trio agreed, then marched back to their cubbyholes to begin their study.

The two chemists juggled molecules for weeks before they finally fitted them into a pattern they liked. Chemically the stuff they made had a pretty impressive sound—the hydrochloride of 4-sulphamido-2:4-diaminoazobenzol. It was a ruby-red liquid. Possibly, they felt, it might be worth something. Domagk decided to experiment.

It's safe to assume that Domagk started work with misgivings. Nothing before had ever stopped the lethal march of the streps. But he started just the same. From the animal room he ordered 26 white mice, then he selected a particularly violent strain of streptococci. One by one he picked the mice up, shaved off a patch of belly fur, and inserted a hypodermic needle. As the plunger went down, it shot enough microbes into each mouse's peritoneum—the lining of the abdominal cavity—to kill anywhere from ten to a hundred of the little rodents.

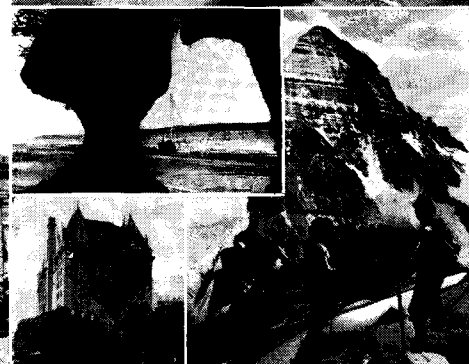
Predestined Mice

Domagk was dealing out lethal jolts, no doubt about it. You can appreciate just how acid the test was when you consider that mice have absolutely no immunity to streptococci. They always die—always, understand—when the microbes reach that happy hunting ground, the peritoneum.

When he finished with mouse No. 26 Domagk carefully divided the batch into two groups. Fourteen of them went into one cage to await the death he knew would claim them surely and swiftly. Then down the protesting throats of the remaining ones he jammed tiny rubber tubes. Through the tubes he poured doses of that ruby-red dye. With the philosophical repose of a man playing God, Domagk sat down and awaited results.

He didn't have to wait long. The control group—the mice that were fed none of the dye—started toppling over. At the end of 72 hours all but one were dead. Next day he, too, died. But nothing seemed to be happening to the others: their appetites weren't impaired, nor,

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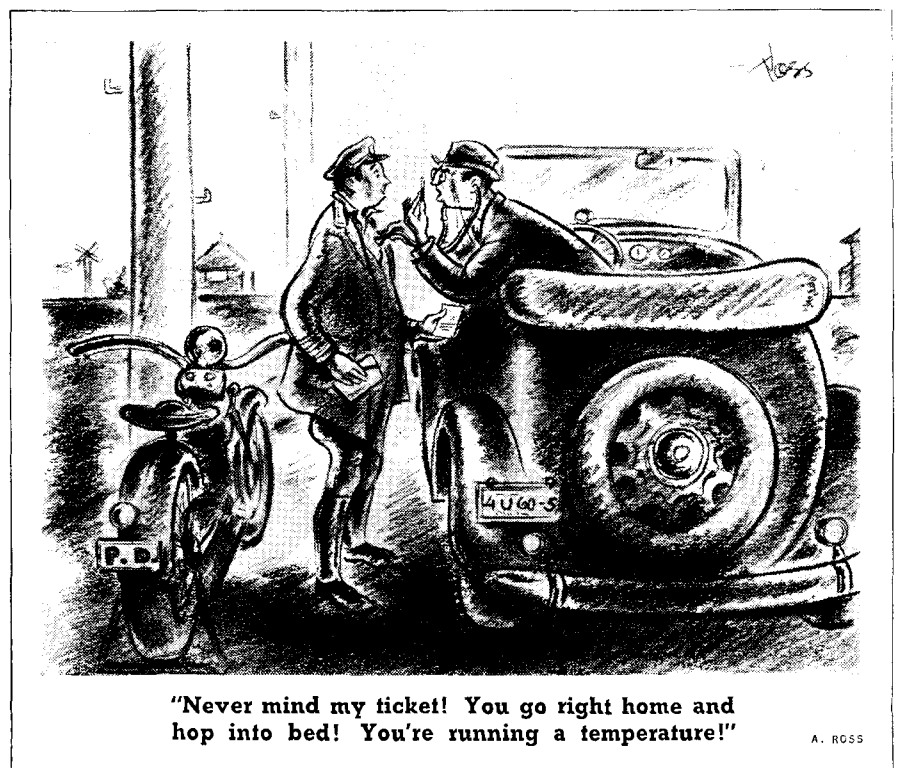
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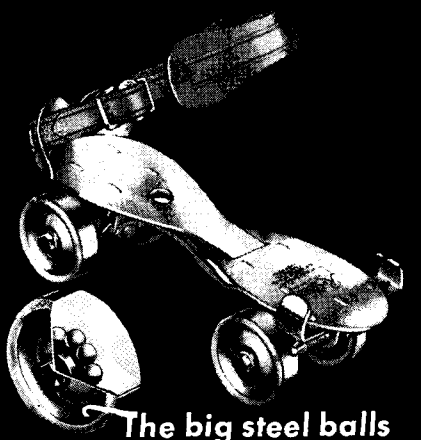
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apparently, was their vigor. It was hard to believe; it didn't seem possible. Yet there was incontrovertible evidence that something had happened to those chains of tens of thousands of microbes.

Domagk retraced his steps. Results were too striking, too filled with deep implications, to allow a blunder.

But after the dye had saved the lives of another batch of mice, the word was passed quietly out to a few doctors in the little Prussian town. Cautiously they tried it on a few scattered patients. It worked: overnight patients' fevers went down to nearly normal and in a few days they were well. This glowing word went out to the world.

You can't blame British doctors for being skeptical any more than you would blame any conservative practitioner for summoning up a sad smile if you were to tell him that you had heard of a new salve that would cure cancer. So Britishers undertook the job of checking German results. At Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London's world-famed maternity center, Drs. Leonard Colebrook and Meave Kenny decided to pry out all the information they could about the enigmatic red juice.

Since they didn't care to risk using the drug on human beings before animal work had withstood every test, they, too, started out with mice. Everything worked just as it had at Elberfeld. The Germans had proved that the red juice would keep the mice alive and the Britishers confirmed the fact. Then Colebrook and Kenny decided to try to find how that innocuous-looking dye functioned—find why those mice went on living long after they should have been dust in the bottom of the hospital incinerator.

Into a test tube they poured a culture of streptococci. Then they added a generous splash of dye solution, which they suspected would shrivel the streps into extinction. Not at all. Even with heavy concentrations—hundreds of times stronger than the life-saving injections that were poured into bloodstreams of the first batch of mice—it took one to three hours for the microbes to perish. Here was a perplexing challenge.

The Magic Works

Next they diluted the dye with ten parts of the serum—white part—of blood. Apparently the microbes didn't mind this much either. True, the chains didn't break apart so frequently to make more of their kind, but they didn't die. So the researchers went another step. They diluted the dye with 50 parts of serum.

Remember that this concentration is richer and theoretically more potent than any that would ever be pumped through the body's circulatory system. Yet in it 57 cocci felt no inhibitory effect. In fact they went to work and had 500,000 children.

The good doctors were forced to admit they didn't know how the dye worked. It was all very puzzling.

Although this bit of byplay momentarily diverted them from their main research, the investigators soon returned. They had satisfied themselves that the dye, which by this time had been given the trade name of prontosil, would keep mice alive, just as the Germans had said. The Germans had also said it would keep human beings alive. The investigators decided to find out. The big parade of deathly ill human beings began.

The first case Colebrook and Kenny had was a 28-year-old woman. She was suffering from a severe uterine infection—childbed fever. The streps had invaded her child-bearing mechanism and given signs of widening their scope to include the peritoneum. This is just another way of saying that Case No. 1, whose personal tragedy is obscured by

a numerical symbol, had less than half a chance of surviving.

The doctors prescribed immediate injections of the dye plus mouth feeding of its solid form—the same size and color as an aspirin tablet. Overnight the woman's fever plummeted from 106 degrees Fahrenheit to nearly normal. Twelve days later she was well. You would have to turn to Biblical literature to duplicate a miracle like that.

The second case, in nearly every respect, was the equivalent of the first. The woman was a year older, and she had one degree less fever. Otherwise conditions were the same. The magic drug started its wonder-working. After four days of treatment she, too, was well.

Only Three Failures

The first nine cases were 100-per-cent successes. When Case No. 10 arrived the doctors must have decided the drug now had a hurdle it couldn't jump. Case 10 was a 34-year-old woman with gen-



eral peritonitis. She was, according to her hospital report, "desperately ill." And doctors don't use words like "desperately" unless it is absolutely necessary. They administered huge injections of the drug. The woman took on a pinkish cast—the drug is a dye, remember. Then her fever began to drop. In less than two weeks she had made a complete recovery.

But this recital must end. Suffice to say that of 38 cases, only three were failures—three deaths. Consider the fact that the doctors purposely chose the worst cases they could find, that they discarded mild ones from their statistics, and the 8 per cent mortality figure becomes ever more impressive.

In the 38 cases of streptococcal infection admitted to Queen Charlotte's Hospital before use of prontosil began,

there were ten deaths—a mortality of 26.3 per cent.

After this work you might think the medical profession would have been ready to stock shelves with the drug and dole it out to any and all comers. By no means. The whole business had to be checked once again.

This time the work was done at Johns Hopkins. There two researchers—Long and Bliss—spent months on the job. Here again the martyr-like little mice scampered into the macabre scene. The Germans had found the drug would keep the mice alive, and the Britishers had tried unsuccessfully to find why. The Hopkins workers primarily wanted to find how rapidly the drug worked.

They had to work with mice, because precious few patients, no matter how ill, would consent to having a needle jammed into their midribs every few hours. Yet that was the only way to get a sample of peritoneal exudate and find how much damage the streps did.

With this mouse work behind them, Hopkins, like London, began using the dye on human patients. We have already cited one case but other types of infection responded just as readily. A 6-year-old girl with a bad case of scarlet fever came in. Her ears were discharging, and her fever hung at 104. This dropped to normal in 24 hours, and the ears cleared in another 48 hours.

A two-year-old baby was brought in with chronic impetigo—the inflammatory skin disease that produces pustules. It had resisted all treatment. The knobby sores began to clear in a few days. At the end of two weeks the baby was well.

A 33-year-old woman, sick with childbed fever, arrived. In seventeen hours temperature dived from 106.4 to normal. In nine days she was completely cured.

Others with infected tonsils, erysipelas and scarlet fever threw off their illnesses in phenomenally short periods.

The series of nineteen cases included only two failures. One was a 70-year-old man. The streps had invaded the floor of his mouth and given him that fearful suffocating disease called Ludwig's angina. He died 22 hours after the first injection of the dye. A 57-year-old man with blood poisoning died nine hours after the first shot. It is hard, you may say, to charge up failures in cases where the drug had so short a time to do its work. And it seems unfair. But to achieve medically dependable results, good and bad must both appear in the record.

On the Tip of Our Tongue

How prontosil works, no one is yet prepared to say. New evidence from France indicates that it breaks down in the body to form another compound with a jaw-breaking name: para-aminobenzenesulphonamide. When samples of this stuff are added to strep cultures, they suddenly stop reproducing. Evidently when this reproduction stops inside the body, the body's own fighting forces are able to whip the static invading army.

This new drug, prontosil, is not a dye but is otherwise closely related to the original compound. Furthermore it may be used interchangeably, with tablet-form prontosil.

Important as such items are to the investigator, they fade into insignificance beside actual clinical results. To the average person it's not how the drug works, but the fact that it does work. Mothers can now calm their fears that infected tonsils or severe scarlet fever may swish their babies into eternity. And a prospective father pacing a maternity hospital waiting room can feel pretty sure that his wife isn't going to be the one out of every 400 that mortality charts formerly decreed should die of childbed fever.

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Temper from Paris

Continued from page 11

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!



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1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



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"Ketti Gallian was even better known than you are," they said, "but she was too modest. Pola Negri threw chairs at her director. Marlene Dietrich yells. You have to be temperamental."

Telling Simone to be temperamental surely comes under the head of redundancy, but she thought they probably meant more temperamental and started out on that tack. They have all sorts of stories about her entrance into California, most of them cockeyed.

She wanted a better contract. "Sure," said Zanuck, who is a clever bird on his own hook. She wanted a panther as a pet. When she lived in Madagascar, she had two panthers. She wouldn't venture out shopping without a panther.

"Sure," said Zanuck, "what color panther?"

They Couldn't Change Simone

Thus taken aback, she decided she could do without a panther, but she wasn't so easily handled when they tried to do her hair differently and fix her eyebrows. Ernie Westmore, head of that family of make-up experts who have made beauties out of some peculiar specimens and tell the blunt truth to all of Hollywood, started in by rearranging the hair so as to make Simone's face less round.

"Round!" cried Simone. "Round . . . Fat, eh?"

It seems she admitted she was a pudgy little dame and wanted to go on being that way. She got up and left.

Girl's Dormitory fixed all that. When the returns began coming in, it was officially decided that Simone, fat or thin, belonged to the royal hierarchy of the screen and was a noble character. In reality she is a pleasant French girl of twenty-two, who made her way on the French stage, where only the sturdy can keep afloat, and who discovered years ago that the thing to do when you have an emotion is let it come out. How long she will last in America is problematical because she had never learned the Hollywood trick of being friendly with everybody, on the theory that bread cast upon the waters always comes back covered with caviar. When she dislikes anybody the fact can be detected approximately three miles off.

The press boys would have you believe that Simone's screen career stems from a chance encounter in a Paris café with a Russian director named Tourjansky. He is supposed to have walked over to her table and said: "Mademoiselle must forgive me; but your eyes are very be-yoo-tiful." Whereupon Simone slapped him.

"No, no," says Simone to this nonsense.

She had been a stage star and the movies had wanted her and she was not approached by a handsome stranger in a restaurant. Born in Marseilles, she had spent several years in Madagascar with her mother and stepfather, but so long back that nobody but the publicity department remembers it. Papa had graphite mines there.

"Yes, grapheet," says Simone, who has stopped speaking French since coming to Hollywood.

She had always wanted to act and finally got letters from a friend to Pierre Fresnay, Arthur Willemetz and Sascha Guitry. She went first to Fresnay, who said: "You're a pretty little girl; leave your name with the secretary when you go out." She then tackled Willemetz at the Bouffes-Parisiens theater, who said: "You're a pretty little girl and I think I can make an actress out of you."

"What do you mean—make an actress out of me!" cried Simone. "I'm a great actress."

Willemetz ignored the rhetoric and gave her the usual excellent French acting salary of \$25 a month. She played comedy and musical comedy and had quite a success in something where she wore a bustle.

"Ver-ry oncomfort-ubul," says Simone. "I tek it off and steeck myself out behind. Moch easier."

After her success with Willemetz, she had a call from Guitry, who is the most famous of French actors. He had a part for her, a small but important role.

"M. Guitry," said Simone. "I am very distressed but I have one very strange peculiarity. . . . I am very bad in small parts. You would not like me; you would not like me whatever."

The great M. Guitry saw the point immediately and she was cast opposite him in *My Handsome Stranger*. At the same time she was doing movies. She acted in *Le Palais du Roi* and then in *Lac aux Dames*, adapted from a novel by Vicki Baum of Grand Hotel fame. It was when Winfield Sheehan, former president of the Fox Films, saw the latter picture that she got her Hollywood offer.

"It is one of the ironic things," say the wise birds in Hollywood. "Sheehan had been bringing over great foreign stars for years and they were all flops. The last one was Simone and before he could capitalize on her, he was ousted at Fox."

At any rate Simone is now a Hollywood star and was at the top of her fame by the time she began making *Seventh Heaven* with James Stewart. One treacherous morning an interviewer found Simone bulging suspiciously about the lower extremities.

"Bolging?" said Simone. "What ees eet—bolging? Oh, that ees not bolging; that ees my heavy onder-ware."

The French are said to be like that.

The Era of Studio Popularity

At this point her personal popularity was at its height. She was eating her meals like any ordinary mortal in the studio commissary, was yoo-hooing at pals across the room and being friendly and back-slapping with the camera crew and the grips. There was awed conversation about the visit made her by M. Francois Louis-Dreyfuss, publisher of *L'Intransigeant*, the powerful French newspaper. In his love for the beautiful Simone, Francois had left Paris on a Friday night, flown to Germany in time to catch the Hindenburg for America and had taken a plane on arriving in New Jersey, reaching Hollywood exactly a week after leaving Paris.

"And she said no; she wouldn't marry him," reported the awed voices.

Whereupon Francois hit the air again and was back in his office a week later, with some of the staff never having missed him.

As for Hollywood, romance wasn't going too well with Simone, and it wasn't all due to the heavy underwear. There had been delays on *Seventh Heaven* because of the flu and the race was on to finish it.

"Yesterday," said Simone, "I was opp at seex." She had breakfast and went to the studio. It took two hours to fix her hair and make up. One hour of that went to washing and drying the hair; another to waving it and getting the face on straight. After that she went on the set, which at the moment was an authentic French street with every window ledge correct and with the winter winds rush-

ing through it like demons. They worked until ten that night. By the time she got her make-up off, had her supper and got her bath, it was midnight, with another six-o'clock call waiting for her next morning. Anybody who could sneak a bit of romance out of that would be something.

Mlle. Simon lives in the usual Beverly Hills mausoleum, which hasn't even the usual tiny barroom at one end for a place of refuge. One afternoon we sat in that austere cavern along with a gentleman from Paris, who had made Simone's last French film. They had been looking at a batch of home-town clippings which had as their subject a suit by Harry Baur against the company for failing to bill him over Simone Simon.

"I'm suing them, too," said Simone, gaily.

"And we're suing both Mr. Baur and Mlle. Simon," the businessman assured us. They seemed very happy that they were in court on such a jolly mission.

"And look what it says here," cried Simone, pointing to the clipping. "Harry Baur luh-huves the young artists and wants to see heem get along. . . . Oh, yes; oh-ho-ho-yes!"

At Heart a Crooner

When she isn't working, Simone practices singing, putting in three hours a day when she gets the time. Just as every comedian wants to play Hamlet, she thinks she isn't an actress at all but a crooner. She has the hired help in to hear her and criticize. At first they suffered from Hollywood complaint, yes-sing her all over the front parlor.

"No, no!" protested Simone. "You moos tell me the troot."

The chauffeur, on one occasion, anxious to please the boss, went a bit too far.

"Madame—uh—I thought that last one . . . sorta . . . you know . . . stank."

Now they just listen and keep themselves in a reflective mood.

Her great emotional triumph in Hollywood was in making Ladies in Love, which had Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young also in the cast. The whole town kept waiting for

the massacre and nothing came of it but politeness so thick that ancient diplomats flamed with envy. They were all sweet as pie and the preview showed that Simone was an actress as well as a personality and all has been jake since.

Simone's best friend in Hollywood is Lee Kendrick, a script girl who befriended her in the early days when the rest were pointing the finger of shame. When Miss Kendrick came down with the flu last winter, Simone sent her to Palm Springs at her expense. So it isn't all tough and hard-boiled with the lady.

She insists that Simone Simon is her real name, will tell almost nothing about her life in Madagascar and France and thinks her mother the most beautiful woman in the world.

What the avocations of the young lady are we never thought to ask, not caring. She probably plays tennis and swims, as don't they all? We found many things in her favor, including her liking for works of Mary Webb, one of the finest and most neglected writers in the English language. With her French director, Allegre, Miss Simon has the dramatic rights of Gone to Earth and hopes some day to do it. That alone absolves her of many ills. in our eyes.

Simone is little and cute but she also knows the time of day.

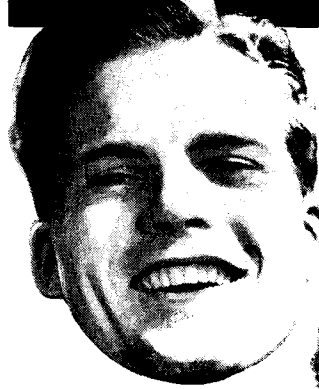
"That man what was here," she said. "that old movie manager of mine in Paris . . . He wanted me to sign for \$500 a week when the American agents came. . . . It looked like a fortune in France. . . . But I said no."

She always says no and generally to advantage. There is no record in history of anybody ever doing well for himself in a thing like White Hunter, and she has managed to avoid all such traps by the mere device of shaking her head, bringing tears to her luminous eyes and giving indications of tortured screams. If you have any idea of what they can do to a movie career in Hollywood when you don't shriek, you will know that Simone Simon is perfectly equipped to hold her own with her benefactors.

"I lak it een Cal-if-orn-yuh vur-ry moch," she says, ducking her head to one side and looking up with those eyes.

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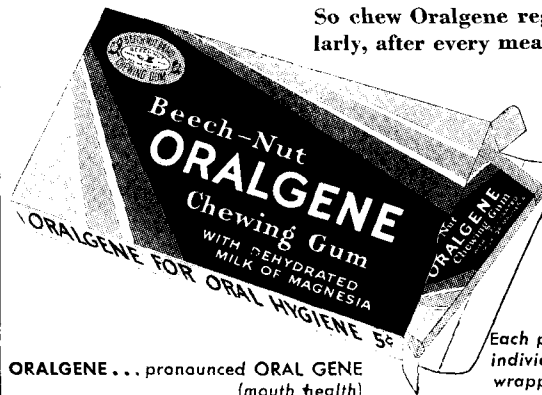
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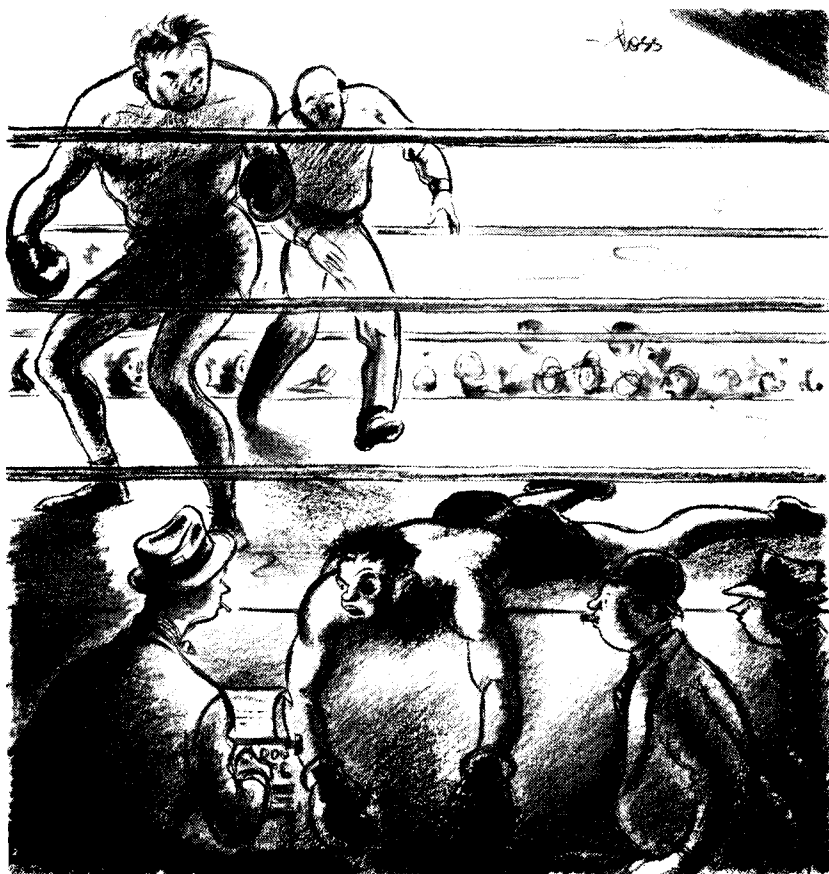
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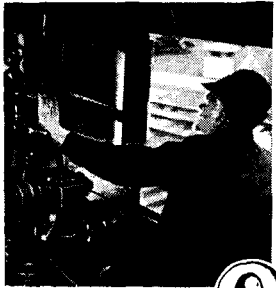
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A. ROSS

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ONE of the brightest records of 1936 was the progress of railroads toward recovery.

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faster schedules, courteous service, a steady improvement in comfort, as well as lower rates.

From these betterments in service and economies in operation everyone benefits—the railroads, railroad employes, travelers and shippers, other industry—the public at large. For prosperous railroads mean a prosperous nation.

One hundred thousand railroad men have been put back to work within the past twelve months, with the average earnings per hour of railroad employes at their all-time peak.

Thoughtful Americans must welcome these signs of recovery after so many lean years. To insure the continuance of this progress they will study carefully all proposals affecting transportation—supporting those which give the railroads freedom to meet competition on an equal basis—discouraging those which will add to the cost of rail operation, impair the standard of service or reduce efficiency.

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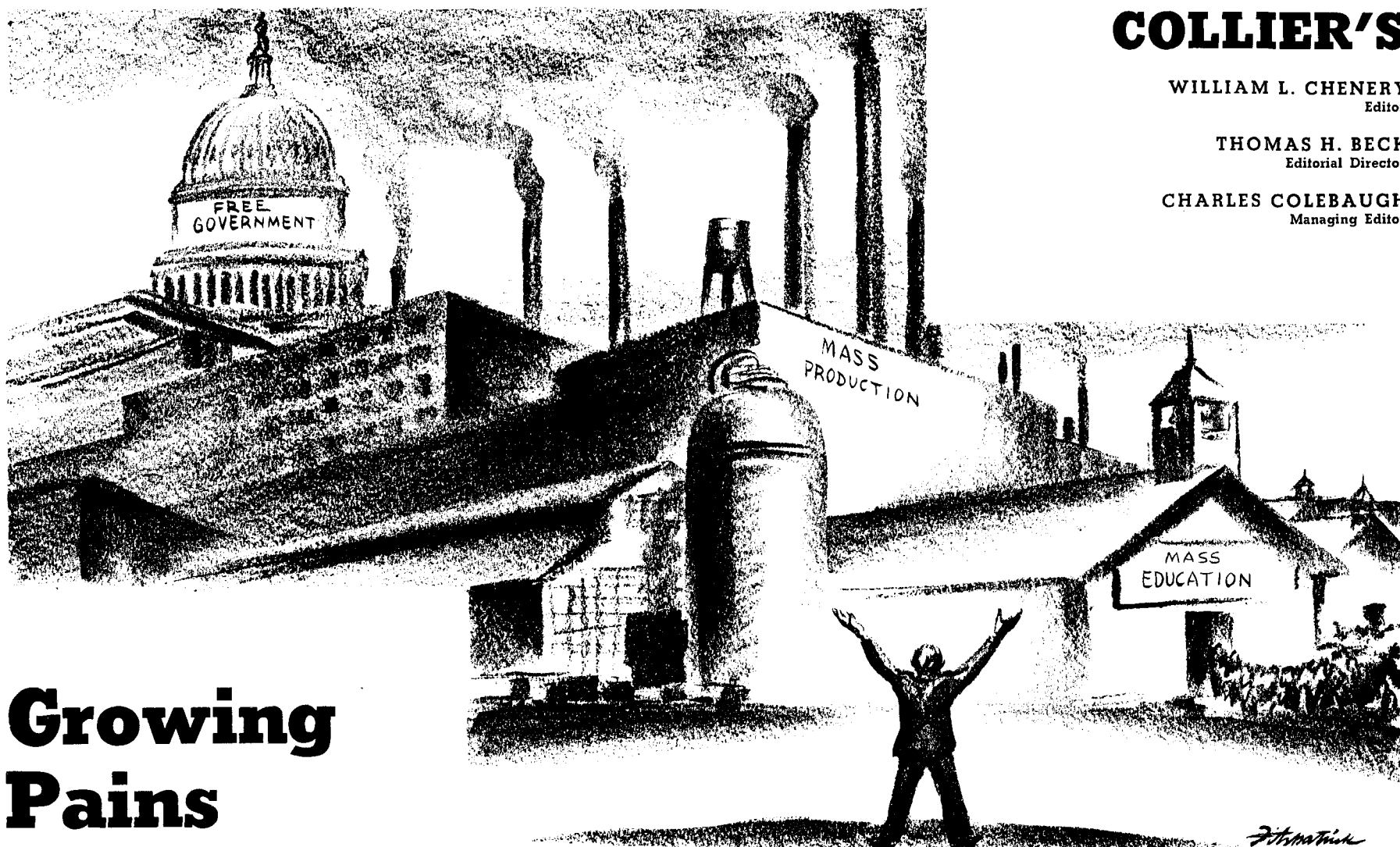
DO YOU KNOW

—that 45% of all railroad income is today paid to railroad employees — more than five million dollars a day?

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—that the railroads purchase over 70,000 articles of supply, and that railroad recovery makes jobs for workers in every basic industry?

—that anything which reduces railroad efficiency, increases railroad costs or impairs railroad service creates unemployment, not only on the railroads but in all industry?



Growing Pains

SCHOOL salaries tell something of importance to America. In 1934, the last year for which national figures are available, 847,120 teachers were employed in 241,428 public schools. The average salary of teachers was \$1,250. This is low enough if you consider living conditions in large cities.

But in 1870 the average payment to American public-school teachers was only \$189. As recently as 1910 the average had risen to only \$485. By 1930, within twenty years, nearly \$1,000 had been added to the pay check of the average teacher. Salaries dropped during the lean years but once more they are rising.

Today the American public-school system is incomparably the best in the world. Many of the poorer agricultural states lag. Still the facts remain that no educational system anywhere else in the world approaches the general excellence of our schools.

The broad truth is that some educational opportunity is offered all of the children of a nation of 130,000,000 people. The child of talent and ambition, in most cases, can find the opportunity to develop and discipline all the capacities he possesses. All children are exposed to some teaching. The gifted generally emerge from the ruck and go as far as their special qualities carry them. Nothing like this ever before existed. In its educational system, America is unique.

Nearly one out of every three persons between the ages of six and sixty-five in the United States is attending school. Some are undoubtedly immune to the vaccination of learning. The majority of us are profoundly influenced.

This enormous sweep of public education is a factor of incalculable importance. With much of the world in the throes of change, millions of Americans, awakened and disciplined in free

public schools, exert a great stabilizing influence. Public education has made possible informed and reasonable public opinion.

Because all children are provided with schools, Americans enjoy a higher standard of living than has been attained anywhere else in the world. We produce more. We demand more. We consume more.

Measure us by any material standard and the conclusions are amazing. We have five sixths of all the motorcars in the world. We have three fourths of all the telephones and radios. We use more electricity than all the rest of the world. We have more bathtubs. We eat more. We have more and better clothes.

Our houses are better and more spacious. Well off as we are, comparatively few are content with what they have. Everybody hopes for more and expects more.

Luxuries are not limited to any social or economic class. The amounts which American women spend for cosmetics and other aids to personal adornment are greater than the total national incomes of many small countries.

This is not waste or extravagance. It is an expression of a universal desire for a full life. As a nation we are stronger and more productive because every child of every race and class intends to get ahead and to enjoy a generous share of the creature comforts.

Because so many want so much we have to produce more and more to satisfy the increasing demands of an ambitious people. This is the basic fact of American life. It is the force which has driven us forward during a hundred and fifty years of material progress. It supplies the energy and the initiative which impel us today.

We are not perfect and we have not created a Utopia. We have problems, serious problems, for whose solutions we need all the intelligence,

all of the persistence and all the good will we can muster. But by our schools and our industry and our traditions of reasonable and free self-government we have prepared ourselves to deal competently with these and other emergencies.

For the moment we are suffering from the growing pains of recovery. Relieved of the fears and anxieties of leaner times, present controversies appear large on our horizon. Difficult as they are when viewed singly and separately, our industrial and political problems are minor and temporary when they are seen in a longer perspective.

Within five generations we have populated, and in the flood and drought areas mutilated, a continent. We have established a political order which has extended to representatives of most of the races of the world the privileges of democratic self-government. We created a system of education which provided public schools and teachers for all children and many adults.

We have created an industrial system which enables us to produce and consume at a scale unparalleled in history. We have learned, furthermore, the essential economic wisdom of the widest and most generous possible distribution of the goods we produce.

These are the foundations of our national greatness. These are the concrete factors which still make the American way of life appear desirable to all other peoples. These are the guarantees of our present stability and our future progress.

A disciplined people, familiar with the free ways of self-government, schooled in a great system of public education, and possessed of the equipment and skill developed by American industry, are more than able to cope with the serious difficulties of our complex world.

Stop and
Go—all year
round



SUPER-SHELL

It's the constant stop-
ping and starting of
today's driving that
run up your gasoline bills! Just "start-
ing up," after a normal traffic stop can
waste enough gasoline to drive one-
third of a mile.

To reduce this waste, Shell has de-
veloped a way to "balance" gasoline.
By rearranging its entire chemical

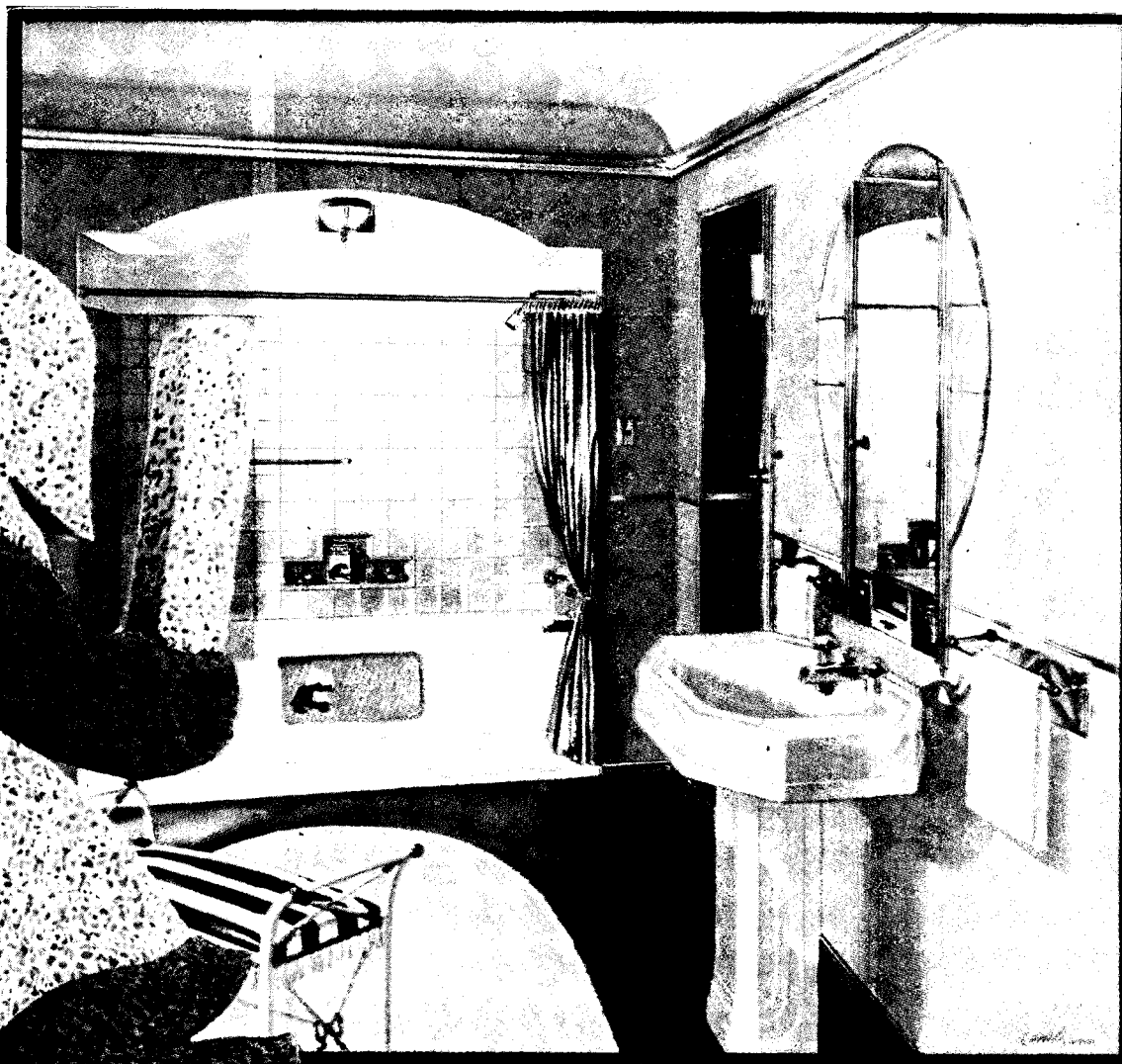
structure, this balancing process
makes Super-Shell "digestible" for
your motor, just as cooking makes
food digestible for you.

"Motor-digestible" is the best way
to describe this gasoline.

Your motor gets the full benefit of
Super-Shell's high energy content—you
get the savings. There's a Shell station
in your neighborhood.



Get this attractive
bathroom sponge.
See coupon below.



Give your home that clean "Old Dutch Complexion"

*This test proves that Old Dutch doesn't scratch
because it's made with SEISMOTITE*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This coupon helps bring you Two Decorative Bathroom Accessories—Old Dutch Sponge and Old Dutch Rubber Bathmat

Make your bathroom doubly attractive with this Old Dutch rubber sponge (available in blue and white or green and white), and the Old Dutch Rubber Bathmat. A little Old Dutch and the sponge do a quick cleaning job, and do away with messy cleaning cloths. Children, too, enjoy the sponge for bathing. The Old Dutch Bathmat is made of durable sponge rubber with the Old Dutch figure in blue and white on an attractive green background. Always ready for use and saves laundry. Send for both today.

Mail 50c and the windmill panels from 3 Old Dutch labels for each bathmat. **This offer good only in the United States.**

Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each rubber sponge. **This offer good only in the United States and Canada.**

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
Dept. M. S. 506, 221 N. La Salle Street
Chicago, Illinois



Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Here's a simple test that may add years of life to your bathtub and sink and make your every-day cleaning much easier.

Sprinkle a little Old Dutch Cleanser on the back of an ordinary porcelain plate, rub with a coin and listen. You'll hear no grinding or grating — proof positive that Old Dutch is free from harsh, scratchy grit.

Now make the same test with ordinary cleansers and notice the difference. Remember this is exactly the way cleansers react on your bathtub, sink and washbasin. Remember, too, that once the smooth outer glaze is scratched or worn away, the slightly porous surface underneath catches stains and dirt easily and makes your daily cleaning ever so much harder.

In the name of easier cleaning, and better looking kitchens and bathrooms, use safe Old Dutch.



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